December 5, 1936

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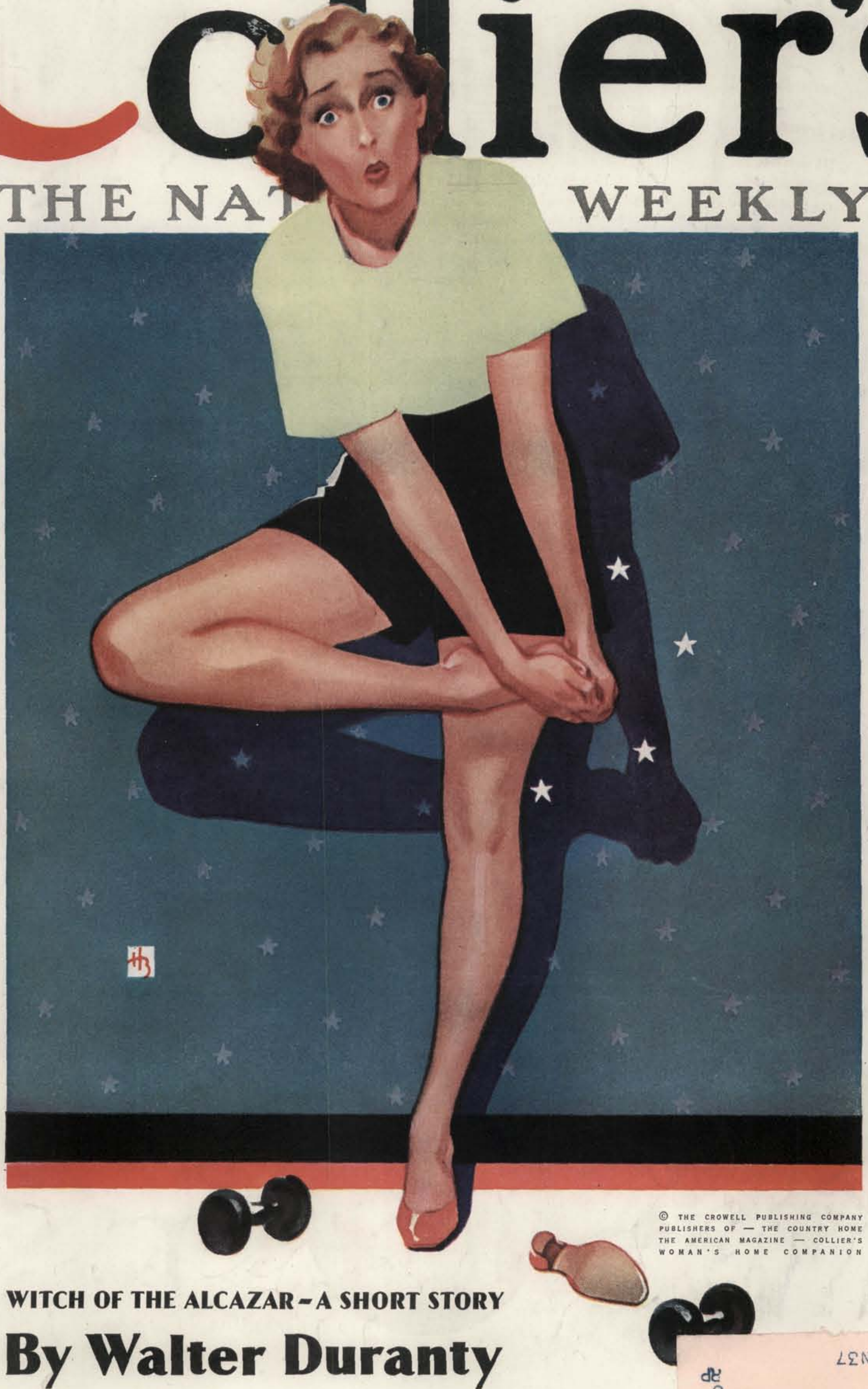

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PUBLISHERS OF — THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

WITCH OF THE ALCAZAR – A SHORT STORY

By Walter Duranty

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MAKE THIS TEST!
DRINK
Budweiser
FOR FIVE DAYS
★
On the sixth day
try to drink a
sweet beer

You will want
the **Budweiser**
flavor thereafter

America Has Made the Test

In 1933 we said: "Something More than Beer is back." In 1934 we said: "Fine beer can't be made overnight. Behind it must be age, tradition and experience." In 1935 we said: "Make this test, drink BUDWEISER for five days and on *the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer*" —America has made the test—America responds to quality regardless of price.

The widespread swing to BUDWEISER has exceeded the capacity of the largest brewery in the world. Constant brewery expansion has been necessary to care for the ever increasing calls for BUDWEISER, King of Bottled Beer.

History repeats itself. Good taste never changes.

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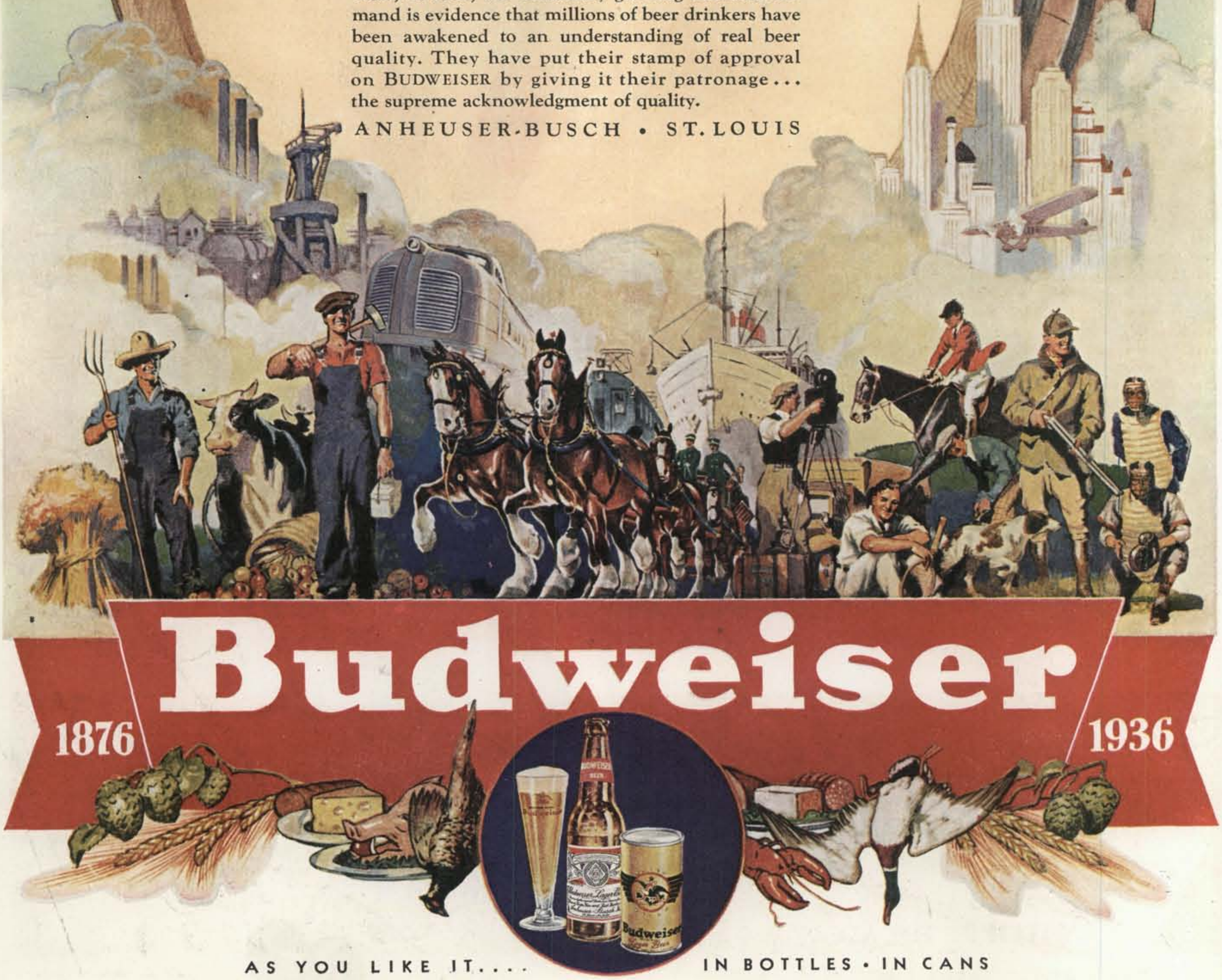

AS YOU LIKE IT.... IN BOTTLES • IN CANS

THE MOST TALKED OF GIFT ON THE CHRISTMAS HORIZON

by America's Style Editors, Shopping Commentators and Columnists

Read what qualified critics say of this Laminated Pearl Beauty that holds 102% more Ink—shows the ENTIRE Ink Supply—hence shows DAYS AHEAD if it needs refilling:

JEAN ABBEY, radio commentator and style shopper for *Woman's Home Companion,* shops 56 of America's finest stores, singles out unusually choice values, reports her recommendations in weekly radio broadcasts. By following her careful selections, millions of shoppers save time, effort and money. Says Miss Abbey:

"I cover the gift front in 15 cities, and I find that Parker's luminous Laminated Pearl Vacumatic Pen takes top honors among Christmas gifts at these prices."

THE PRE-VIEWER says: "High fashion note! This long-distance writer is featured in the Christmas Gift issue of *Esquire*—the magazine for men."

KATHLEEN HOWARD, Fashion Editor of *Photoplay Magazine,* says: "Top line the Parker Laminated Pearl Vacumatic Pen on your Gift List and reap a harvest of gratitude for its dependability and beauty."

PRESTON CARNES, of the *Yale Daily News:* "It's the answer to the gift shopper's prayer!"

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So don't lie awake nights wondering what to give your friends and dear ones. Simply go to the nearest pen counter and ask *by name* to see this revolutionary Parker Vacumatic Pen, singly, or in Pen and Pencil Sets, or in the new Parker Sealomatic Desk Sets. And be sure to look for the smart ARROW clip. This distinguishes the genuine from sly imitations. And this ARROW gives distinction to the one who carries it. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

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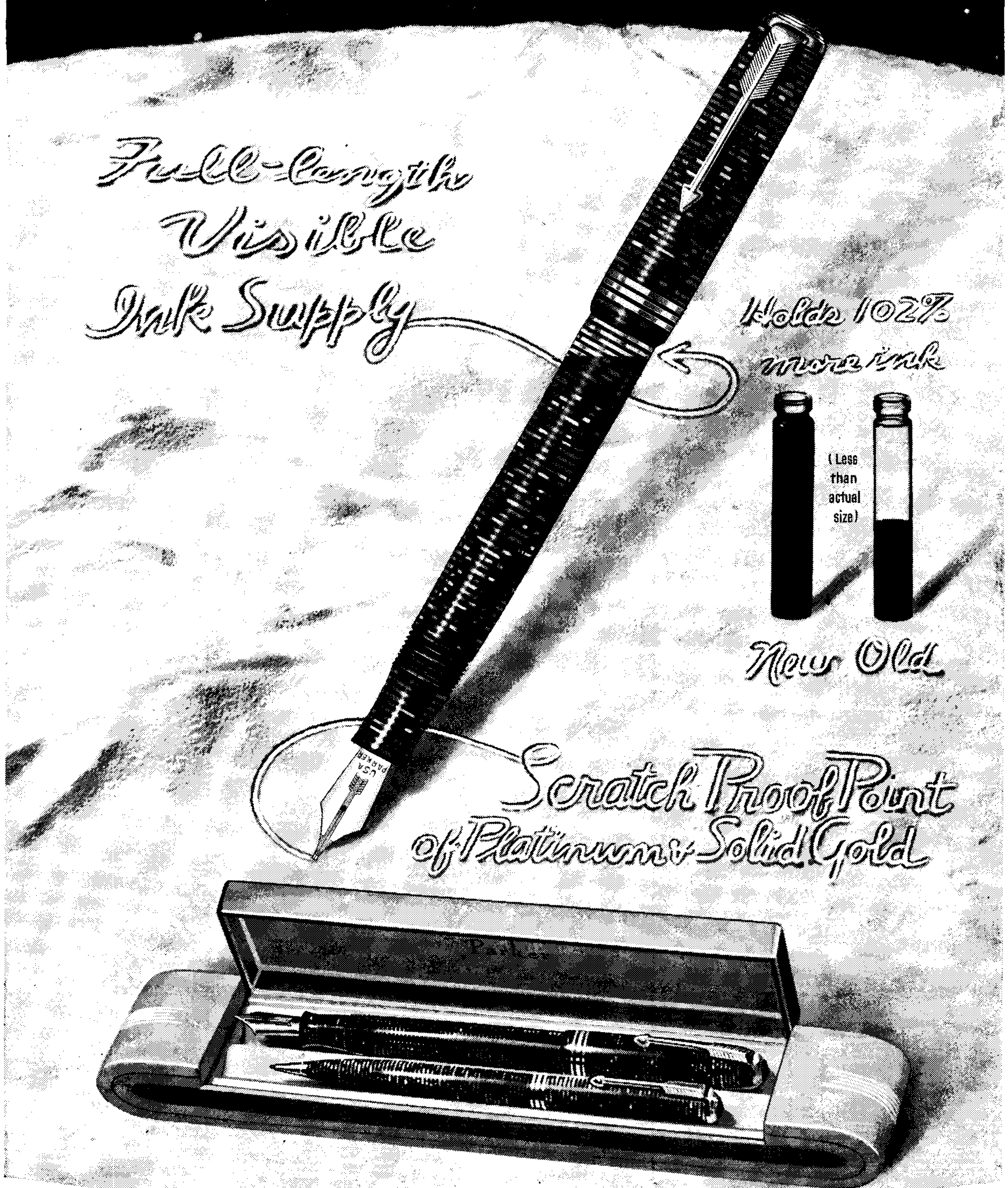
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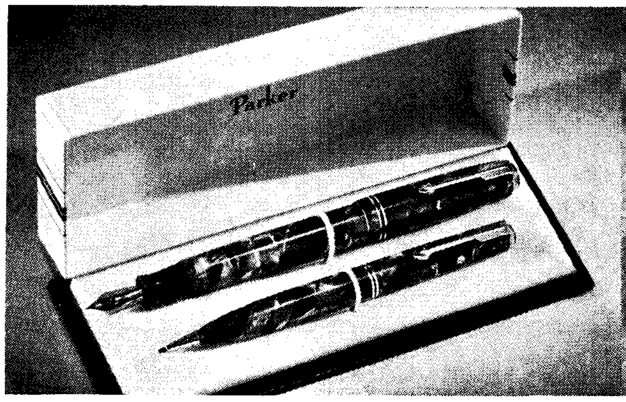

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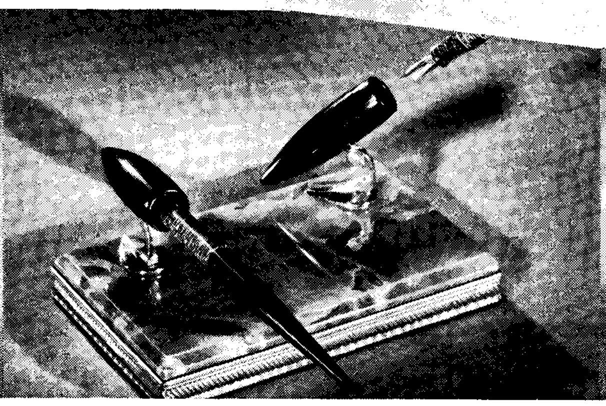

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

"CEMETERY BAIT," says Emil the waiter, and so Gentleman George knows that the very beautiful Judy he is inquiring about is married and has a husband who is selfish about her. She is, in fact, no other than Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus and Colonel Samuel B. Venus is a very stern character well known to one and all as an expert with deadly weapons.

Naturally Gentleman George casts no sheep's eyes at her after he learns this. Nevertheless, it is because of her that Gentleman George wakes up one pleasant morning in early April to find himself in the death house. As Mr. Damon Runyon explains, this makes him very self-conscious indeed.

REPORTS of the war in Spain have been confusing. This was no fault of the reporters. The grim business is shot through with contradictions; observers on the spot find impossible alliances and irrational enmities. Walter Duranty, with his experiences in Russia as a guide, has analyzed the elements of the "Spanish Crazy Quilt" and interprets it in human terms. His article appears next week.

WRITERS who go to Hollywood are expected to be conceited. It's the rule. William Waterbury Wilson was the exception. But that didn't keep him from getting most uncomfortably stuck between a typist whom he loved and a temperamental foreign actress who loved him. It all helped, however, to make a "Smash Hit." Jerome Beatty explains.

LITTLE by little, an inch here and a yard there, science is stealing up on the secret of the common cold. Someday there won't be any colds. Dr. Victor G. Heiser describes this important work and, just in case you catch cold in the meantime, tells you what to do about it.

LOTS of girls, we suppose, have said they would marry "The Very First Man" they saw. Very few, we suspect, have carried out that threat. And none, we believe, except Edie Bartlett ever did it in Korea. She must have been filled with fierce indignation, for her prospective husband looked a good deal the worse for wear. Their hairbreadth adventure, as told by Sidney Herschel Small, should serve as a warning.

HENRI DUVERNOIS writes the Short Short Story. Ernest Haycox, Quentin Reynolds, Duncan Norton-Taylor, Kyle Crichton, Faith Baldwin, Freling Foster, Alan LeMay and others contribute articles and fiction. You can't go wrong.

This Week

●

December 5, 1936

Cover by Howard Butler

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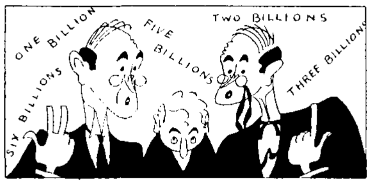
EDITORIAL
Save the Game! Page 62

●

Any Week

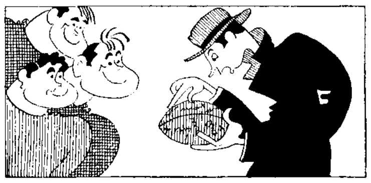
MR. GEORGE WELLS of San Francisco, California, is in the saddle, harness and general horse-equipment business. He asks us to remind you that it could be a lot better but a lot worse too. But what he wants to know is why some of the geniuses of "the big-talking economists and savers of America don't come down to cases." For example: "Instead of talking in terms of gold and silver, foreign credits and class salvation, why don't they get specific and reduce their cures to small-business terms. They tell us," says he, "that the way to permanent prosperity is in the continued success of the little fellow. Having said that, they talk in billion-dollar generalities which the little fellow can't understand and is beginning to believe that they don't either. I'll bet all I have left that they couldn't run my business a month and would bankrupt a corner grocery in a week."



MOREOVER, thinks Mrs. Julia B. Cattus of Terre Haute, Indiana, too little attention is paid to the wives of our officeholders. Says Mrs. Cattus: "The husband of a friend of mine is in Congress. We were all very glad when he got the job because he was about to lose the one he had. In fact he had lost six jobs in as many years. And they didn't fire him for being bright either. He got in because he talked so beautifully about how he was going to save the American home and make it prosperous. But he was never able to do much about his own home. Incidentally, one of the voters who did not vote for him was his wife. She could have told them."

OWEN P. WHITE'S article about communism in Mexico impressed Mr. Leon McCaulley of Louisville, Kentucky. What to do about it kept him silent for weeks. But presently Mr. McCaulley emerged with the solution. "Of course," says he, "it might be the better thing to do to let Mexico work out her own problems. But if she insists that we help her, we might send Terre Haute and Tampa down to stop all that nonsense."

AND Mrs. Reginald T. Forte of Toronto, Canada, having just returned from the home of her parents in England, after a four-month visit, senses a great emptiness in North American life. "Somehow," says she, "I miss the morning news. I look at my newspapers and do not find that Ottawa is about to send a stern note of warning to Washington and that Mexico and the United States have not entered upon a treaty to force Cuba to disarm and that Panama has not threatened to intervene in the domestic affairs of Newfoundland. Have we of the Western world gone sissy?"



MR. J. MENDEL of Chicago, Illinois, protests that he has been defrauded. He went to a professional football game and won a lucky-number prize of an autographed ball. "It was supposed to have the names of all the players on it," says Mr. Mendel, "but had only eight. I want to know why. Were the colleges the other guys went to so busy that they couldn't show the boys how to make an X?"

A CERTAIN disappointment is felt too by Miss Etta Moerkle of Spokane, Washington. Miss Moerkle has only recently taken to reading this obviously superior magazine. "Don't you give out any prizes or anything?" she demands. "When I asked the newsstand what was best for me to read he said yours was but I do not see where you give out any prizes."

IT TOOK us back to the days when we worked for a magazine that did virtually nothing else but give away prizes. We gave away allegedly thoroughbred dogs at one stage of the furor. You got one if you could name three Presidents of the United States. We didn't place the entire burden upon the mentalities of our readers but gave them hints: G----e W--------n, Ab----- L--c--- and Mi----- F-l----e. The last one was supposed to be the poser. But within a month we had five or six suits for damages on our hands. Our prize dogs bit folks right and left, gnawing some of our most valuable subscribers and chewing children without restraint. One even bit us. We quit when they began to give away firearms.

BUT we are recalled to the more serious business of life by Mr. Morton H. Bolus of Meriden, Connecticut. Asks he: "If Europe starts another war and we become involved again, which side will we be on this time?"

THE righteous side, of course.

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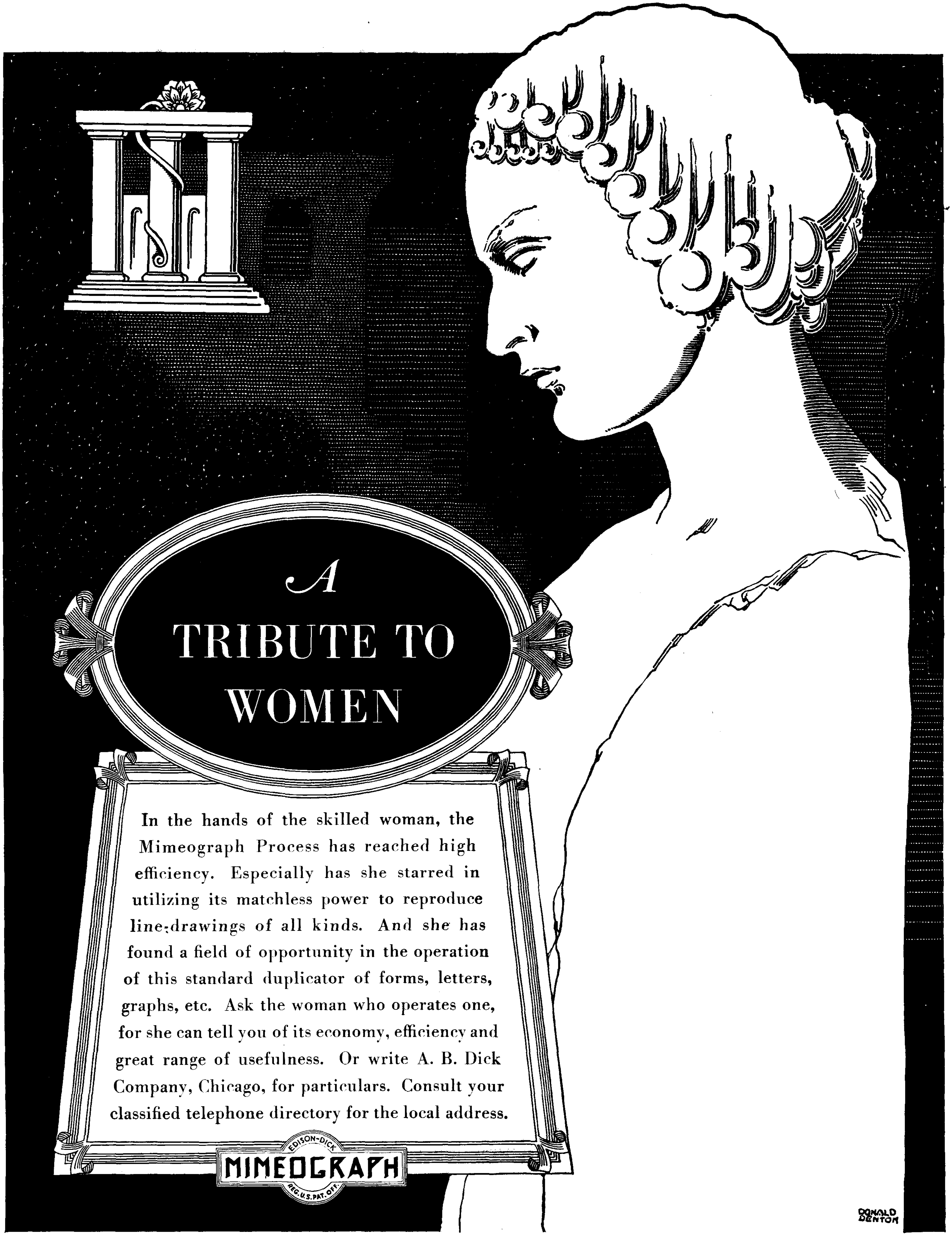

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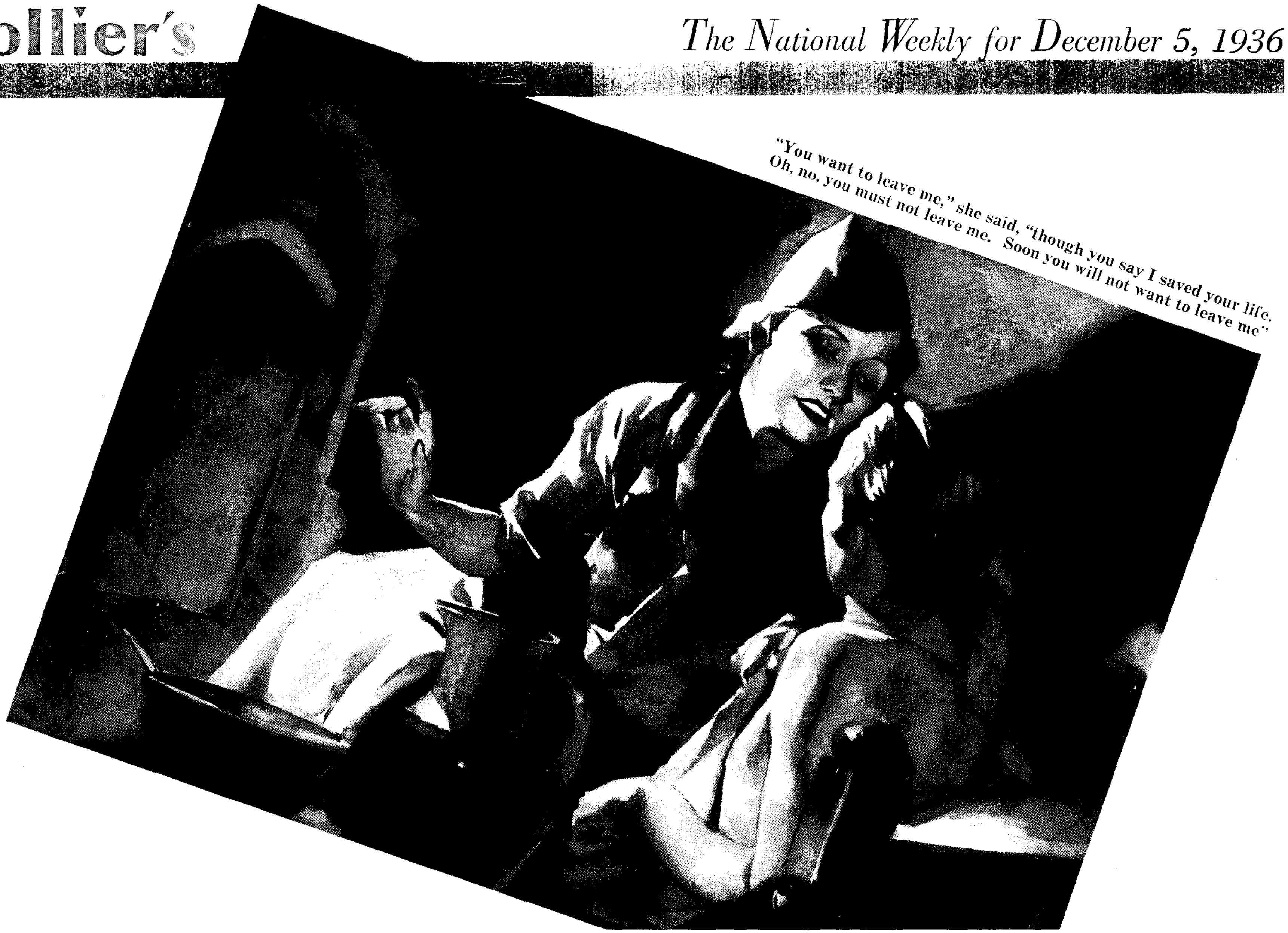


"You want to leave me," she said, "though you say I saved your life. Oh, no, you must not leave me. Soon you will not want to leave me"

WITCH OF THE ALCAZAR

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIGUERE

A story of Spain, the land of terrible contrasts—where, some people say, dark and sinister shadows of the Inquisition still prowl the troubled streets of old Toledo

LUIS RODRIGAS dared not breathe as the guard held the paper close to the smoky lamp. It was cold in the vault of the gateway and the walls were damp.

"It looks all right," said the guard sulkily, "but you're late, comrade; it's nearly midnight. The other boys from Valencia got here hours ago."

"The Fascists attacked us. I was cut off with four others who were killed; one died in my arms; he worked in the same shop with me. Look, my tunic's still wet with his blood." He spoke in the sing-song Valencian accent he had learned from his father's stableboys. Surely that would fool him as it had fooled them on the truck.

"Yes," Luis went on, "and see the hole here. An inch nearer and I'd be lying out there beside him. But I couldn't leave him before he died; he was my best friend. Afterward—it was dark, but a truck gave me a lift from Maqueda."

"All right," said the other; "go ahead."

Luis raised his left fist, "*Salud,*" and held himself to a weary shuffle along the darkened street. Inside Toledo at last, his heart exulted, though he walked in a dead man's shoes and wore a dead man's clothing.

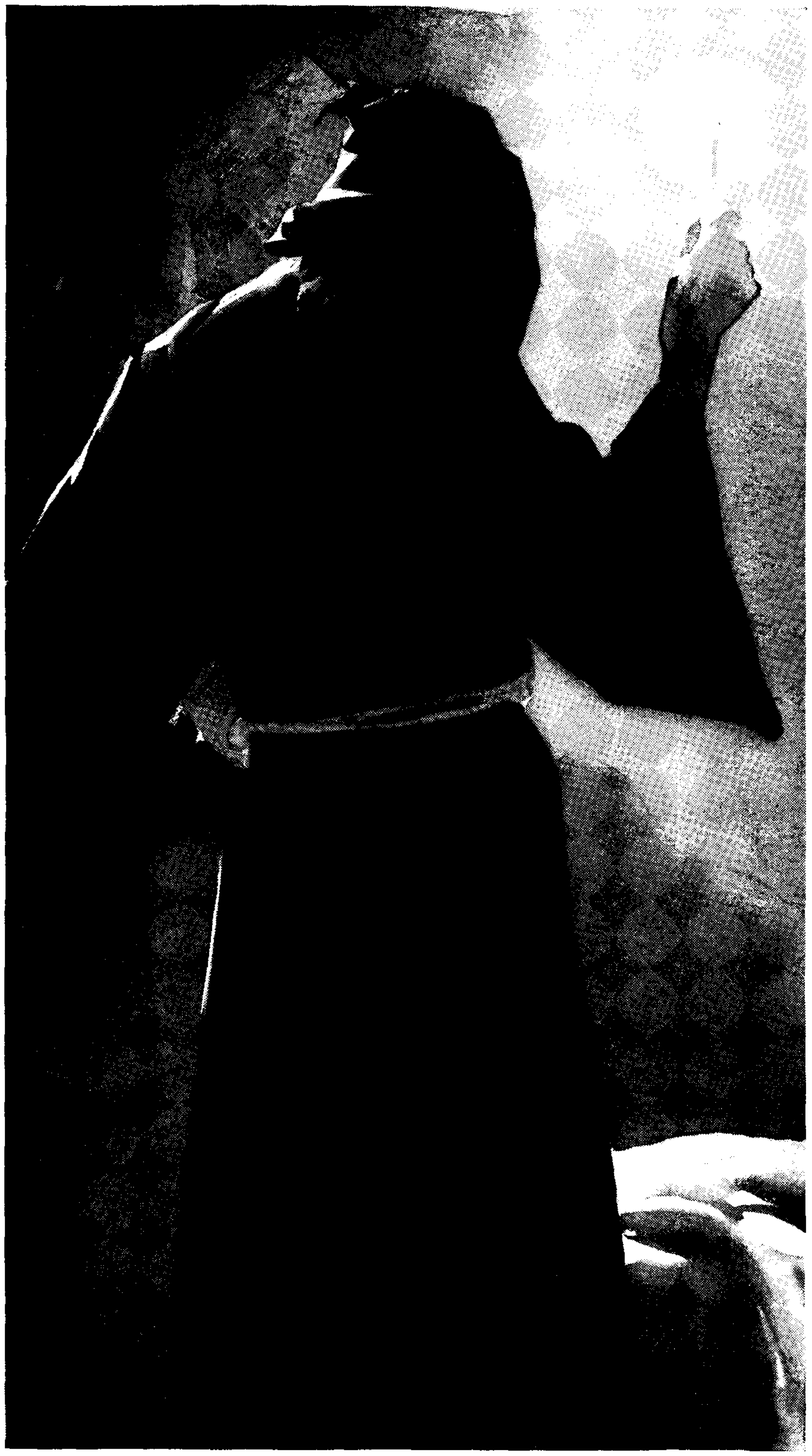
He breathed thanks to his name saint, and instinctively his hand went to his throat, to the little silver cross he had worn round his neck since baptism. It wasn't there, and for an instant he stopped in horror, then remembered and patted the cartridge belt—shotgun cartridges at that—did they think to meet rifles with shotguns? Yes, the cross was here in the third one, with the message from the colonel. They had made him take it off before he started. "Your scarf might slip and they'd see the chain. Those priest-killers don't wear crosses, and your job's risky enough as it is."

The colonel didn't want to let him go, but the news was bad, the Alcazar might fall any day. Small wonder, after eight weeks' siege or more. They said it had fallen three days ago after the big explosion, but the firing began again, so that was a lie, thank God. There'd been twenty volunteers to take the message that rescue was coming, but none of them could imitate the popular dialect as he could. Then, too, he knew Toledo and could find his way through it at night.

STRANGE how little he'd cared when they'd stripped the dead man's clothes off and he had put them on. Almost the same age they were—the paper said nineteen and he would be twenty at Christmas. But he did mind taking off the cross. It was not the same to have it in the cartridge at his belt.

He turned to the left into an alley so narrow that no cart could pass. It was dark as a tunnel, for the upper stories of the buildings on either side hung over it so close that their windows almost touched. Every forty yards an oil lamp flickered feebly. Luis shivered as he stumbled over the rough cobblestones; the cloth was wet over his chest and the thick canvas shoes scraped his bare feet.

He felt terribly alone in this hostile city. A sud-



den burst of machine-gun fire made him jump and cower against the wall, although he knew that it was far on the hillside above him. If only he could hurry, but that was impossible in these winding alleys.

With a sigh of relief he came out on a little square halfway up the hillside where a group of soldiers sat drinking round a charcoal brazier whose glow was hidden from enemy aircraft by a tall umbrella.

"*Salud*, comrade," shouted a tipsy voice. "Have a drink; we've got plenty."

He caught the Catalan accent and went on boldly. There were six of them, but two, he saw, were women with the same red-and-black caps and scarfs and blue denim tunics as the men. Enemies or not, Luis was glad of their company and the warmth and the strong red wine. Cautiously he drew from them news of the Alcazar. There was a breach in the wall, one told him. "We could rush it," he added boastfully, "but this lot from Madrid wants all the glory for themselves, and they don't dare to try it. How long will they wait? Let them rush it now, I say, or give Barcelona a chance."

The others echoed him in rougher terms; clearly there was no love lost between Barcelona and Madrid, but as a Valencian they made him welcome. They pressed him to stay when he rose to leave them, but he said no, he must report back to his comrades; they probably thought him dead. He felt more cheerful as he went on from the square into the maze of alleys. Once he thought he was lost; there should have been a turn to the left which would bring him almost to the north wall of the Alcazar, where the Catalans had said the breach was made, but the passage went on without a break on either side.

AS HE felt his way slowly forward, a ghastly scream behind him checked him like a blow, and he felt the hair bristle on the back of his neck. As he darted for the wall there was a scuffle of bodies at his feet and the familiar fury of fighting cats. He leaned there trembling, hardly able to stand, then grabbed his gun tightly and went on with quivering nerves. What a fool he was to be thus startled but always he had hated cats from childhood. At last here was the passage, narrow as the others but clear open to the sky. He breathed deeply; now he knew where he was, he was skirting the lowest wall of the Alcazar. Two hundred yards farther, if the Catalans had told the truth, the breach began with open ground in front of it. The alley wound along the hillside, the river was not far below.

When he came to the open space, he lay flat on the ground and put his gun down quietly. There was more light here and his eyes were accustomed to the darkness. Would there be Red sentries? He crawled forward inch by inch—there was no sign of a living thing. As he stared at the mound of rubble that towered above him, he realized that the hardest part of his enterprise was yet to come. Somehow all of them, he and the others, had taken for granted that if only he could win his way to the Alcazar his task was ended. But how to communicate with the defenders, and was it possible to scale the breach without making noise that would bring a burst of fire from friends and enemies alike? There must be Reds in the houses below him, under cover no doubt, but alert. He crawled to the right where the supports of the northwest tower were a mass of crumbled masonry. Perhaps here?

Suddenly the earth rose under him and flung him backward amidst a din of shattering noise and falling stones. He felt himself whirled through the air. Faster than light his brain flashed, "Will I fall in the river?" Then blackness swallowed him.

"LET me alone, I'm tired," he muttered. "I want to sleep."

The hand on his breast shook him again. "Can you stand?" a voice whispered. "Come on, you can't stay here. Drink this."

His head was raised and he felt a tin cup clink against his teeth, and gasped as the fiery spirit burned his mouth. That roused him and he sat up and tried to stand, but fell on hands and knees.

"All right then, crawl; I'll help you," said the voice and, half crawling, half dragged, Luis followed down a narrow passage and lay exhausted on a flagged courtyard. A moment later the glow of a small oil lamp showed a dark figure in militia uniform standing by the little fountain in a courtyard.

"What happened?" Luis asked weakly.

"A mine exploded and I ran out afterward and found you," came the low reply. "You fell right at my door. Here, take more of this."

He drank the cupful and the blood flowed hot through his veins. He sat up and looked about him. His head hurt horribly and he ached all over, but he could move his arms and legs and seemed to have no wound. He drew a deep breath. "I remember," he said. "I remember. Give me some more brandy."

His eyes were clearer now and, as the dark figure moved to take the cup, he stared in surprise. It was a woman, a tall girl with a pale face and dark hair cut short at the neck. She wore the blue tunic of the militia and a red-and-black anarchist scarf.

"Can you stand?" she asked. "Here, lean on me; this way."

Holding the lamp before her she led him to a corner and opened a narrow door. "Wait," he muttered. "I don't—it smells of cats."

She took no notice. "Look out; there are two steps here," she said. "Now, this way to the right. Mind your head, the beams are low. There, that's it." She opened another door and helped him to a couch against the wall. "Sit there," she said, "while I light the other lamp. That's better. Wait, I'll be back in a minute."

Luis was in a small room from the center of whose vaulted roof hung an old bronze lamp. There was a rug on the stone floor and the couch on which he lay was clean, although its woodwork was black with age. Opposite him embers glowed in a deep, open fireplace. To his left was a carved oak cupboard and beside it a window shuttered and sealed.

The girl came back with pillows and blankets and a bowl of hot water. "Lie down," she said, "and let's have a look at you. And pull off your jacket while I untie your shoes. Don't be silly," as he hesitated, "I'm a trained nurse, and I've got to look at you." She helped him strip and turned him over. "It's all right," she said as he flinched when her fingers pressed his shoulder. "You were lucky, I tell you. It's a bad bruise and another here on your hip, but there's nothing broken. You'll be all right again tomorrow."

SHE washed his cuts and rubbed them with ointment that smarted, then covered him with a blanket. "Lie still while I get soup. I tell you, you're a lucky one."

The brandy was singing in his head and the pain was dulled. Half dazed, he gulped the soup she brought him and ate the bread.

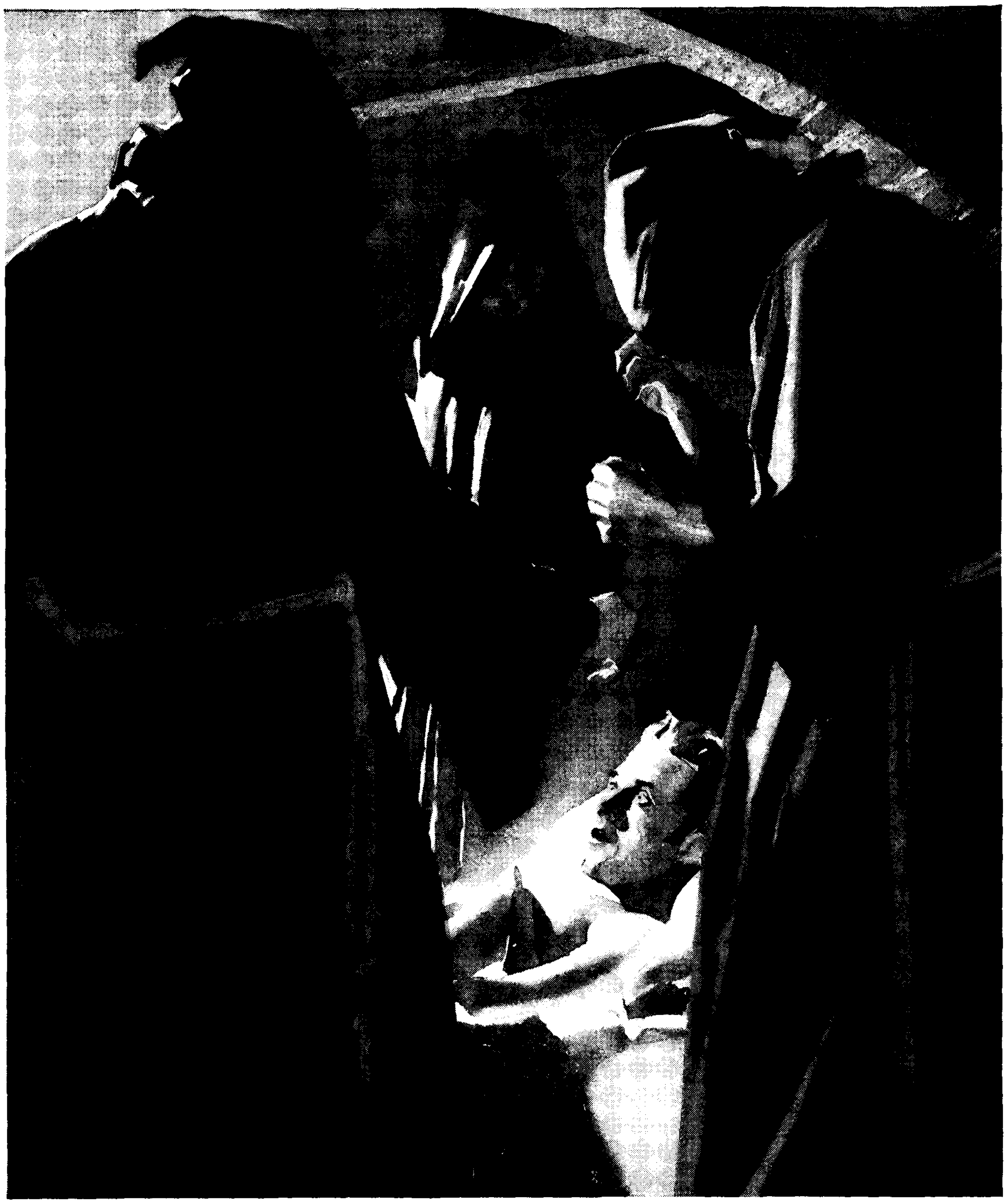
"There, now you'll sleep," she said softly, "and sleep will make you well. Go to sleep, now sleep."

The light was lowered and he felt her hand cool and soothing on his forehead. "Sleep," she murmured, "sleep." . . .

When Luis woke the fire had been replenished and was burning brightly. On a little table by the couch there was a pitcher of wine and a plate with bread and cold chicken. Attached to the bread by a knife was a piece of paper with writing on it. His head was clear and he felt no pain, but as soon as he tried to move every limb and muscle groaned protest—he was as sore as if he'd been beaten all over. He rubbed himself vigorously and the stiffness lessened, then he got out of bed, picked up the paper and held it to the firelight. The writing was strange and angular and the ink was very black. "Eat your breakfast," the note said. "You will find everything you want. I will be back at twelve."

In the corner by the cupboard he saw a washstand with towels, but he looked in vain for his clothes. He walked gingerly to the door—each step was painful—and turned the handle. It was locked. He stared at it stupidly—a thick oak door backed with iron. He shrugged his shoulders and sat down on the couch and ate ravenously. The wine was rough and bitter, but he was thirsty and drank it all.

Only a few minutes after he had washed, the door opened and the girl came in. She seemed very tall in the



He tried to move but the paralysis still held him. Beside his couch stood four tall figures. They wore long black robes embroidered with red symbols, and their heads were hidden by cowls

leaping firelight, taller than he, with broad shoulders, walking with a swing like a man, and the double peaks of her red-and-black cap were so big they looked like horns.

"You're awake," she said. "That's good. How do you feel?"

"I'm all right," said Luis. "I was awfully stiff at first, but it's better now." He paused and added, "I want to thank you; I think you saved my life."

SHE smiled and came closer to the couch. Her lips were very red and her teeth were white, and her eyes shone strangely in the firelight, now red, now green.

"I was glad to do it," she said simply. "Let me look at your shoulder. Wait, I'll light the lamp. Yes," she said slowly, "all black and blue, and so's your hip, but it doesn't matter. Those trifling cuts are nothing and there isn't a mark on your chest, and your skin is lovely and white."

Her fingers scarcely touched him but his flesh tingled, and he did not like the note of appraisal in her voice. Did she think . . . He pulled the blanket up to his chin and leaned on his elbow facing her.

"I must go," he said; "I must report to my column. Where is my uniform?"

She watched him without answer. By God, he had been right before, her eyes *were* green. She did not meet his gaze but looked down at the table between them, at the plate and the empty wine jug.

"You want to leave me," she said, "though you say I saved your life. Oh, no, you must not leave me. Soon, I think, you will not want to leave me." Her voice was gentle and her mouth was smiling, but something made Luis clutch at his neck beneath the blanket for the cross that was not there. He moistened his lips with his tongue and said firmly, "I must go; it's my duty. If you will not bring my clothes, I shall go and look for them myself."

"Do not trouble, I will bring them; but when I have brought them I do not think you'll want to go."

SHE went quickly to the other room and a moment later was back with his clothes and shoes. She dropped them in front of her and stood with her back against the door. "Come and get them," she said. "I have served you enough. And don't be shy; I saw you naked last night. Come quickly, why don't you move?"

Why didn't he move? His brain said move, but his body wouldn't obey. He could not move.

The woman laughed lightly. She picked up the clothes and put them on the end of the couch and stood again near the door. His forehead was wet with the effort of will to make his limbs obey, but he couldn't move. "What have you done?" he cried in a strangled voice. "Have you bewitched me?"

She smiled. "You asked for your clothes and I told you that if I brought them you wouldn't want to go. If you want to, rise and take them; if you don't, you'd sooner stay. I thought you would. Then stay and sleep awhile, but I must leave you, for I have much to do. And if you really want to go, get up and dress and go your way."

With a swift, feline movement she put out the lamp. Then she turned and left the room. The door closed but no key clicked in the lock, no bolt was drawn.

Luis lay, weak with panic. What did this mean? His body was powerless but his mind whirled madly through his head like a squirrel in its cage. Was he hypnotized? No, that was impossible. Yet she had said— Suddenly he recalled the bitter taste of the wine and the woman's glance at the empty pitcher. Yes, that was it; he was poisoned. But such poison he had never heard of, to bind his limbs yet leave him free to think and speak. What did it mean? What was there—who had said—where had he heard—? In agony he struggled to recapture the old memory which escaped him. There was something—if only—

Firelight—firelight—the woman's green eyes in the firelight, and the cap with its peaks like horns. Yes, that was it; now the memory was coming. What memory—what horns? He fought to think farther, but his eyes were closing, he must sleep.

A SOUND of singing roused him. The room was brightly lighted and at first his eyes were dazzled. He tried to move but the paralysis still held him. Beside his couch stood four tall figures, two by two, carrying a litter. They wore long black robes embroidered with red symbols, and their heads were hidden by the high-peaked cowl donned by servants of the Inquisition when heretics were burned in the auto-da-fé. As the chant rose Luis could distinguish words: "The hour of the Sabbath approaches—the midnight hour is near—to the house of Illian our founder—the victim was sent by the Master—the victim was sent but came willing—he came to our door as is fitting—the victim is fair without blemish." The music swelled louder, and the singing changed to an unknown jargon of rolling polysyllables.

Luis had heard enough. The words "Sabbath" and "Illian" had unlocked his childish memory of his old nurse with her tales of sorcery—of Illian, the Wizard of Toledo, and of the witches' Sabbath. Yes, and of the extract of a poisonous fruit, with which the victims were made ready—awake and fully conscious, unable to move but alive to feel and suffer.

The chant ended and they laid him on the litter, resistless as a corpse, then carried him in silence out across the little courtyard and down a sloping passage on the farther side. His bearers halted and he heard the rustle of a curtain drawn aside, and as they went on, the closing of a door. Again the unknown chant, this time from a choir of voices close at hand.

They laid the litter down and raised

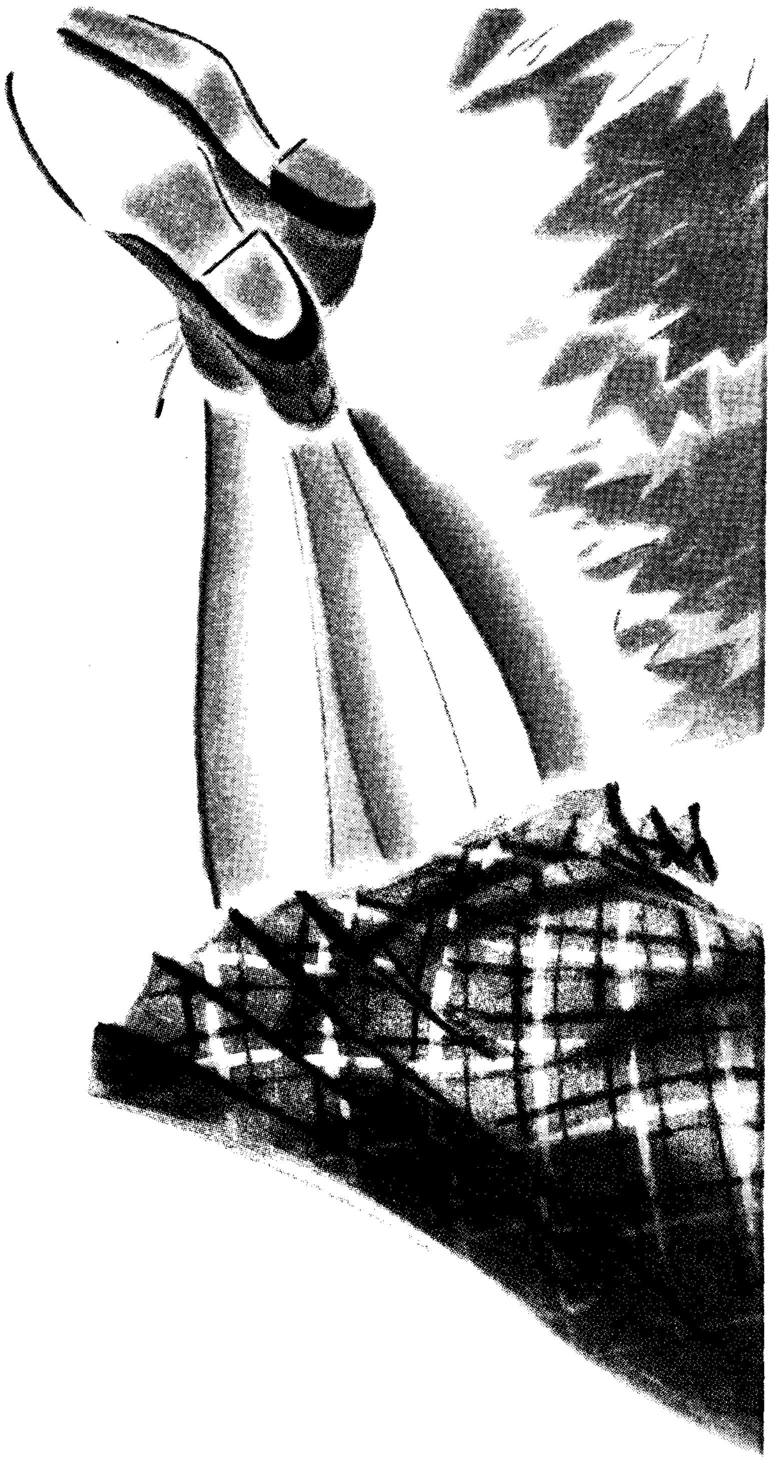
(Continued on page 59)

Marked Ball

By Talbert Josselyn

The Chinese say the best man always wins. To which Ken Wilson would undoubtedly add — provided the right girl is for him

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



AS HE drove north in his repainted roadster toward the scene of the coming state golf championship young Ken Wilson again did a sum in mental arithmetic, and again found the same answer.

He would have just money enough to squeeze by on, and still be able to buy a half-dozen new golf balls.

Of course—and the thought came edging in as it had come edging many times—if he failed to qualify, or qualified and got knocked off after a round or two, he'd have more than enough money. But he was going to qualify For years he'd dreamed of it; and now here was his first chance—and his last—and his money had been budgeted so as to go all the way.

"Forget it!" he said, and settled his lean, powerfully muscled body at the wheel. "You're lucky even to be playing golf. Lucky to have things fixed as well as—"

"Whang!" sounded a report.

Ken Wilson sawed at the steering wheel. Blowout! He straightened the car, managed to get it off the road. Then he swung down from his seat and looked. Dynamite couldn't have done a more complete job on that tire—nor on the Wilson budget.

Hands on hips, he stared long at the wreck, then went around to the rear and put a thumb on the spare tire; it dented under the pressure like an overripe muskmelon.

"Whew!" said young Ken Wilson, and lines came suddenly around his eyes. That spare had never been more than something to look at, and now . . .

"It'll have to hold up until the nearest town."

The spare held up just that far and no farther. He shopped all over the little town for a tire, and got the cheapest—and even the cheapest was appallingly costly. All during the rest of the journey his mind went around and around. Now, how was he going to get any new golf balls?

Just how tremendously he was going to need them was shown the next morning in practice on that championship course, where hole after hole rose up and looked him in the eye and dared him to do anything, equipped as he was. He came to the eighth, the world-famous chasm one, where the sea had gouged out a high-cliffed cove, and where a player had to shoot his second shot across it, or else see his ball go plumping down into waters swashing forward and back, on the curving, rocky shore far below.

Before he shot that second one Ken Wilson walked up to the cove rim with his caddie and looked across at the distant green on the far side, and looked down into the cove and said:

"Whooie! That's no place to go."

"You said it," agreed the caddie. "But a pile of 'em do."

An odd feeling ran through Ken Wilson. He caught his breath and stood looking, looking at the moving waters. "I suppose," he finally said to the caddie, "that a lot of balls are found down there."

"I'll say! At low tide."

For the first time that day Ken Wilson's eyes lighted.

AND late that afternoon, near sundown, Ken Wilson in swimming trunks came along the beach from the seaside town that adjoined the golf course to the south—where he had gotten a six-dollar-a-week room—and clambered over the rocks. Low tide. The shore that had been submerged a few hours before now lay exposed, with seaweed shining wet and brown, with rock pools here and there, with the cove waters now still save for a faint lapping.

He skirted the tide line, waded in, searching. Suddenly he saw one. He thrust his hand into the water and brought up a golf ball from the rocky bottom. He turned it over. New! He looked at the name—a championship make.

"What a break!" he grinned.

He found three more. He waded ashore. He put the balls down above tidemark and turned again toward the water, and began to hum a song as he searched. In hip-deep, clear water he found two more, and again turned shoreward, moving slowly over the slippery footing. He had almost reached dry rocks—and then he saw her.

A girl, lying on a ledge just above the low tidemark, looking at him.

Until that instant he'd thought himself alone. And now this girl, right before him, looked at him.

She had on a green sweater and a tweed skirt; she was bareheaded, and so tanned that her blue eyes seemed strangely light in contrast. Straightforward blue eyes they were, taking him in. Then her lips parted, showing startlingly white teeth, and she smiled—no, it was more of a grin than a smile. And she spoke.

"This cove's a wonderful place to find golf balls at low tide, isn't it?"

Ken flushed to the roots of his hair. She'd been watching him!

"I used to hunt for golf balls here, but now I'm supposed to be grown up." She wrinkled her nose—a most attractive nose, with a hint of freckles across the bridge. "Now other people have all the fun—and get the golf balls."

Ken Wilson found himself back on an even keel. Here was a darned sweet kid!

She glanced at the golf balls in his hand. "I hope they're new ones. It's awful to find one and think it's new, and then turn it over and see a cut clean across it."

Ken grinned. This girl was all right!

"Say, isn't that the truth! But I'm lucky. They're all new."

She returned the grin. "When I first saw you I said, 'There's somebody who's going to make something out of this championship. He's going at it in the right way. Swimming trunks. Darn it, I always wanted to hunt for golf balls that way, and they wouldn't let me. He'll clean up on 'em and—' And then when I got down here I heard you singing, and I said, 'He isn't hunting golf balls just because he needs 'em. He's having too wonderful a time. He's the happiest, the luckiest man I've seen in a long while.' "

Ken nodded. "I was. I'd forgotten how much I needed 'em."

HER brows narrowed, and her blue eyes were sharp upon him. "Needed them?"

"Sure, if I was to do any sort of playing in the championship beginning tomorrow. I couldn't afford"—and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to say it to this girl, whose name he didn't even know—"I couldn't afford to buy any, so I had to find them."

She leaned forward on the rock ledge, lips parted. "Oh," she said slowly. "And you came down here, hoping you could find balls so that you could play tomorrow?"

"That's it." Ken sat down on the ledge. "I had money enough for everything and then I blew a tire coming north. The money that was to have gone into golf balls," he grinned wryly, "had to go into rubber of another kind. Hence the swimming trunks." He paused, then said, "I'm Ken Wilson." And added with a quick smile, "Not that that means anything."

"I'm Peggy Ives," said the girl. And added with an equally quick smile, "And not that *that* means anything."

They sat regarding each other, and Ken noted what pleasant eyes she had, with little crinklings at the corners as she smiled.

"This is the first time I've ever been in the state championship," said Ken. "I've wanted to play in it for years, but have always been too busy summers. I'd like to shoot good golf this coming week, for it'll probably be my only chance at the championship for years to come."

"Why's that?"

"A man doesn't get much chance at golf when he's working in a mine. The fairways," and Ken grinned, "are sort of narrow underground."

Peggy Ives studied him, eyes intent. "Are you going to be a miner?"

"Been learning to be a mining engineer—school of mines at the state university. Going back there for my last year right after this tournament. And I'll have a job in a mine up on the Mother Lode as soon as I've been graduated next spring. Start from the bottom, literally—a mile down, mucking with a shovel."

"MINING," said Peggy Ives slowly. Then she smiled, and the crinklings came at the corners of her eyes. "I know it'll sound like a coincidence—it'll sound worse than that; it'll sound like a come-on—but my people used to be interested in mining."

"They did?" said Ken. "Where?"

"Up in the Mother Lode country, beginning away back in the 'fifties. Great-grandfather — and Grandfather — and then Dad, some—but that's all over with now. The family isn't interested in mining any more. I used to hear Grandfather talk it when I was a little bit of a girl. It seems awfully long ago."

Then she asked him questions—how he came to take up mining, how he liked it, how—one question after another, lying there with her hands cupped against her chin. . . . And the shadows in the cove lengthened, lengthened.

Suddenly she looked about, as though just aware how the minutes had slipped by, and impulsively thrust out a hand.

"I've been taking up all your time, when you should have been looking for golf balls. I'm sorry!"

Ken shook his head. "I'm not. I've got enough golf balls. If they don't last me, I don't deserve to get anywhere near the finals. And—I've had a wonderful time." He went to where he had cached the first three golf balls and came back.

"I hope they're new ones like the others," said Peggy.

"I was lucky all the way." Ken held them out to her, as one golf-ball finder to another.

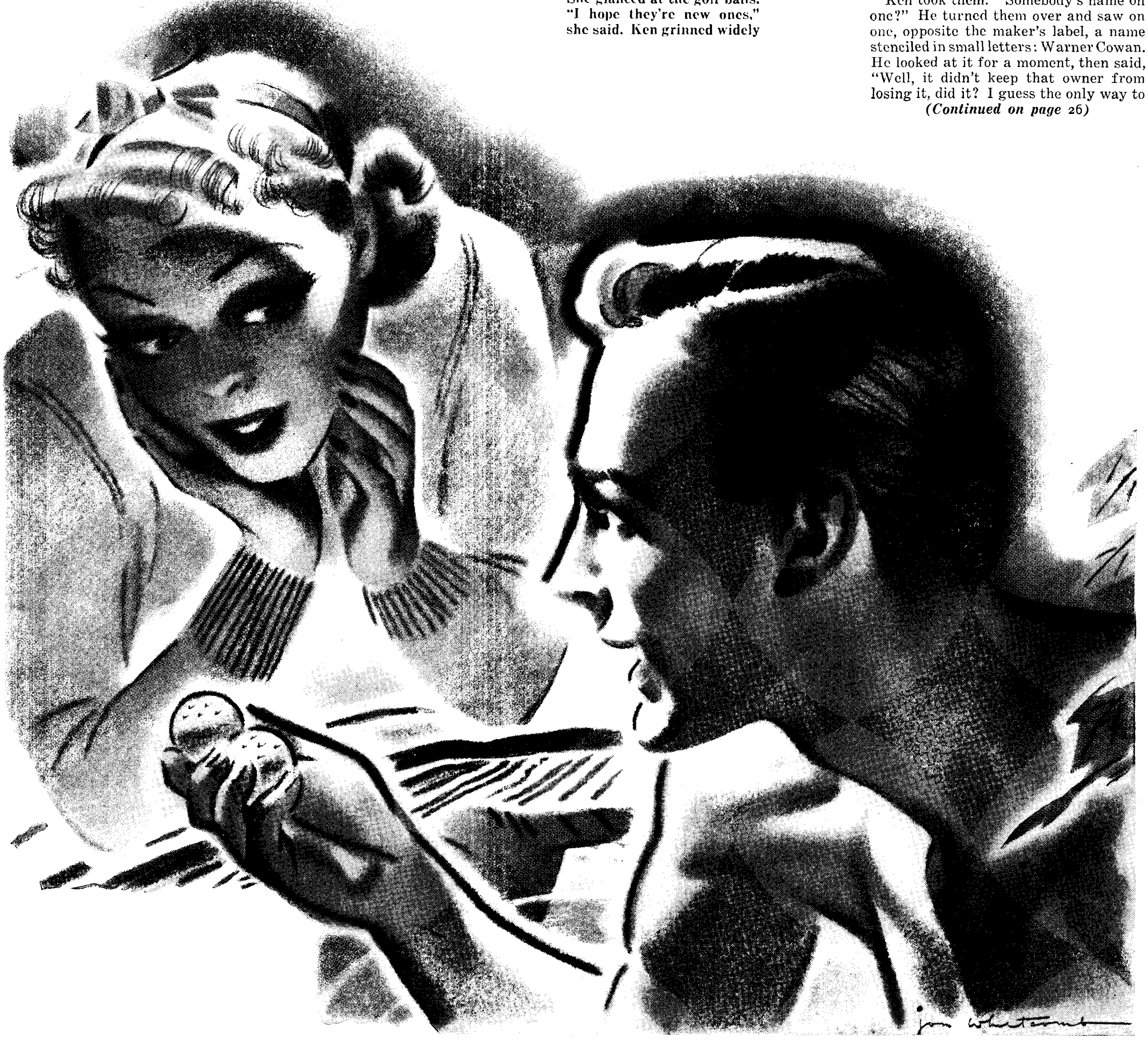
She examined them and nodded approvingly. "They haven't been in the water long—paint's bright and they haven't been roughed up by the waves. I'd say," and she put her head on one side like a connoisseur coming to a decision, "that they're worth forty cents apiece in the open market—or a victory each." She chuckled. "I wanted to sell golf balls once; I built a stand of three apple boxes out by the roadside and was just getting under way when Mother found me and was so shocked that I had to quit. Darn it, I'd have made a fortune!"

SHE laughed—and then the laughter died away and she said "Hmm." She was scrutinizing a ball, holding it so that it caught the light, and then little lines of humor tugged at her mouth and she said in a half-voice, as though to herself:

"Even puts his name on golf balls. Wants it on everything." She handed the three golf balls back to Ken Wilson.

Ken took them. "Somebody's name on one?" He turned them over and saw on one, opposite the maker's label, a name stenciled in small letters: Warner Cowan. He looked at it for a moment, then said, "Well, it didn't keep that owner from losing it, did it? I guess the only way to

(Continued on page 26)

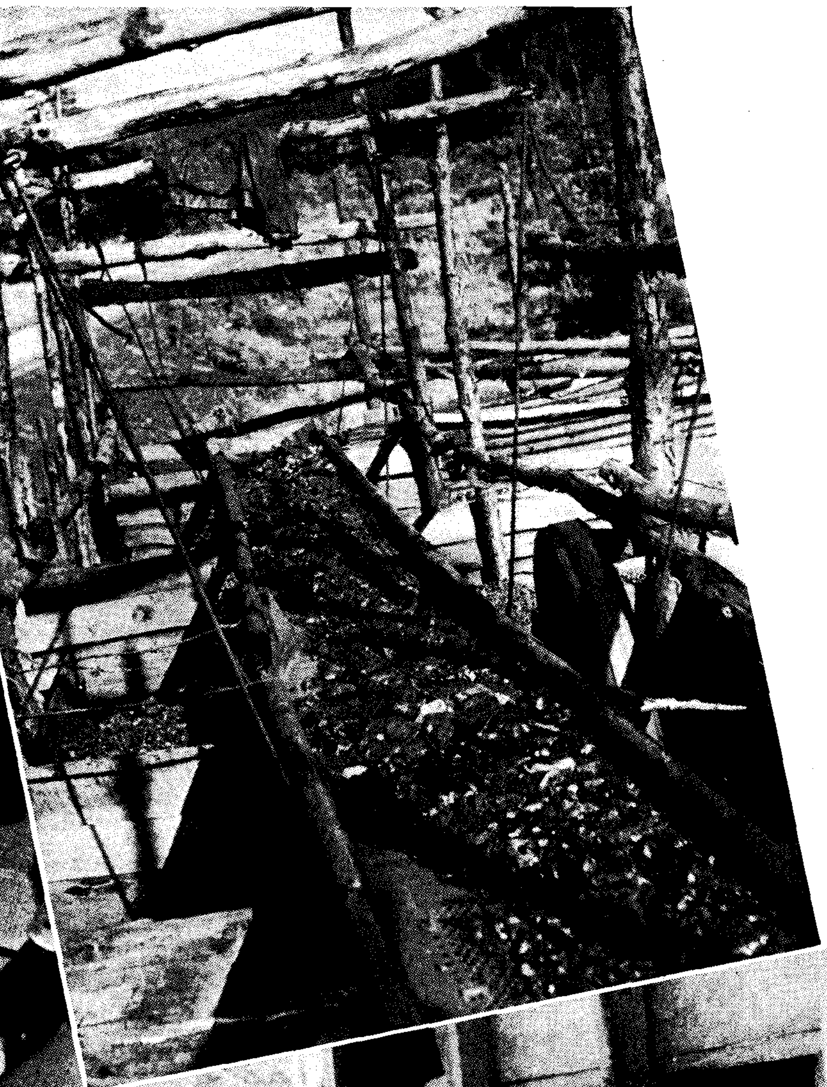


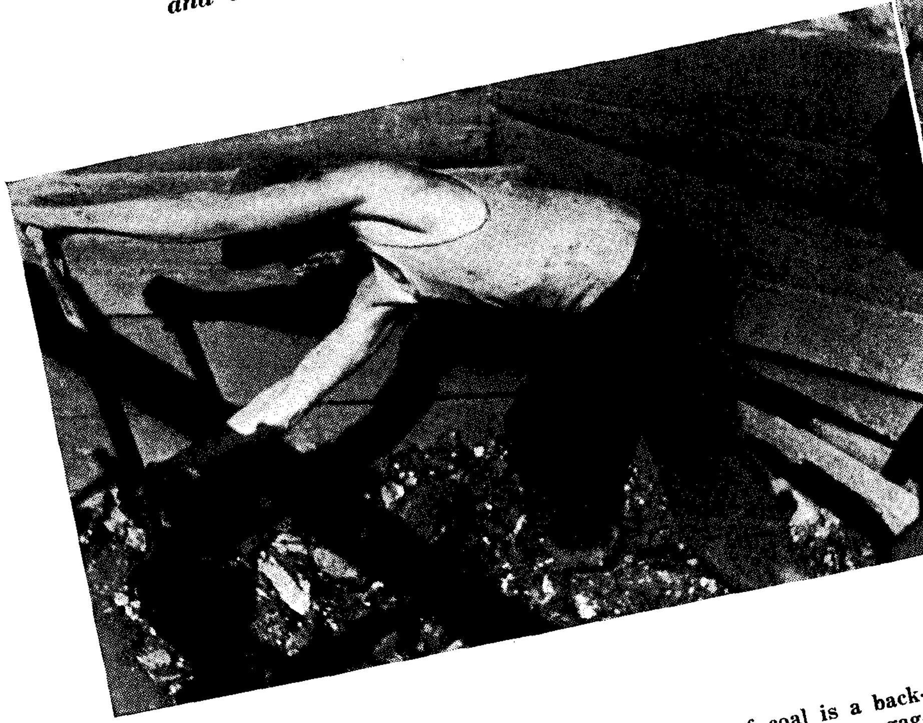
She glanced at the golf balls. "I hope they're new ones," she said. Ken grinned widely

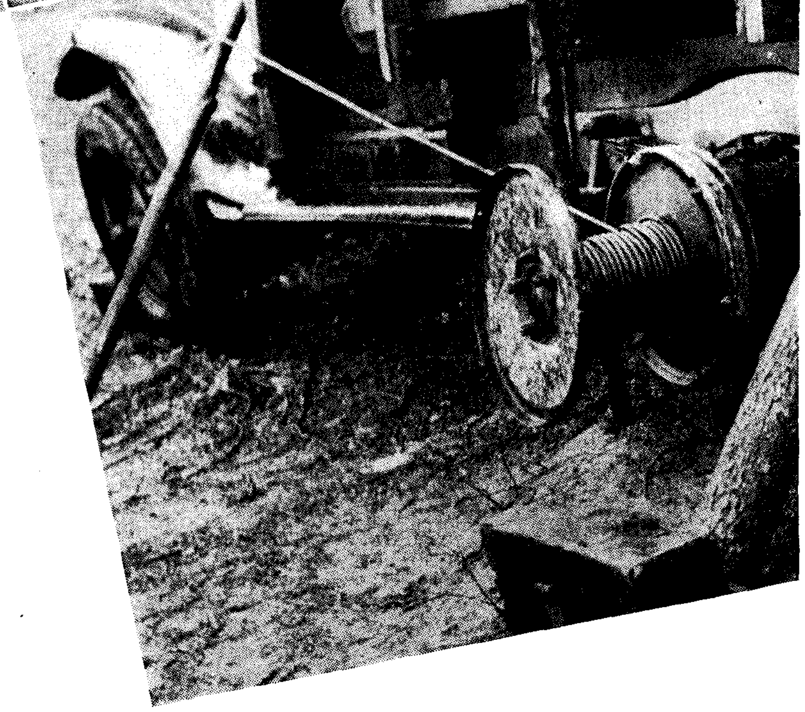
Bootleg Coal

By John T. Flynn

Out-of-work miners began it—they wanted to keep warm. But coal, no matter how you get it, is worth money. Coal stealing grew to be big business. Thirteen thousand men are digging it up and trucks rush it to near-by cities and towns—$32,000,000 worth in a year. What effect will it have on wages and coal prices? Who's going to stop it?







The bootlegging of coal is a back-breaking job and the men who engage in it are an industrious group. With no equipment at all or with crude, primitive equipment, they eke out their two or three dollars a day. The breaker (upper right) is typical of the homemade devices used to screen and sort coal. At the right is a slightly more modern device for operating the windlass to raise the coal from the "mine." The cable is worked on a drum fastened to the jacked-up rear wheel of a truck

DO NOT say of anything that it can't happen here. Down in the lovely old wilderness of St. Anthony, the anthracite counties of Pennsylvania, one of the strangest industries on this continent is enjoying a boom. There about 20,000 men are engaged in the business of stealing about $32,000,000 worth of hard coal annually. About 13,000 of them are taking it out of the coal properties of the great coal companies, another 2,000 are occupied preparing it for market at bootleg breakers and about 5,000 bootleg truckers are busy piloting it hell, west and thither to market as far as 300 miles away.

It's all done in the open—no concealment, no scurrying to cover when the police come. The police pay no attention to it. The business people of the coal regions buy the coal at bootleg prices and approve the bootleggers. Even some of the churches are warmed with stolen coal as his reverence preaches stoutly that "Thou shalt not steal." Prosecuting officers refuse to act. Grand juries refuse to indict. If an occasional justice of the peace sends a bootlegger to jail for trespass the sheriff lets him out the back door. The companies sit by utterly bewildered and helpless while the bootleggers, grown bold, organize to bring political, physical and "moral" force to bear in support of their strange industry.

You would, of course, go very wrong if you took your final impression of this queer business from this exceedingly oversimplified outline. For the bootleg coal industry, in its origin and practice, is shot through with strong human currents, profound emotions, old histories of battles and hatreds, ancient quarrels about the rich treasure which lies buried in these mountains. There are many factors—the sharp tooth of hunger driving desperate men to desperate devices, old political and social cleavages, the depression, the machine age, big business, the ravages of competition and progress. Until you have seen all these moving forces working upon the managers, miners and populations of the coal regions you can form no notion of the odd chapter in business being enacted here.

You can travel through these Pennsylvania regions, as I did, where the tide of labor war and the so-called class struggle has rolled up and down these lovely valleys for decades, and you will find your sympathies and your convictions shifting from side to side as one phase after another of the story unfolds before you. Here in the land of the Molly Maguires you see how a whole society can, almost without realizing it, shift its ethical standards and throw overboard its most cherished laws in the presence of a powerful human fact.

North America's Buried Treasure

First of all, you will understand little about this business unless you know something of the anthracite mine and miner. For all this is confined to the hard-coal regions in eastern Pennsylvania, and, as a matter of fact, to only about four counties of the seven in which all the anthracite in America is found. These counties are Schuylkill, Northumberland, Columbia and Carbon.

The old miners in these hills will not let you forget that this is hard-coal country and that while soft coal is one thing, hard coal is another. They will tell you with a sneer that some coal manager is a "soft-coal man," which is one way of letting you know how little they think of him. No soft-coal man can mine anthracite, they will say. This is the anthracite country. And here in these hills—this little patch of country—is one of the greatest treasures in the world, for which Hitler would give his right arm and Mussolini a dozen Ethiopias. It contains practically all of the anthracite to be found in America. But at that the supply is vast. As you motor through the hills, soft, green-clothed mountains rise before you. "They're like big oranges," a miner told me. "Just peel off the cover and there underneath is the fruit." That is the important fact for the bootlegger.

You will have to divest yourself of your old picture of the coal mine. Here is to be found no vast underground cavern, hundreds of feet below the surface. The hard-coal mine is a vast complex of narrow little passages running underground. The coal is formed in veins or seams. These seams hang down in the ground like inverted rainbows, starting somewhere near the surface at one end and curving down and up to near the mountain surface at some other point. Beneath the curved vein of coal is a layer of rock and then another vein of coal and so on down, down, hundreds of feet down. The veins of coal and rock together are like a monstrous layer cake, the rich black jelly between the broad layers of rock.

In places—many places—the end of these coal seams will come right up to the surface. They will "crop up," as the miners say. They seem to burst up out of the soil. Oftener they are very close under the soil. Old Necho Allen was an early hunter in these regions. He built his campfire on one of these hilltops and left it burning as he stretched out for slumber at night. When he awoke in the morning the fire was burning more brilliantly than ever. Allen had lit his campfire on a cropping of coal and thus coal was discovered near Pottsville. It is this cropping of the coal which is the opportunity of the bootlegger. The crop may not stick right out of the ground, but an experienced miner can tell by the rich dark dirt about that the crop lies close hidden under a few feet of earth.

Necessity the Means of Invention

And here is the way the business began. For years the anthracite region miners have been permitted to take coal for themselves from the refuse banks during periods of unemployment. Coal comes from the mine mixed with dirt and rock. The dirt and rock are separated and piled near the collieries. Everywhere in the regions these mountainous heaps of dirt and black rock and coal—for some coal remains in these rubbish heaps—loom like black-sheep mountains beside the bright green ones. Out of these the coal companies have allowed their idle miners to take fuel for their own homes.

When the great strike of 1925-26 was over, the anthracite regions found that some of their coal business had slipped away from them forever. The 160,000 miners went back happily to work. But all of them did not remain at work. And about this time unemployed miners began appearing near the refuse banks. Then came the crash of 1929 and the number of miners on the refuse banks increased. Many went to the coal croppings because they may have been nearer or because the coal was better. And as the depression deepened the number of miners who cut away coal at the croppings in the near-by hills increased. At first, of course, they took coal for themselves. Then they took a little more for needy neighbors. But man cannot live by coal alone. One cannot eat anthracite. And soon some miners learned how to fill a sack with a hundred pounds of coal and take it to the grocery for victuals. This practice spread and at this stage the companies shut their eyes. After all, the need was desperate. It was, perhaps, a cheap method of relief.

The next stage was for miners to open the croppings deeper and mine enough coal to sell here and there for cash. The news of this ready-road to badly needed cash spread about. And soon the hills were filled with unemployed miners working the croppings deeper and deeper, some down forty or fifty feet. The business was carried on with stealth. The croppings were opened in densely wooded areas in the hills. The coal was packed in hundred-pound bags and stored in the brush. Trucks came and the coal was piled in, hidden under straw. This was in 1932. And at this stage the enterprise was strictly the refuge of unemployed men in a bankrupt community with no relief, struggling to earn enough to save their families from starvation.

The next stage was to see a rudimentary organization creep into the underground industry. Coal as it comes from the mines is in many sizes. It has no commercial value until it has been separated into uniform sizes—barley and pea and egg and stove and so on. It ought to be cleaned. The rock should be removed. This function—preparation it is called—is carried on in what are called breakers. In the coal industry or in pictures of it you have seen those immense rambling structures outside the

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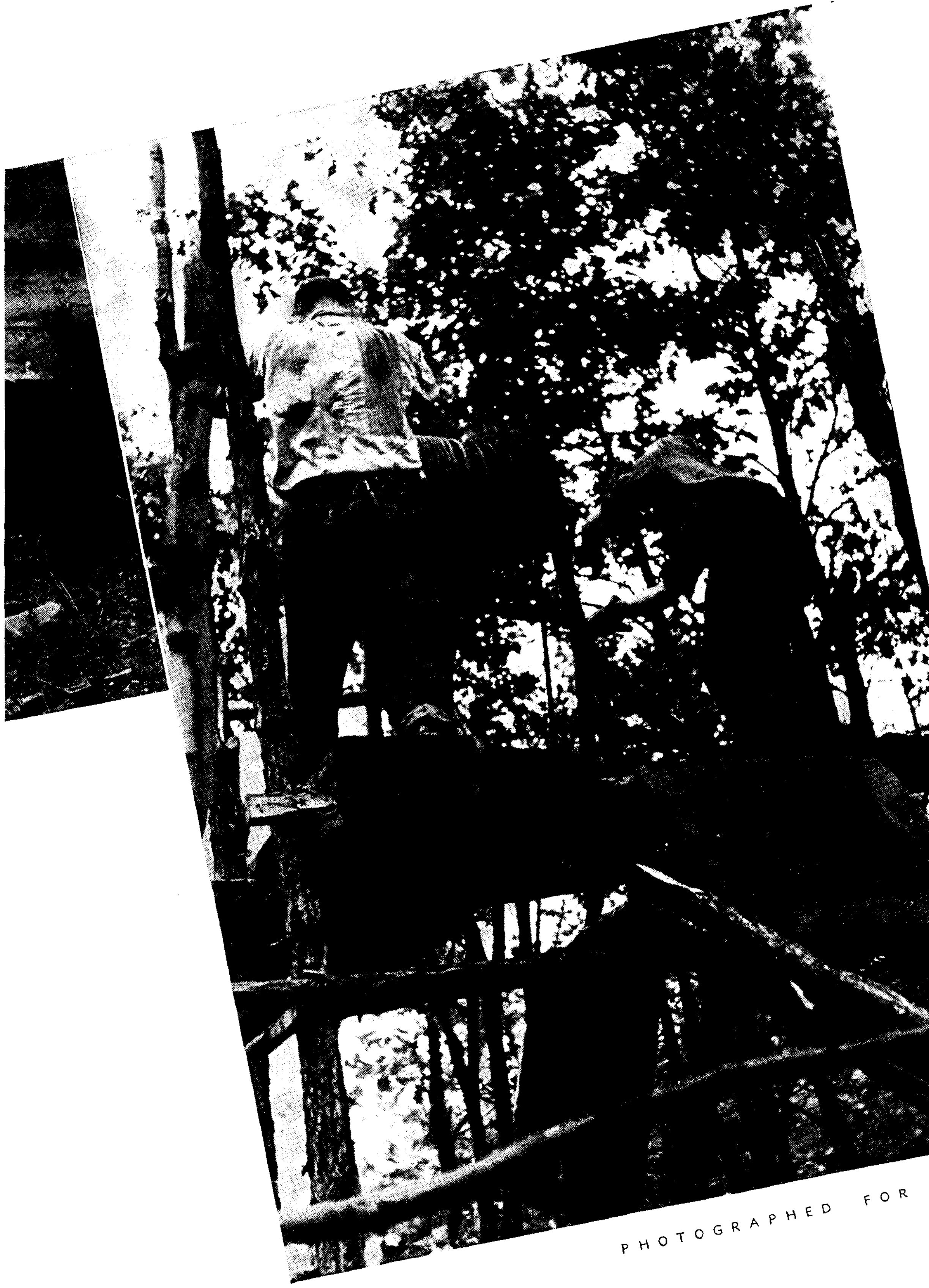


At the left is the most primitive form of windlass, operated by man power. Two men grind laboriously at the windlass and presently fetch up an oilcan full of coal sent up by two more men working in the "mine" below. Below is a conference of truck drivers at a bootleg mine breaker

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY RUSSELL LEE

Whirlpool

By Jacland Marmur

"You're yellow," said Voodray to Cassino. Cassino's girl was listening. But Cassino took the insult. He did nothing—then

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

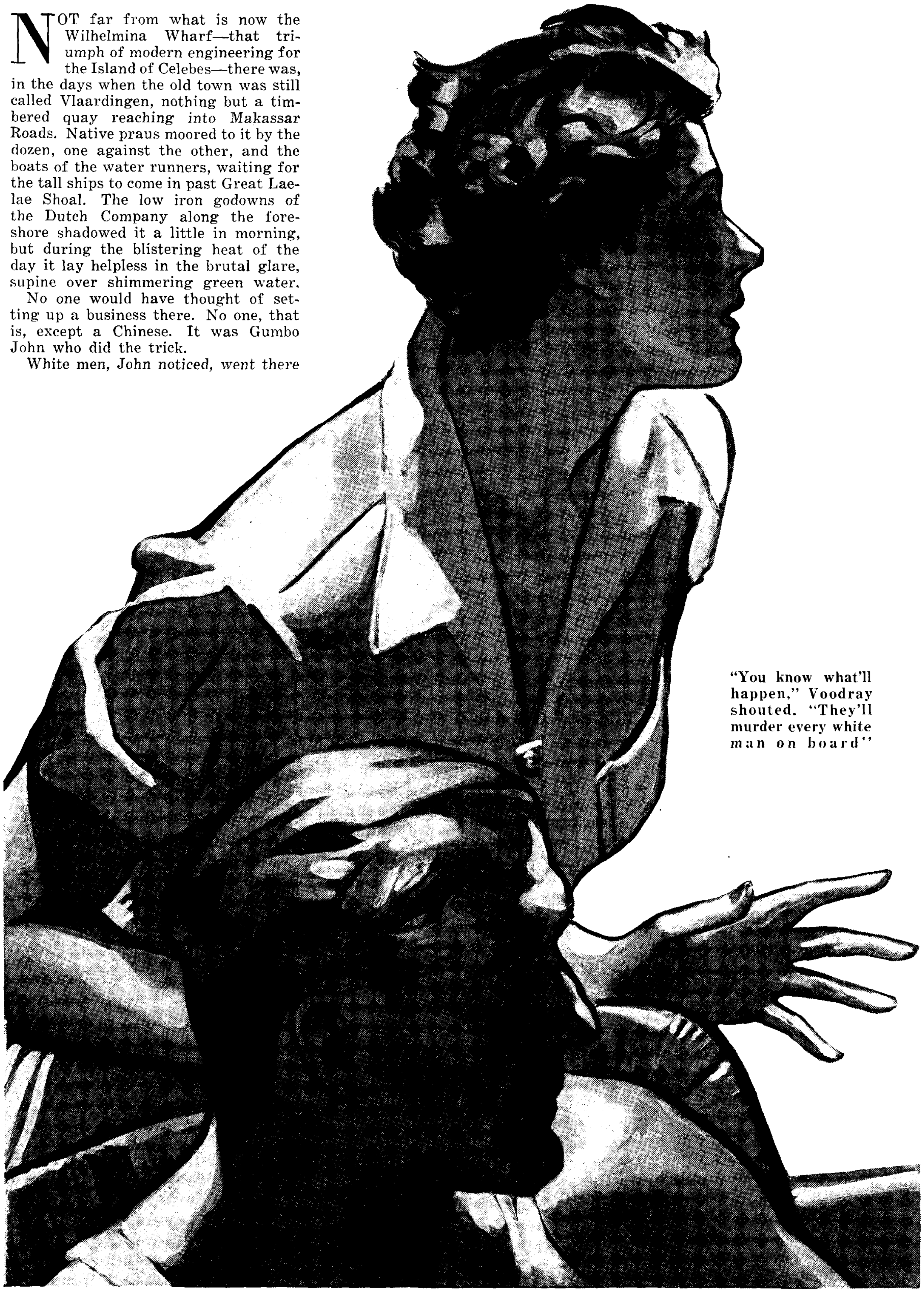
NOT far from what is now the Wilhelmina Wharf—that triumph of modern engineering for the Island of Celebes—there was, in the days when the old town was still called Vlaardingen, nothing but a timbered quay reaching into Makassar Roads. Native praus moored to it by the dozen, one against the other, and the boats of the water runners, waiting for the tall ships to come in past Great Laelae Shoal. The low iron godowns of the Dutch Company along the foreshore shadowed it a little in morning, but during the blistering heat of the day it lay helpless in the brutal glare, supine over shimmering green water.

No one would have thought of setting up a business there. No one, that is, except a Chinese. It was Gumbo John who did the trick.

White men, John noticed, went there shielding their eyes against the sun, staring seaward for the overdue trading schooner; and where white men go in those latitudes gin and bitters must follow. So Gumbo John, having served out his labor contract in the swamps behind the city, married a handsome Bugis woman for his comfort. She helped him erect a rickety roof of poles and cane at the landward end of the quay. And Gumbo John's became the rendezvous, toward sunset, for every chandler, trader and adventurer on the island, with a spattering from the garrison of Fort Rotterdam. Because you could see the Hoofd Reef from there, and the first sign of an inbound ship.

It was the Bintang they looked for with hungry eyes this late afternoon. A little steamer, the Bintang, pouring black smoke all over the Molukka and Java Sea, hunting up birdskins, cinchona bark, copra, and spice in the islands on her way to Singapore for a hold full of opium and trade goods for the return. But they weren't talking about the Bintang under Gumbo John's meager roof that day, or about her master, Hendrik Voodray. They were talking about a fellow called Captain Cassino.

They were a tough lot, seated for the most part on empty biscuit tins: opium traders, beached seamen, derelicts, outright adventurers; all waiting for the lucky turn that would deliver to them out of the jungled islands either fortune or death. Both were there in great abundance. And in the early days of the Eastern Archipelago neither was a source of any great surprise.



"You know what'll happen," Voodray shouted. "They'll murder every white man on board"

BUT that one name kept repeating itself. Captain Cassino. From the soiled beard of an Arab coral master it dropped in thick gutturals. In Dutch and in English it interposed itself, in mild surprise or idle conjecture. The Malays on the decks of their praus spoke with rolling eyes of a Rajah Putih. But that's who they meant, too. That's what they called him: the White King. Captain Robert Cassino.

One figure alone remained aloof and lonely. It was startling enough outside the shelter of Gumbo John's feeble shade, erect and slim in the pitiless sunlight of the empty quay, facing the glare of the roadstead. What made it almost astonishing was the obvious fact that it was the figure of a woman dressed in some pale blue European stuff with a bright sash to protect her neck and throat, booted and helmeted, with a rattan whip-cane in her white hand. And she never stirred, simply staring fixedly at the channel's mouth with her back to the crowd.

One young fellow—the downy mustache of home was still on his upper lip—mopped his face and tipped his glass.

"What's she doing out there in the hot sun?" he asked his companion. "Balmy?"

The other, a chunky pearl-shell dealer with a black beard and an agate eye, snorted quietly. "Waitin' for him, I expect," he drawled.

"Him? Who's him?"

"Captain Bob Cassino. When Cassino comes into Makassar on the deck of Voodray's Bintang instead of his own ship—that's somethin' worth waitin' for out here. That's what she's waitin' for, too."

"She?"

The pearl dealer inclined his shaggy head toward the upright figure of the girl drenched in sunlight. "Riti McKale, m'son."

The youngster looked toward her again. And as he did, for a brief moment, the girl turned her head. He could see her large, steady eyes clouded with anxiety; he could see the firm chin, the full line of her throat, a hint of dark hair beneath a helmet shielding only a little a face of serene and quiet beauty. He drew his breath in sharply.

"What in the world is a girl like that doing in this hellhole?" he asked.

The pearl dealer took a Dutch cheroot from the pocket of his open shirt, looked it over carefully, and then clamped white teeth upon it. "Riti McKale was born in the islands. Java way." He drained his glass and signaled for another almost without stopping. "Father and mother both dead. Murdered in a massacre of his trading station by natives. 'Bout ten year ago, I expect. She'd been worse'n dead, if you know what I mean, if it hadn't been for Bob Cassino. Old McKale took a fancy to the kid an' kept him on at the station. Riti was twelve, I reckon, when it happened. Bob Cassino not much better'n fifteen. How in hell he did it, I don't know, nor does anyone else. But he got her out. Showed up with her in a dugout canoe at Semarang. Both of 'em half dead for thirst an' heat."

"He started young, making a name for himself; hey?"

THE pearl dealer looked up from under his brows. "Y'got to start young out here, m'son, or y'don't live to get old. . . . You leave her alone. Riti can take care of herself, Mauser, knife, or Lebel. What she can't do, Bob can. She's Captain Cassino's girl. They think an uncommon heap of each other. See?"

"Hmph! . . . Well?"

"Well, Bob Cassino's lost his crack brig. Carryin' coals, which he shouldn't've done in the first place. Blew her guts up somewhere in the Molukka Sea. His crew of Malays all showed up in open boats, safe an' sound. Scared out of their wits. Would have all gone down in her, from what I gather, if he hadn't beat some sense in 'em and got the quarter boats away. They say he hung onto his deck so long gettin' 'em off he was alone when the last explosion came. He would do that, Cassino would. He's that kind. They never saw him again and figured he drowned savin' 'em. Well, yesterday a Malay fishin' canoe brings word Voodray in his Bintang picked up Bob Cassino hangin' to a log in the middle of the strait, tough as ever. Charmed life, that fellah. . . . So we're waitin' for him. See?"

The youngster nodded; then shrugged. After all, things like that had happened before. Why all the fuss? But the pearler grinned, stroking his beard. That kid didn't know. How could you expect him to?

"He's got a way with 'em," the pearler growled, gnawing his crooked cheroot. "The Malays, I mean. He treats 'em tough, but he treats 'em square. An' they know it."

"And you're all jealous of him, hey?"

The other's bearded head snapped about, eyes flashing. Then suddenly he guffawed. He had a sense of humor. "M'son," he admitted, "y'got us there! These wolves are just waitin' to see if he ain't ready to founder. He's got 'em all licked, every blasted one of 'em, myself included. An' they're just waitin' to see if mebbe he's weakened enough for 'em to snap him up like so many hammerhead shark. 'Cause once your nerve is gone out here . . . you're long pig quick enough, m'son. A Malay can see a yellow streak ten leagues off, an' they got a way of spreadin' news. Take that private tradin' post of Cassino's now. He—"

"Yes; I heard about that."

"Did you?" The pearler's agate eyes grinned again, but the light in them was cold and hard. "Maybe you aim to find out what we all want to know? Where it is?"

"Why not? The islands and the ocean don't belong to him, do they?"

"They belong to whoever can find 'em and hold 'em an' keep clear of the pirate praus. Let me tell you somethin', though like as not it'll do no good. Twice a year, when the monsoon an' the season's right, Bob Cassino runs off down the Java coast somewhere in his brig an' comes boomin' into Singapore with a fortune in gutta-percha, indigo, spice, an' teak. I'd give my right arm to know where he gets it, an' so would every other brassy here. I followed him three times in my sloop inside the Karimuns. He sails fast. When I got to where I thought I last saw him, all I could find was the jungled coast, plain enough, God knows, an' whirlpools curlin' over sunken rocks offshore. . . . You go try it, that's all."

THE pearler stood up and clapped his hands for Gumbo John. The youngster said nothing. Maybe he'd learned something, and maybe he hadn't. The bearded fellow didn't much care. Seaward, beyond the reef, the water shimmered like a gigantic cloth of sequins stretched to the horizon's edge. The rumor of cloud had become definite, a dark mass rushing headlong on the land, flinging the sunset shower before it. The girl, remaining erect and untroubled in the advancing wall of rain, turned her head suddenly and called three Malay words in a clear, ringing contralto. Then she turned, running to the quay's edge to leap to the stern sheets of a cutter lying alongside. It shot away instantly, two Malays tending the sails, the girl with the tiller in her hand. A native ship's runner flung up a brown arm, shouting at a thin smear of smoke soiling the heavens at the channel's mouth.

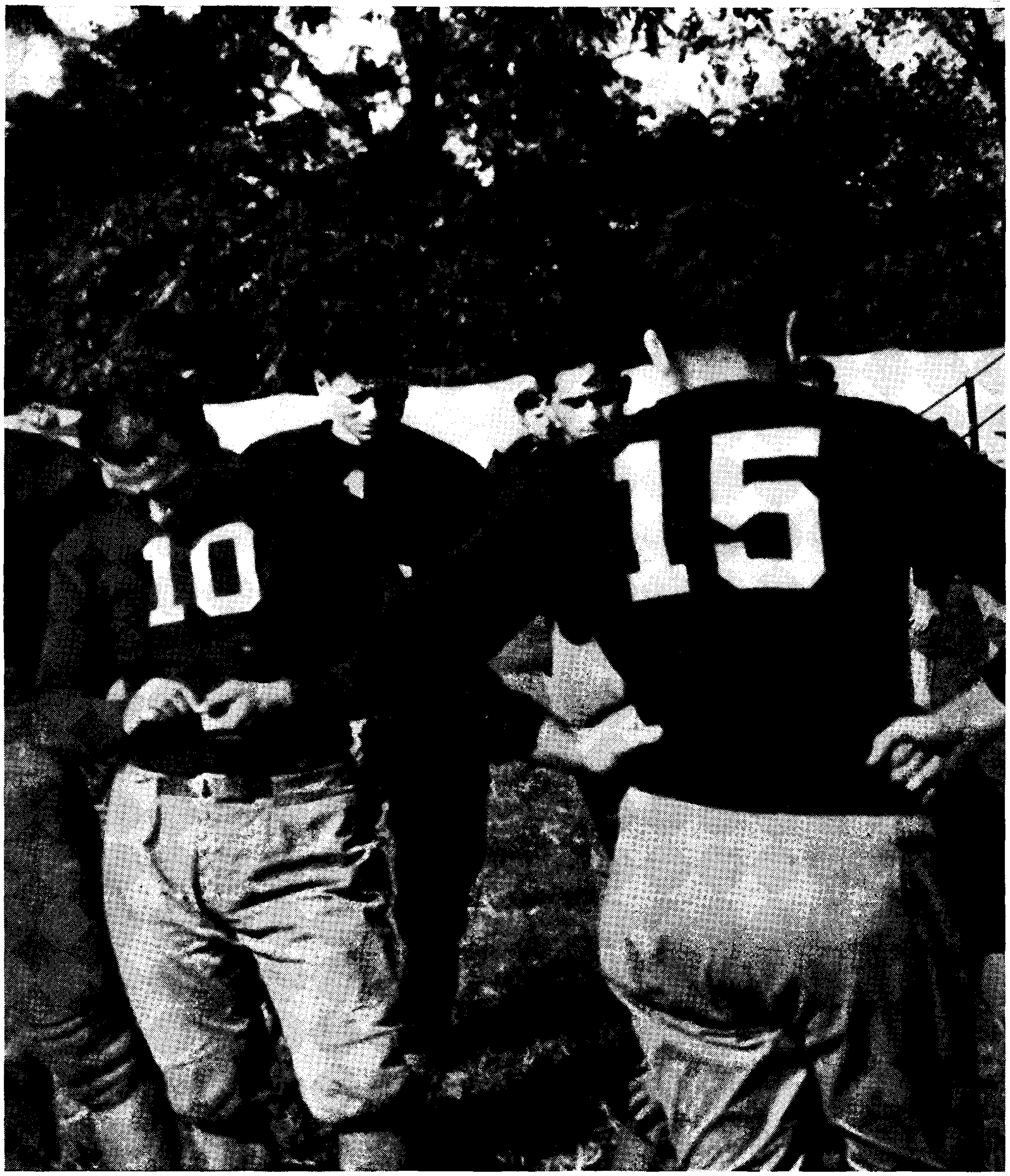
"Bintang!" he cried shrilly.

But Riti McKale, far in the lead, luffed smartly as the heavy squall passed. The cutter came up, glistening with rain in sunset. Shadows began to dance on heaving water. And the girl, etched very clearly in the softening light, seemed exceedingly tall and strong at her post at the cutter's helm.

"Look at her go!" the pearler growled admiringly. "Got 'em all beat down, m'son. So she has."

The Bintang, small, black and unlovely, with two ten-pounders mounted on her decks, came puffing into the harbor roads beneath a wind-beaten plume of her funnel smoke. Her foredeck was a welter of shrilly jabbering Orientals and brown-skinned Arabs with mournful eyes. The sun was behind her and the evening shower gone when she let go her best bower with a clattering

(Continued on page 36)



Jim Crowley's Fordham squad group about him during a practice session receiving instructions before scrimmage. Among the players present are Franco (10), Baker (15), Pierce (19), Palau (54), Lawlor (24), Jacunski (38), and Marino (26). Mautte (1), stands behind Franco

Every smart football coach has a bottomless bag of tricks for inspiring his players before the Big Game. As one of Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen, Jim Crowley learned this from a master of the pep talk—Knute Rockne

Go in There and Fight!

By Jim Crowley as told to Arthur J Daley

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

ROCKNE'S voice broke and quavered. The telegram in his hand shook from the deep emotion that moved the man.

"This may not mean much to you, boys," he said, "but it means an awful lot to me."

Nine of us on the Notre Dame team that year were sophomores and this impending battle with Georgia Tech, the Golden Tornado of the South, was our first big game. There was not a sound in the dressing room except the rustle of the batch of telegrams that Rock had in his hand.

He had read them off one after another as prominent alumni from all sections of the country pleaded with us to win. One he had saved for the last. We sophomores watched him, popeyed with wonder.

Rock saved that last telegram and paced up and down the room.

"Boys," he said, and his voice broke again. "This is from Billy. Yes, from my son, Billy. He's sick back home in South Bend. They took him to the hospital today—and"—a sob from Rockne—"he may not live."

Rockne's burning glance took us all in. I squirmed a bit and swallowed hard. I felt chills playing up and down my spine.

"Billy says in this wire," continued Rock, "'I want my daddy's team to win.' That's all, boys. Go out there and win."

If Georgia Tech had sent eleven men out on the field in Army tanks I would willingly have butted into them headfirst to insure Billy Rockne that victory for his dad. Notre Dame played inspired football that day, spurred on by a frenzied determination to win. We did, 13 to 3.

We were still bruised and battered as we hauled our aching limbs off the train the next day. There was a huge reception committee waiting for us at the South Bend station and the first person we saw on the line was Billy Rockne.

I never saw a healthier child in my life. He looked like an advertisement for Goody-Goody Breakfast Food. As I limped up the platform I cast Mr. Knute Kenneth Rockne a very reproachful glance—which he blandly ignored—and I never forgot the incident.

Thus was I first introduced to that very important item in football that the rule makers have overlooked—psychology. After the Georgia Tech game that year I was very much in favor of new legislation terming telegrams from coaches' sons as out of bounds, with a

26
10
2
54
38
2

penalty of at least half the distance to the goal line.

As a player I resented tricks of that sort but now that I am perched on the other side of the fence as a coach, I am inclined to believe that the rules committee should just take care of the physical aspects of the sport and leave the mental ones to us.

If a coach cannot key up his team properly for a game and give his players a healthy and enthusiastic psychological outlook, then he is just wasting his time. He should be back where he belongs, driving a truck. After all, driving a truck is a lot easier than driving a player.

Each Boy's an Individual Problem

Machinery will respond perfectly to the touch of the man at the controls but a football player has more angles to him than one could find in a geometry textbook. No two boys can be placed in the same general category and to get the maximum out of each the coach has to be a keen student of human nature.

Some fellows need a Simon Legree with a large black whip to make them do what they should. Some need a kindly old man with a long white beard to coax them along. And others require a circus clown to kid them into action.

As if that were not complicated enough the coach sometimes has to decide whether his team is too keyed up as it is or whether it is not keyed up enough. Then he is confronted with the same problem that is perplexing some of our best governmental minds—inflation or deflation.

There can be no doubt about it. The mental build-up is the coach's toughest job. He can go to coaching schools and listen to learned gentlemen discourse on the Rockne system or the Warner system. He can study books and even get a sure-scoring play from his barber the day before the big game. He can have sixty perfect football players on his squad—every man with the physique of a Hercules, the speed of a Mercury and the change of pace of a Salome.

But unless he can give them the proper mental attitude, then Oshkosh Teachers College is going to knock them off in their opening fray of the year.

In the old days when a college was called upon to meet only two or three major rivals a season, the coach could give the team a blood-and-thunder oration each time and get away with it. But it just doesn't work any more with one of these modern schedules. The way graduate managers book games now, the only breathing spell a coach gets is during the Christmas vacation.

To give you an idea of what I mean just take a glance at the fine collection of setups and rank push-overs for my Fordham eleven this campaign. Southern Methodist, Georgia, Purdue, St. Mary's, Pitt and N. Y. U.—just a mild merry-go-round with Crowley frantically grabbing for the brass ring every Saturday.

A Week-long Build-up

There is much more to this psychology business than merely hitting on the proper dressing-room talk. You have to point the boy mentally as well as physically all week long. Otherwise your Gettysburg address on Saturday is going to leave him singularly and embarrassingly unresponsive.

I found that out right at the start of my coaching career. After I was graduated from Notre Dame, I arrived at the University of Georgia as an assistant coach, my bag full of clippings of the Four Horsemen. Our team that year was not the best in the world but not the worst either. We managed to upset Vanderbilt, 26 to 7, and were riding along nicely with nothing very troublesome in the offing but Tennessee. The Volunteers looked like deep-dish apple pie in comparison to Vandy because they were going nowhere in particular and had been headed in that direction for several seasons.

The day before the game I received a summons from one of Knoxville's most reputable bankers. I entered the bank by a side door and was whisked immediately into his private office. He locked the door, waved me to a chair and, without further preliminaries, burst out with: "How would you like the job of head coach at Tennessee next year?"

If I had not been sitting down at the time I'd have swooned right onto the floor. I could feel my knees buckle as it was. Head coach at Tennessee? Even in my fondest hopes I had not pictured myself a head coach for a long time to come. I was only twenty-two years old at the time and here was a job of magnificent proportions being dumped right into my lap.

"As soon as Georgia beats Tennessee tomorrow," the banker confided in me, "the alumni committee will be ready to clean house. You can have the position."

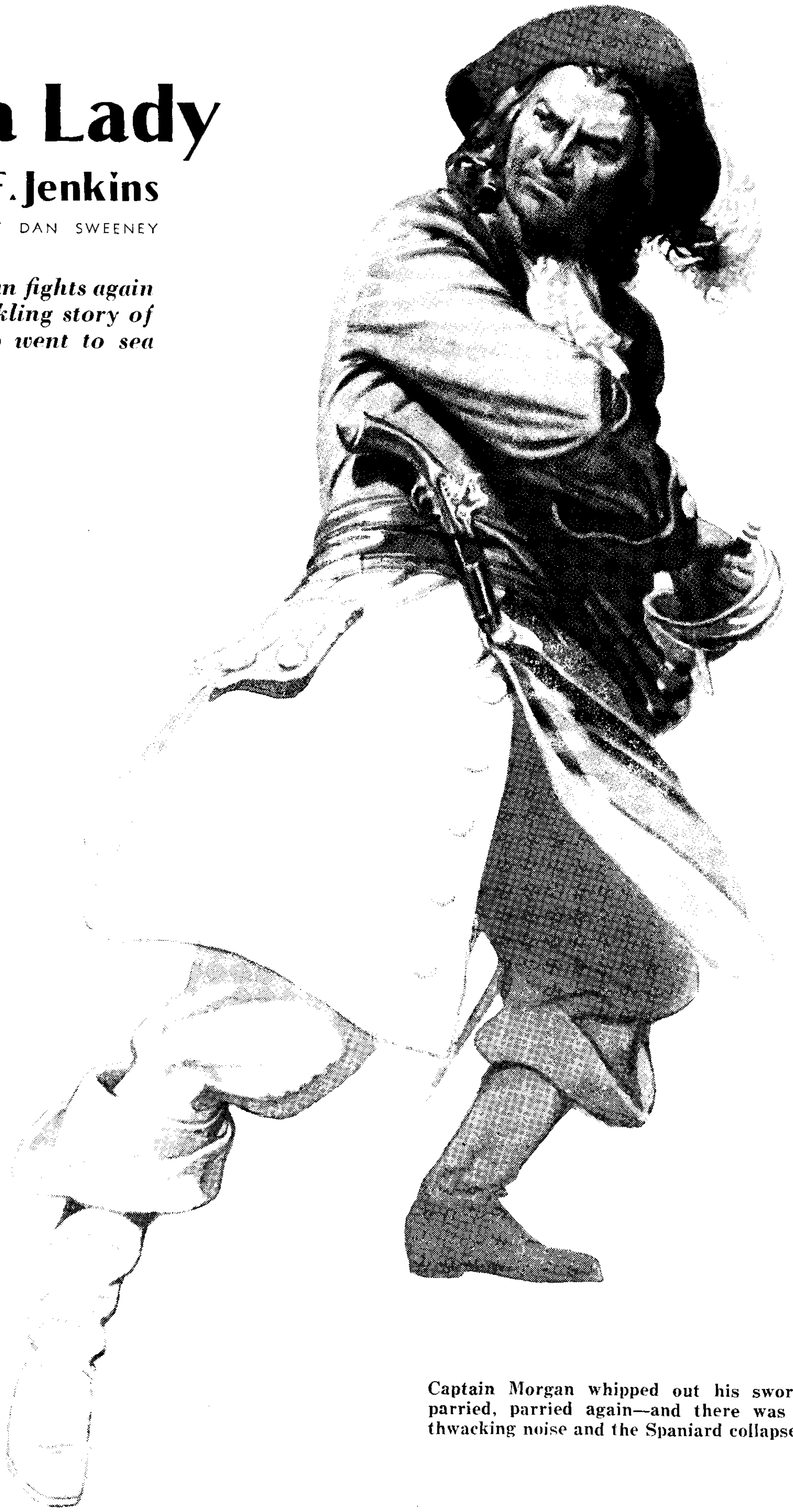
(Continued on page 52)

For a Lady

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

Captain Morgan fights again—a swashbuckling story of gangsters who went to sea



Captain Morgan whipped out his sword, parried, parried again—and there was a thwacking noise and the Spaniard collapsed

IT MUST be observed that the doing of a favor to a wench was incidental to Captain Morgan's other plans. An afterthought, in fact. But when the sentry squawked—the same sentry he had believed serenely defunct—it may be that the wench somehow helped him readjust his scheme of action. It is certain that he had to do something right away. Consider:

He was the captain of the Belle-Marie, whose record of piracies and lootings was long enough without Captain Morgan's personal history of tricks and treacheries against the Spanish colonies. He had been condemned to so many hangings, flayings, and other chastisements that even the Dons no longer hoped to administer more than a tithe of them before he went to a better world—if they ever caught him. He was in the garden of the Provincial Governor of Vera Cruz, where guards in large numbers were on duty anyhow, and the sentry he'd stabbed in entering had just managed to squawk horribly as he drowned in his own blood. An outrageous tumult of alarm was going about the high garden walls even now. Decidedly, Captain Morgan had to do something.

It was night—a moonless but far from a starless night. The yell of alarm which followed the sentry's outcry was followed in its turn by the trampling of many feet in hasty tempo outside the wall. The clashing and clanging of arms. Shoutings. From two sides parties of soldiers hastened toward the source of the alarm. A man cried out by the gate through which Captain Morgan had entered.

Other running men reached that gate. A renewed hubbub arose instantly. Then there were racing footsteps in the garden itself. Someone sped over the flagstoned walks toward that selfsame entry. Captain Morgan withdrew to the shelter of a tall and odorous shrub, his velvet coat drawn closely about him. He saw starlight glitter on a drawn sword. For the rest, he could not see distinctly, but the absence of other glitters to speak of golden chains or jeweled buckles assured him that this man was no important personage. In any case, he did not see Captain Morgan in the shadows.

HE REACHED the gate. Captain Morgan waited for the squeak of the hinges. None came, which was informative. This other man did not belong in the garden. At an alarm he had tried to flee because the garden would presently be searched. He was now listening at the gate in something like panic, for knowledge of the cause of the alarm and information which might enable him to escape unseen.

Captain Morgan's eyes gleamed. With his sword loose and handy, he ran no less lightly and no less swiftly in the exact direction from which the other man had come. He ran forty—fifty paces, toward the silent pile of masonry which was the palace of the Governor of Vera Cruz. Sixty paces. A voice cried softly, frightened: "Carlos! Why haven't you—"

The voice broke off in a gasp. And Captain Morgan halted abruptly and his teeth showed as a grayish blur in his shadowed face in the starlight. He swept off his plumed hat. He bowed profoundly to the slender figure which stared at him, affrighted. It was a girl, her eyes wide, her hand to her throat in the garden of the Governor. The starlight was not moonlight, to be sure, but he could see a singularly perfect oval of a face and tapering white fingers held to terror-parted lips.

"Señorita," said Captain Morgan in the finicky, lisping Spanish befitting his plumed hat, "I pray you have no fear. 'Tis true that Carlos hath no way out of the garden, and 'tis also true that shortly 'twill be searched so closely that a mouse could not pass unseen. But nonetheless, there is little cause for fear."

THE wide eyes tried to search his face. A scared voice said:

"But—who are you, señor?"

"I am the only man in the world," said Captain Morgan, "with as good reason as yourself and Carlos to be in this garden, and as much to lose by being caught."

The voice gathered assurance:

"You thought to meet your—loved one here—also?"

Captain Morgan bowed once more and took two steps forward. Then his whole manner changed abruptly from the debonair to the ferocious. One hand flashed out. On the instant the other produced a pistol and cocked it. He held the girl fast with the muzzle of the weapon pressed against her body.

"Harkee, wench," he said between his teeth. "One cry out o' thy throat an' 'twill be the last! I'm Captain Morgan o' the Belle-Marie an' I've no mind to be laid by the heels tonight. Be still!"

He jerked his head about in tense attention. Bawling orders ran along the garden wall. Captain Morgan's eyes glittered. It seemed as if he were trying to pierce the very stones of that wall, to see what was beyond. The girl in his hands quivered and shook, because Captain Morgan's reputation would chill any blood which happened to be Spanish.

A clattering of hoofs. Not cavalry, but mounted officers racing to the spot where an alarm had been given. A single horse wheeled about and streaked away, its hoofs creating a great tumult.

"They know not whether 'twas one man or twenty," said Captain Morgan savagely, "so they prepare for two hundred. By the devil! 'Tis all awry!" His grip on the frightened girl grew tighter. "Tell me, now," he demanded. "Ha' they got John Carvel i' the palace yet?"

She seemed speechless. He shook her.

"S-señor," she gasped in terror. "I—I—*Dios mio!*—" Her body stiffened in his grasp. She cried swiftly, choking; "Carlos! *The Capitan*—"

Captain Morgan clapped his hand over her mouth.

"Señor," he said softly to the darkness behind him, "I ha' need of information. To earn it, I ha' a pistol at thy wench's heart so if aught of evil befalls me, she dies."

Breath hissed in sharply. There was a rustling. A young man plunged out into the open, a naked sword in his hand. By the plainness of his dress, he was the man who had run through the garden to the gate. Even in the starlight it was evident that he was a young man and a comely one.

"Señor," he said, his voice strained and harsh, "I know not who you are, save that by your dress you are a gentleman. And therefore I defy you to draw sword upon me instead of upon the lady yonder. I am Carlos Francisco de Gonzales, poor enough, but of blood whose nobility you will not deny."

"And I," said Captain Morgan, "am Captain Morgan o' the Belle-Marie, an' I care not a fig for your blood even if I let it. Come, wench, ha' they got John Carvel in the palace yet?"

There was a heavy, distant tramping of many feet. A company of soldiers at the least. It sounded like more.

"*Capitan* Morgan! *Dios!*" said the young man more harshly still. His sword lifted as by instinct. Then he lowered the point with a groan. "Come, *Capitan!* Loose her! If it is ransom you want, or jewels—"

"Fool!" said Captain Morgan. "I ask for news! 'Tis not a wench I want, else I'd not threaten to kill her! It's news, man! News!"

HE SHOOK the girl gently, and the young man started forward. But sight of the pistol and hearsay knowledge of Captain Morgan held him back with sweat standing out on his forehead.

"Wait!" he cried hoarsely. "Loose her and I give you my sword! I—I—anything, for her safety!"

"You ha' but a poor business sense," said Captain Morgan equably, while clankings outside the garden told of the posting of a company of foot soldiers by the gate through which he had entered, and other heavy clankings told of yet other troops on the way. "But I'll e'en deal with you. There is in Vera Cruz a poor devil of an English freebooter, one John Carvel. A big man, squint-eyed and stupid. He was mate to Captain Mayhew—the same who looted the plate-ship from Panama these two months past. You recall?"

The young man said hoarsely, "Hold her gently, *Capitan,* I—I beg you. She is—ah—" he sobbed in anguished rage. "Ah, had I you but an instant at my sword's point!"

"Good man!" said Captain Morgan approvingly. "A lad of spirit, I see!" He cocked an ear toward the formidable preparations for the ringing in of the garden, with the capture of all intruders as its object. "Aye. But there's John Carvel. He fell into your hands with Captain Mayhew an' three others a week ago come Thursday. Captain Mayhew was so grievously wounded that you hung him hastily before he could escape you by dying peaceably. But John Carvel remained your prisoner, an' 'twas intended to make a fine spectacle of his death. I heard not all the details, but there was mention of flaying him as a preliminary to hanging." His hand tightened on the girl. "Be still, wench, while I talk to your sweetheart!"

The girl said in a swift rush of words, "Mingle with those who come when I scream, Carlos! None will note you—and I love—"

Captain Morgan's fingers squeezed. Her voice ceased suddenly. She struggled, choking, and he loosed his grip again. But her breath had been cut off just long enough to make her unable to do more than gasp for air.

"Back!" said Captain Morgan in swift ferocity, "or I kill both of you! . . . Now, man, tell me o' John Carvel."

"I—I know naught. He was in the Prison of the Four Apostles. He is to be executed tomorrow."

Captain Morgan said aggrievedly, "Now, did I waste good effort to let a prisoner 'scape wi' news that I planned to rescue him, an' all to no purpose? Wench, what d'you know?"

The girl said unsteadily, "Will you help Carlos escape from my father's garden if I tell you?"

Captain Morgan stared down quizzically at the small face kept prisoner by his hand about her throat.

"By the devil!" he said softly. "'Tis a wench in love! No, lass. Hark to the clankings about your father's garden—he'll be the Governor, too!—an' you'll see that I ha' trouble enough planning to 'scape wi' squint-eyed John Carvel. But I'll promise on my honor as a gentleman that if you tell me what I'd know, I'll raise such a tumult that no man will think aught o' Don Carlos' entry into this garden."

The girl demanded again—with her throat between his fingers, "Will you swear by all the saints?"

"I ha' no dealings wi' the gentry you mention," said Captain Morgan dryly. "But I'll swear. Speak!"

"John Carvel is in the palace yonder," said the girl steadily. "A prisoner escaped from your ship and said you'd land and rescue him from the prison."

"Did he say aught else?"

"He said that John Carvel knows where Captain Mayhew hid the treasure he took from the King's plate-ship."

"He served me well! You speak truth. Now go on!"

"Therefore my father, the Governor, had him brought here, that he might not be rescued, and that he might be questioned before he is executed."

A VOICE bellowed. Another answered it. Yet another and another along a long line. Spanish soldiers were massed for action. One rank deep or two, they would be standing as a living wall against the escape of whoever had slain a sentry outside the Governor's palace.

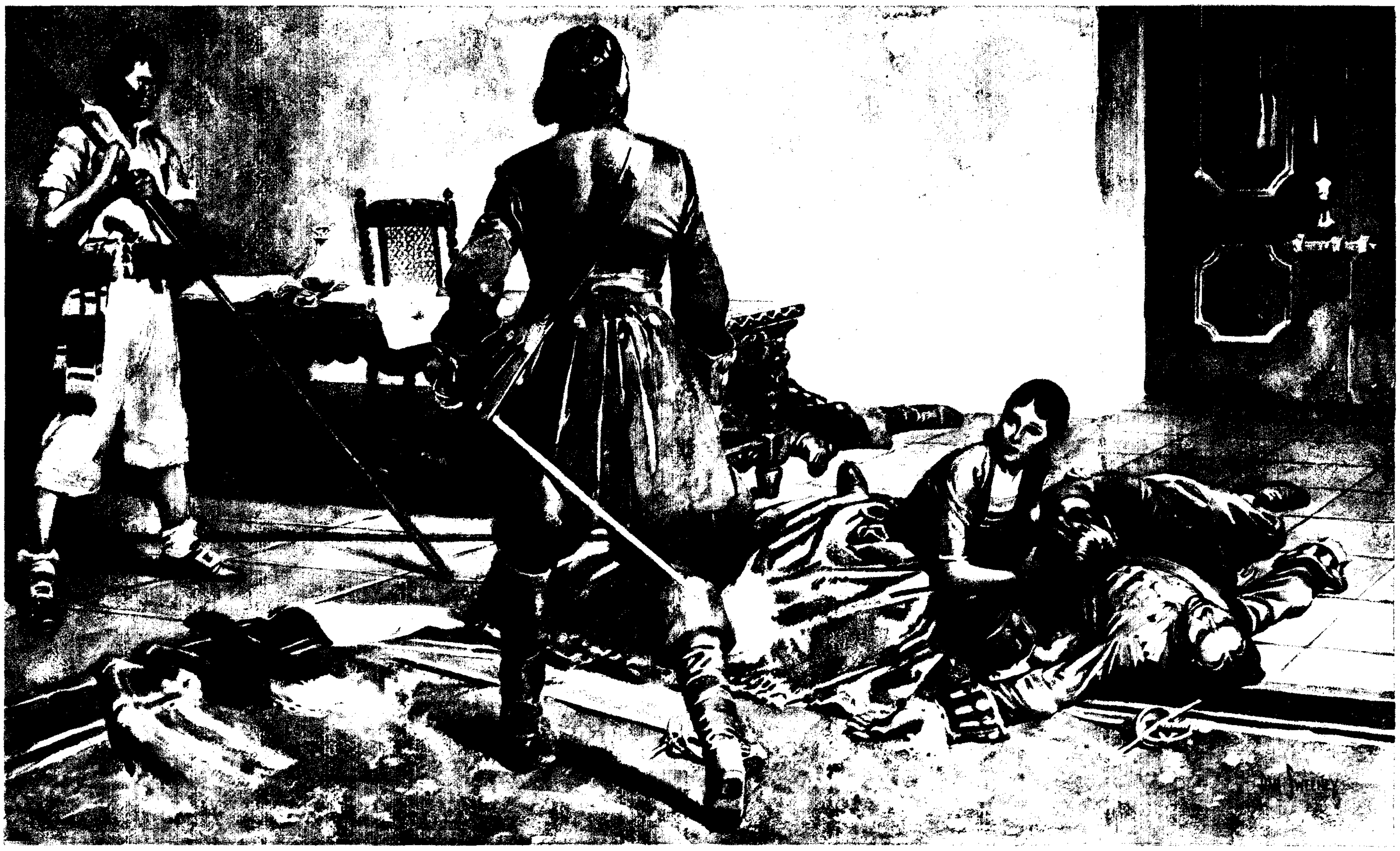
"Aye, John Carvel's to be questioned," said Captain Morgan. "An' where d'you keep the rack, lass? An' the thumbscrews an' pincers?"

"There are dungeons below the palace for prisoners of state in the care of my father. He should be there. But there are guards."

"No!" said Captain Morgan. He cocked an ear toward the rattling of a key in the gate-lock. "Now, harkee, Don Carlos! 'Tis a hanging for you to be found here. Be not a fool, an' compromise thy wench! If I ha' to kill 'ee, 'twill set all awry for both of us. Stand back an' I'll loose her."

His hand loosened, and his weapon swung instantly to cover the man. By sheer instinct compounded of chivalry and hatred, the young Spaniard had begun a lunge upon Captain Morgan's

(Continued on page 60)



"Wench," he said blandly, "when the door breaks in tell all that your sweetheart was struck down fighting over your father's body"

Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

HIS pity aroused by the plight of a young woman—*Tonai Merriam*, wife of Neal Merriam, a coconut grower—whom he finds wandering aimlessly about, John Barrett, a planter, takes her to his home on Malangai, one of the Philippine Islands. He already has other guests: Justin Lowry, wealthy American, who is backing him financially; Lowry's daughter, Marise, to whom Barrett is engaged, and Mrs. Holderness, Marise's middle-aged chaperone. They accord Tonai Merriam (who is beautiful) a chilling reception.

Within a few hours after her arrival, Henry Shane, Barrett's right-hand man, is murdered, stabbed to death, in Mrs. Merriam's presence; and a houseboy, Gagahan (to whose body a trembling Moro servant, Nural Hakim, leads Barrett), is killed, similarly knifed, in the compound surrounding the house.

Summoned by wireless, Captain Norse, of the Philippine Constabulary, flies to Malangai. He interrogates everyone. Nural Hakim calmly asserts that Barrett's story of the finding of the houseboy's body is untrue! Suspecting that Barrett may know more than he cares to admit, Norse nevertheless concentrates on Mrs. Merriam. The story she tells of Shane's murder is, obviously, a tissue of lies. And when a knife—a knife which the woman admits having hidden—is found, he begins to form a theory.

Norse knows, as does Barrett, that Neal Merriam has been missing for some time. He thinks it probable that Merriam has been murdered, just as Shane and Gagahan have been murdered, by Tonai Merriam *and some man—her lover.* He resolves to find that man.

He succeeds in finding one possible suspect: Lou Llewellyn, who works for Barrett and who admits quite frankly that he has been in love with Tonai Merriam for several years. He is inclined to believe that Llewellyn is innocent; having learned that Mrs. Merriam has been on a cruise with Suva Jim Cooper, a trader with an evil reputation, he feels that Cooper holds the key to the mystery, and he sends for him.

Suva Jim arrives. Questioned by Norse, he admits nothing. He does, however, assert positively that Neal Merriam is dead. As the interview ends, Norse calls a corporal. "Arrest Nural Hakim," he orders, "and lock him up. If he resists, kill him!"

"Yes, Captain," says the man—and goes out.

VII

THAT night I had a long conference with Justin Lowry.

Often, especially when Lowry was making a great show of taking charge of things he knew nothing about, I was inclined to underestimate this man; but invariably it was brought home to me later that this was a very foolish thing to do.

It was easy to find fault with Justin Lowry. There was much about him that was unimposing, commonplace—even petty. His short figure, probably square and rugged once, but now dumpy; his petulant mouth and unimportant chin; his habit of shouting at the wrong time, his fits of creeping caution, his preoccupation with food—these things and many more made it easy to underrate this man. Anyone could make a dozen acquaintances among whom might be found examples of keener mentality, greater vision—even of more wary caution.

Yet Justin Lowry had something that made him superior, in the long run, to luck or force of circumstance. Something like forty years ago he had started out pushing a wheelbarrow in an iron foundry. After a long time he had owned his own foundry. But he hadn't stopped there. He had become a big factor in public utilities in the Midwest, and had extended his financial interests to many other fields. He had gone through three bankruptcies before he was forty, but somehow he always came to the top again, each time faster than before.

THEN, in the great days of wildcat financing, he had taken his millions and got out, well before the bursting of the bubble. Some thought there was a stroke of genius in that, and others thought it was luck, but I don't think it was either one. I think the situation simply got too complicated for him to understand, and if Lowry didn't see a good chance to dominate the scene in a planned way, he wouldn't play at all.

He had a slow-burning energy that made him all but tireless; if he was basically more thorough than other men, so that his operations seemed deeper and more cautious, it was simply because he could keep on gnawing at his problems hundreds of hours after everyone else was frazzled out. His temperament, in spite of his unimposing jaw, was that of a pit bulldog. His persistence showed in the peculiarly leonine effect of the upper part of his face—in his short square-set nose, his wide-set eyes, his heavy, dogged brows. I don't suppose Justin Lowry ever let go of anything through weariness or through fear.

But the one thing that really set him apart from his contemporaries was his blind, persistent, unreasoning belief in himself. It was not possible to Justin Lowry to doubt himself—he simply did not have the machinery for it. He might spend a vast labor in preparing himself for a decision, but when the decision was made he knew absolutely that it was right; however disastrous the outcome, he would still always know that his decision had been absolutely right. Repeated failures of his plans never had any effect on this attitude. His defeats he attributed to the blithering folly of others, or to fantastically perverse business trends, or to unbelievable monkeyshines on the part of the government. In his own eyes Justin Lowry remained one hundred per cent the sound man.

It seems like an adverse trait, but it was not. It enabled him to push forward always under full steam, incapable of discouragement. It took the place of vision and imagination, and made courage unnecessary. It accounted for the fact that his capital was now to be found here on this last frontier of the tropic seas. It would never occur to Justin Lowry that there could be any limit to his effective scope.

After high finance had turned into gambling, and Lowry had drawn his money out of it, he kept projecting himself and his money tirelessly into all sorts of fields of which he knew nothing; my island projects were only one minor example. He bought a chain of newspapers and all but wrecked them by trying to manage them himself. Ultimately Lowry decided that newspapers were typically run by madmen, and that his good sense was wasted on them; and after that his newspapers went back to making him richer. He then projected himself into shipping, and here, too, he found himself surrounded by a set of perverse lunatics; but before he was through he had thrown a big section of the merchant marine into such disorder that his competitors had to buy him out—at an enormous profit to himself—to avert a far-reaching disaster.

While he was on cruise, supposedly resting from this venture, I had got hold of him, and persuaded him to back me in my plans for Malangai and Tunganan.

ABOUT a quarter of a million was supposed to go into Malangai, and if this proved out, vastly more was planned for Tunganan. As a matter of fact, I had not as yet used anything like this amount. Malangai remained to Justin Lowry a very minor interest, a sort of plaything, which he had not so much as seen in four years.

Tonight he was combing over, with methodical care, the long summarized reports I had drawn up for him from Malangai's ledgers. Surprisingly, Malangai had begun to pay its own expenses, and had even made a little money—mostly from hemp. The copra market was still terrible, but as yet we had very little copra, anyway; and our developments were in a position to make some real money in a few years more.

For this conference I had planned a number of objectives. I wanted to get sugar cane out of Lowry's head, because of the unfavorable political situation in the islands. I wanted a plant for desiccating coconut, but I wanted it on Tunganan, where I thought a really huge trade could be developed when once our anchorage there was developed. I wanted to extend, at considerable cost, our experiments with pineapple, which so far had failed, for reasons as yet undiscovered. And I was eager to do something big with rubber planting upon Tunganan.

Lowry was politely commendatory of what we had accomplished so far. He asked hundreds of questions, about half of them foolish; others were so technical that I had to call in Lou Llewellyn to answer some of them. But, though he was steadily attentive as I argued our further plans, he remained detached, with no sign of any answering enthusiasm, and I knew that some other angle kept working in his mind. On all points, he reserved his decisions.

"I DON'T like the governmental situation," he said at last. "I don't like it at all. Congress is full of crazy people; nobody can tell any more what is going to happen."

"It's always been that way," I argued. "We simply have to make our plans, and find ways to adjust to circumstances as they arise."

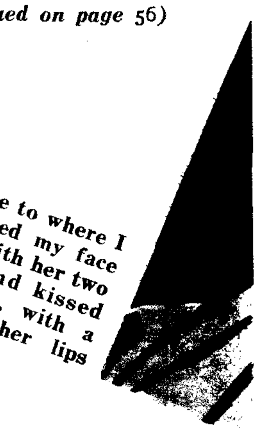
"I suppose it has always been that way," Lowry admitted; "I could show you where I once lost a million dollars on a single ridiculous ruling of the Supreme Court. That happens over and over. But in those cases we had no out."

Lon Llewellyn and I exchanged a glance. We both saw what was coming now.

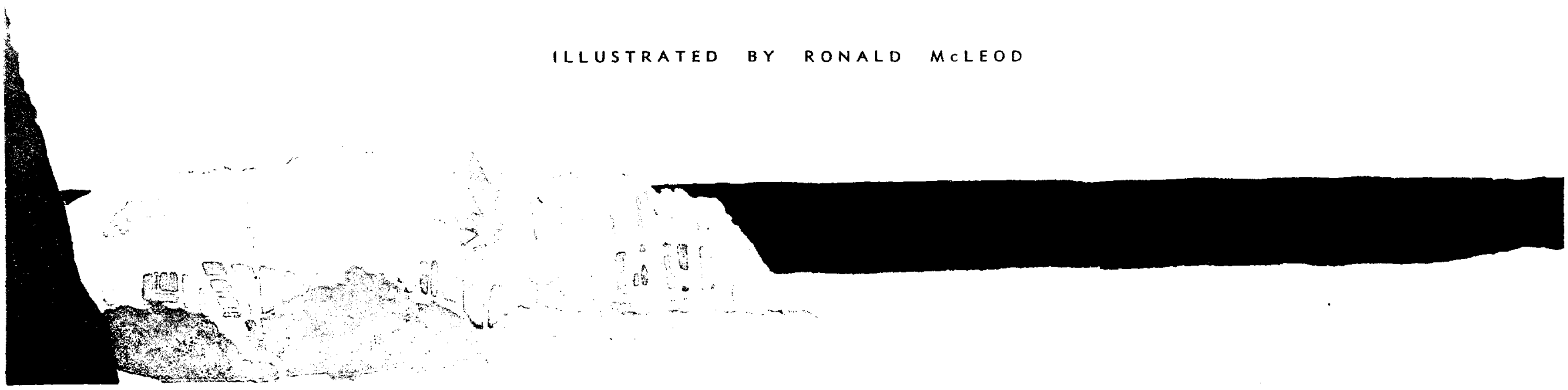
"Out?" I asked.

Justin Lowry let fall the ax. "We have an unusually happy opportunity to sell," he said.

(Continued on page 56)



She came to where I sat, turned my face upward with her two hands, and kissed me, slowly, with a quiver in her lips



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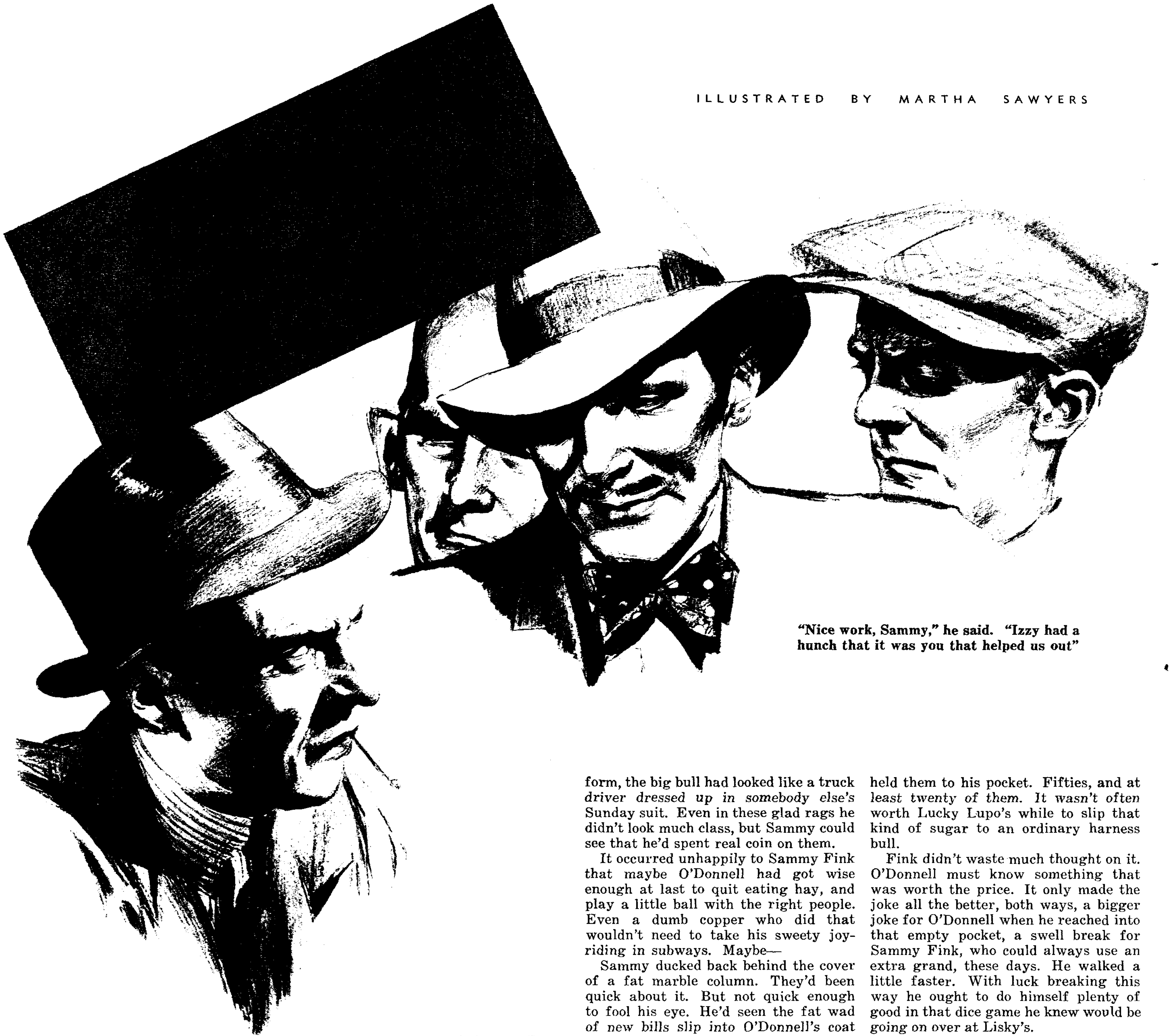
ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



"Nice work, Sammy," he said. "Izzy had a hunch that it was you that helped us out"

TECHNICALLY, Patrolman Joseph O'Donnell was in plain clothes, but to the displeased eye of Sammy Fink the plainness was insufficient. The new, gay-belted straw hat, the sporty summer suit, the large but resplendent black-and-white buck shoes combined to inform Sammy Fink that no errand of high civic duty had brought Officer O'Donnell to the chromium-and-marble lobby of the Monolith Building. They made it clear that O'Donnell had a day off and a date. And as to that date it was an easy guess that Miss Edna May Murphy would be the party of the second part. She worked on the forty-second floor of the Monolith and sometime within the next ten minutes she would be emerging blithely from one of its bronze elevators, with a long, balmy, carefree Saturday afternoon before her.

Mr. Fink's regard for policemen in general and for Joe O'Donnell in particular was at all times slight. It now sank well below zero. Himself here to offer Edna May Murphy a chance at the kind of a holiday which a doll of her looks and class deserved, he had expected another turndown and had been resigned to it, well aware that there were dames you couldn't hurry. But it was one thing to know that Sammy Fink was deuces, for the present, with a lady, and quite a different thing to observe that a red-necked, ivory-headed flatfoot was still aces with her.

Sammy got a sour solace out of the guess that no very purple afternoon awaited Edna May. He had gathered from her that O'Donnell's idea of the way to show a classy dame a big time was to buy her a subway ride to Coney and a couple of hot dogs and let her watch him throwing baseballs and tossing rings. Sammy had a suspicion that these simple, proletarian delights were beginning to pall on Edna May. There were signs that she had begun to listen thoughtfully when Sammy talked about taxis and theaters and swell eats at night clubs where the music was hot and the floor show hotter. Maybe it was just as well that she was going to get another sample of what it got a doll to waste her time on a cop, especially a cop like O'Donnell, dumb enough to stay on the level.

Those new clothes, though, worried Sammy Fink a little. Always before, when he'd seen O'Donnell out of uniform, the big bull had looked like a truck driver dressed up in somebody else's Sunday suit. Even in these glad rags he didn't look much class, but Sammy could see that he'd spent real coin on them.

It occurred unhappily to Sammy Fink that maybe O'Donnell had got wise enough at last to quit eating hay, and play a little ball with the right people. Even a dumb copper who did that wouldn't need to take his sweety joy-riding in subways. Maybe—

Sammy ducked back behind the cover of a fat marble column. They'd been quick about it. But not quick enough to fool his eye. He'd seen the fat wad of new bills slip into O'Donnell's coat pocket as Lucky Lupo's errand boy slid past him. It was a dumb play to pass money in a public place like this, where any one of fifty people might have spotted it, but Sammy Fink didn't waste much thought on that. His wits were busy with another idea. O'Donnell had been aces with Edna May Murphy even when he only had the leavings of a cop's pay to blow on her. With that wad of bills in his pocket it was a good bet that he wouldn't look any worse to her.

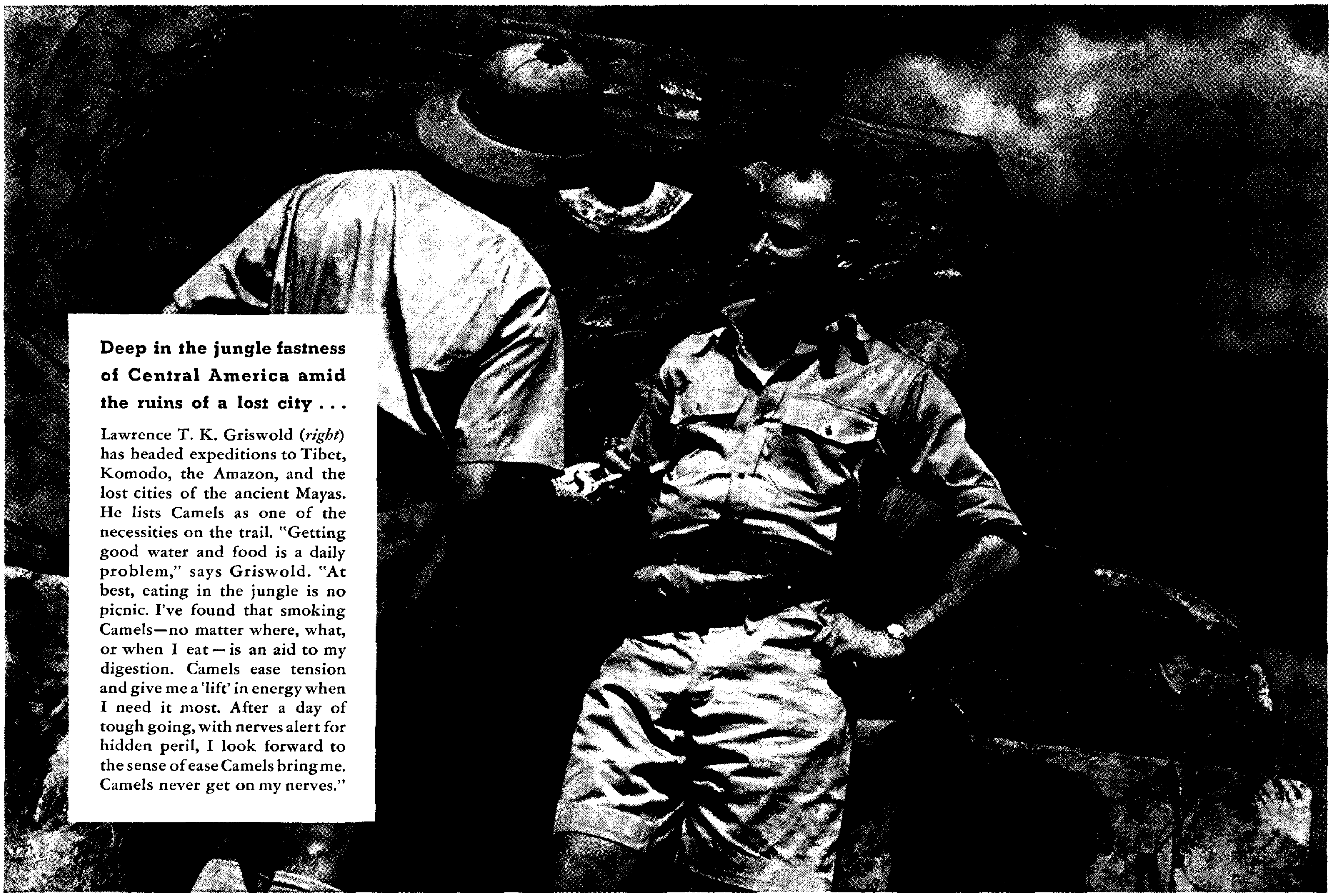
SAMMY FINK'S wits were used to working fast. It didn't take them more than a split second to perceive the course of action which the situation called for. And although it was a good while since he had stooped to practice his original humble calling his hands had not lost their deftness. He hadn't forgotten, either, his old genius for unobtrusiveness. Joe O'Donnell, cheerfully intent upon the row of elevator doors, didn't even see the slim man who brushed quickly by him. In the safety of the noon-crowded street Sammy Fink allowed himself a swift glimpse at the lump of bills. He whistled, softly and happily, as he returned the hand that held them to his pocket. Fifties, and at least twenty of them. It wasn't often worth Lucky Lupo's while to slip that kind of sugar to an ordinary harness bull.

Fink didn't waste much thought on it. O'Donnell must know something that was worth the price. It only made the joke all the better, both ways, a bigger joke for O'Donnell when he reached into that empty pocket, a swell break for Sammy Fink, who could always use an extra grand, these days. He walked a little faster. With luck breaking this way he ought to do himself plenty of good in that dice game he knew would be going on over at Lisky's.

HE DIDN'T do himself much harm with the dice. Most of his grand was still in front of him when Lucky Lupo came in with the little rat who ran his errands and a couple of torpedoes. Lupo was grinning, but Fink knew better than to get much comfort out of that. Lupo only grinned when—

"In the money again, eh, Sammy?" Lupo sounded friendly. That was another bad sign. Of its own accord Sammy's wrist kept on shaking but he didn't throw the dice. Lupo came to his side and picked up the pile of bills. He riffled them. "You win, Izzy." He nodded at the errand boy. His grin widened slowly as he turned to Fink.

"Nice work, Sammy. Izzy had a hunch that it was you that helped us out. I've got a dumb flatfoot jobbed just the way I want him, with a couple of headquarters dicks tipped off to grab him and look him over for this piece of red-hot coin. And before he even knows he's got it on him along comes Sammy the Dip and everything's just dandy. Yeah. Just dandy. Run along with Jake and Tony, Fink. They want to thank you for me. And it's a swell day for a nice long ride."



Deep in the jungle fastness of Central America amid the ruins of a lost city . . .

Lawrence T. K. Griswold (*right*) has headed expeditions to Tibet, Komodo, the Amazon, and the lost cities of the ancient Mayas. He lists Camels as one of the necessities on the trail. "Getting good water and food is a daily problem," says Griswold. "At best, eating in the jungle is no picnic. I've found that smoking Camels—no matter where, what, or when I eat—is an aid to my digestion. Camels ease tension and give me a 'lift' in energy when I need it most. After a day of tough going, with nerves alert for hidden peril, I look forward to the sense of ease Camels bring me. Camels never get on my nerves."

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

THIS "CO-ED" SAYS: "CAMELS SET ME RIGHT! Mental work often has an effect on digestion too," adds Miss Josephine O'Neill—photographed by the cameraman on her way to a lecture. "During meals Camels are a big aid to digestion. After meals they make food seem twice as good."

A FLIGHT DISPATCHER needs to be on the alert. "I often eat my meals right on the job," says H. G. Andrews, TWA flight dispatcher at the Newark Airport. "And always smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels help my digestion behave itself. Being mild, Camels don't get on my nerves."

On Location

Take a movie camera plus a herd of cattle or a tribe of Indians or a couple of armies and put them down somewhere in the wilds—what they spell is trouble. As for example—

By Grover Jones

Grover Jones, screen-play writer, with his script girl, Isobel Stuart, on the set during the filming of College Holiday

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY WILL CONNELL

I WAS talking to a friend who was helping build the Golden Gate bridge in San Francisco. Once he had been an associate of mine in the picture business.

"Pretty tough job, I'd call it," I said as my eyes took in a Gargantuan structure that reached into infinity.

"Duck soup," he replied, and grinned. "You know that as well as I do. Anything's duck soup after you've handled a location job for a picture company."

And he wasn't telling me anything I didn't know. The sun's your god on a location job. There's a million dollars in the sock. The day's shooting may cost you five thousand or five hundred thousand—you don't know. You're shooting a scene that took six weeks to prepare, the roundup of forty thousand deer. Then something happens: The film in the camera buckles or the deer take a notion to go home. Or maybe the thousand natives you hired get ideas of their own and you're left in the telegraph office with a blank in your hand, trying to think of something to tell the home office that makes sense.

We're out at Chatsworth doing scenes for The Lives of a Bengal Lancer. Chatsworth, if you've never seen it, gives evidence of having been the battlefield for an old-fashioned rock fight between a couple of Neanderthal giants. Along about eleven o'clock the morning sun heaves a paint pot full of glaring yellow at its towering crags and at three o'clock douses them with cold purples. You shoot between those hours or you don't shoot at all.

You Can Expect Any Order

"Every quickie company in Hollywood has shot this location forty times over," said Henry Hathaway, the director. "We've got to make it look different."

"A cinch," was my sarcastic reply. "I'll move this mountain over there—that mountain over here and—"

"Get me an elephant," he said to his assistant.

"Male or female?" asked the assistant without a blink. And he was a hundred miles from home.

The next day at eleven o'clock the elephant was there. Down in the pass two hundred Bengal Lancers were preparing to start their tortuous journey through the defile. Ammunition wagons—gun carriages—mules—horses. High in the hills a thousand white-turbaned Afghans waited to "slaughter" their Christian enemies. Cameramen were spotted at every vantage point. A hundred men from the technical department scampered about, fixing this, adjusting that. And the sun, much kinder than it had been for weeks, beamed pleasantly down on the scene.

"All right—the elephant!"

The elephant was there, all right, but for reasons best known to itself it had wrapped its trunk around a large tree and refused to let go. Hay, carrots, sugar, peanuts, coaxing—nothing would move it. So we cut down the tree. And while we were at it the sun went home to tell its folks. Just a lousy sycamore, but it cost Paramount ten thousand dollars.

The forty thousand deer I mentioned weren't given as a figure of speech. That was on the level. The Paramount Company was going to make the Deerstalker, a Zane Grey story. Over in the Kaibab National Forest, forty thousand deer were starving. The government had decided to drive them to a spot farther north where they could get pasturage. It offered an opportunity for some great production shots, so our company hired five hundred Indians to assist in the drive and sent up a dozen cameramen. The roundup was perfect and the start was made, but just as the vanguard of deer arrived within sight of the cameramen they turned, ran through the screaming Indian herders and disappeared. We haven't seen them since.

Down in San Antonio, Texas, Victor Fleming was making The Rough Riders, with Mary Astor, George Bancroft, Charley Farrell, Noah Beery and Charles Mack, now deceased. He wanted to re-enact the Battle of Bloody Bend. If you know your history, you'll recall that an

(Continued on page 54)

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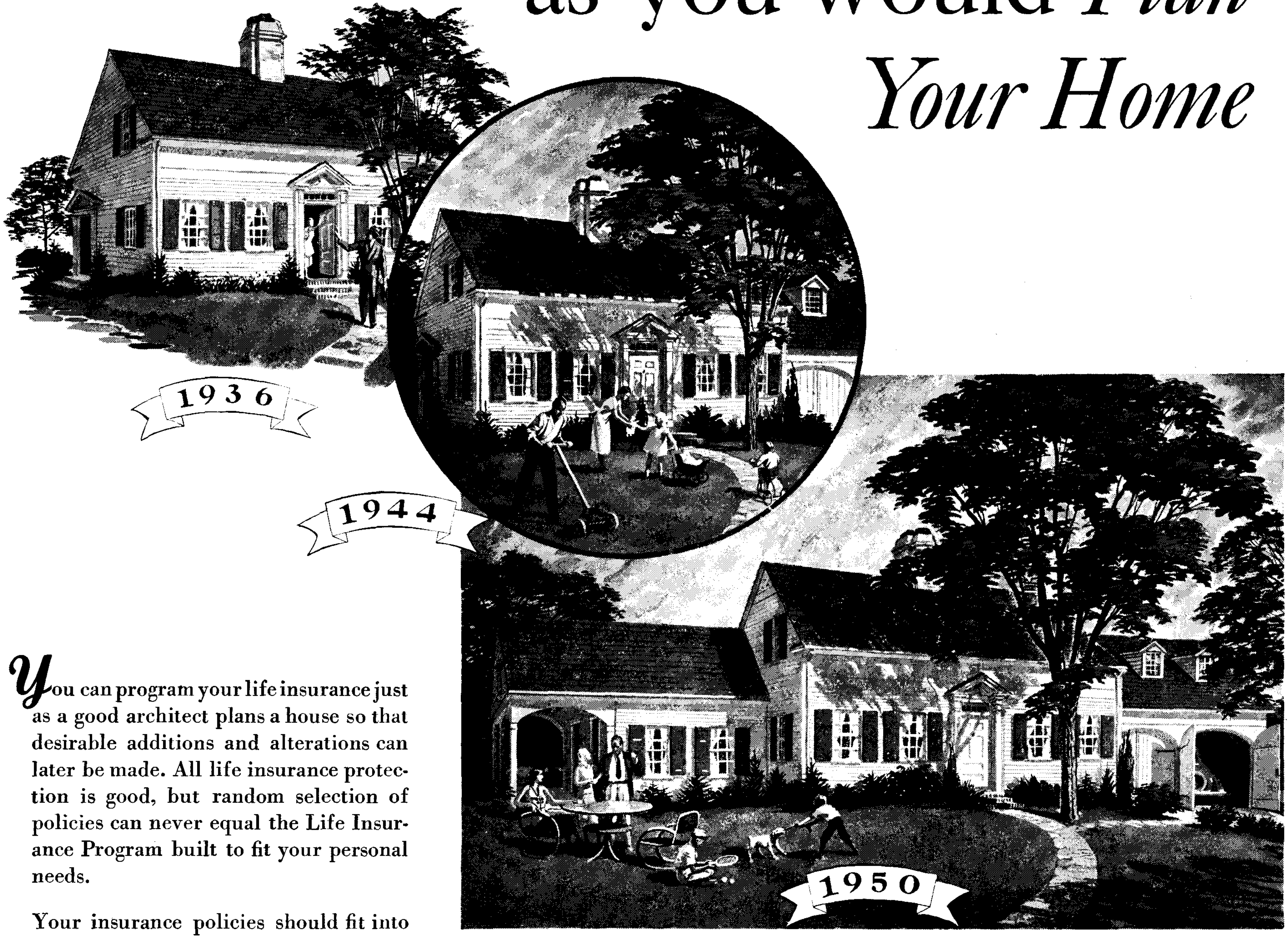

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Continued from page 11

do that is to shoot 'em straight down the alley."

And then, like a man who had been nerving himself toward an adventure, and who wasn't at all sure of the outcome, he said:

"I wonder if you'd go out with me some evening during the week—"

Peggy Ives sat for a moment looking at him, then nodded.

"I think it'd be lots of fun!"

Ken's voice was no longer weak. "Say, that's fine. I'll be here at least till Wednesday—two qualifying days and at least one round of match play—so any of those evenings, if you haven't any engagements—but I suppose you're mighty busy?"

Peggy nodded again. "Yes, I am. And all those evenings are gone. But," as she saw the swift disappointment in his face, "Thursday or Friday—Friday, say—I haven't a thing. You'll be here till Friday; just tell yourself you're going to win every match."

Ken's face lighted. "That's what I've been telling myself—and now I know I'm going to! Friday'll be swell, and—" He'd been going over and over with mental arithmetic (always mental arithmetic when it came to money!) and by eating less for breakfast and less for dinner, he'd have enough—"and we can go to the Del Grande Hotel," he said.

Peggy looked long at him, and he saw a new expression come into her eyes.

"Listen, Ken—I'm going to call you Ken and you call me Peggy—you've been frank about how you're fixed for money, and I'm going to be frank. You came here to try to win the championship, and anything that might prevent it is out. Del Grande's wonderful—and so are its prices, when a man has to keep thinking about them. We'll go to the Pine Tree Inn—I'll meet you there."

"Swell!" said Ken. "I'll—"

A voice sounded. A man's voice, coming from the rim of the cove.

"Hey, Peggy, is that you down there? We've been looking for you everywhere!"

Ken and Peggy gazed up at a figure silhouetted against the sky.

"Oh, hello!" called Peggy, and to a listening Ken Wilson it seemed that the sparkle had suddenly gone out of her voice. "All right, I'm coming along up." She lowered her voice and said to Ken. "I'll have to be going along. Goodby, and good luck. You're going to qualify and you're going to win!" She gripped his hands. "See you Friday." And went up the path that led to the cove rim.

Ken watched her go, a tingling running through him. If Friday was to be any pleasure he'd have to be one of four.

He took a deeper breath. He'd be one of four!

HE WAS. And Peggy Ives rose from a divan in the rustic lobby of the Pine Tree Inn that Friday evening, smiling.

"My, but I'm glad to see you! And I'm so proud and happy at the way you've played."

"I played good golf because I was thinking of you," Ken smiled.

For an instant their eyes held—and then Ken was saying quickly, trying to hide a tightness in his voice, "The huff-and-puff little car of mine is right outside, waiting to take us wherever we want to go. Where's it going to be?"

"I think we'll go over to the other side of the peninsula, to the Roadside Tavern; their orchestra doesn't try to break your eardrums—people can actually talk."

They got into the huff-and-puff little roadster. "And now," said Peggy, settling back, "tell me how it feels to see your name up on the scoreboard all week, with names each day getting fewer and fewer and yours still there."

"It seems mighty strange, and wonderful," said Ken. "Two or three times I've just stood and looked."

For a moment in his mind's eye he again saw the big scoreboard; saw his name, one of four. And saw also another name: Cowan. Warner Cowan. Saw it also march from the thirty-two to become one of four. Somewhere he'd seen that name before, but couldn't remember where, and each time he told himself that he must have read it in the papers. And yet, somehow, he kept associating it with Peggy Ives—and knew it couldn't be, because they hadn't talked of anybody that day in the cove.

He brought himself back to the present. That name didn't mean anything—nothing else meant anything, save that he was with Peggy Ives.

THEY danced at the Roadside Tavern, and the orchestra was such that they could talk. And they talked of many things.

Never had he been so happy. With Peggy Ives he could—

Then he heard words coming through the music and babble on the dance floor. "Yeah, she's richer'n mud. Worth ten or fifteen millions. Lives in that huge house along the thirteenth fairway. Don't look now, but she's the one in the print dress, dancing with that big tanned fellow."

Ken turned casually to see what an heiress looked like—but she wouldn't be able to hold a candle to Peggy.

And the voice went on: "Yeah, now—that's her. That's Peggy Ives!"

Ken went cold—and everything he'd been building came crashing down.

He looked at her—and knew that she had heard.

At the same time the music ceased. From the entrance to the dance floor sounded voices.

"There she is! I knew we'd find her somewhere! Hi-you, Peggy!"

Half a dozen young people began coming across the floor, the men in blue coats and white flannels, the girls in gay frocks, all of them talking, all animated and all looking at Ken Wilson with critical eyes. Especially one of the men, big, handsome, with an upper lip that was a shade too short, and an under one that he carried slightly outthrust. His gray eyes had the easy manner of eyes looking down from assured heights, and finding humor in that assurance—even as they found it in appraising Ken Wilson.

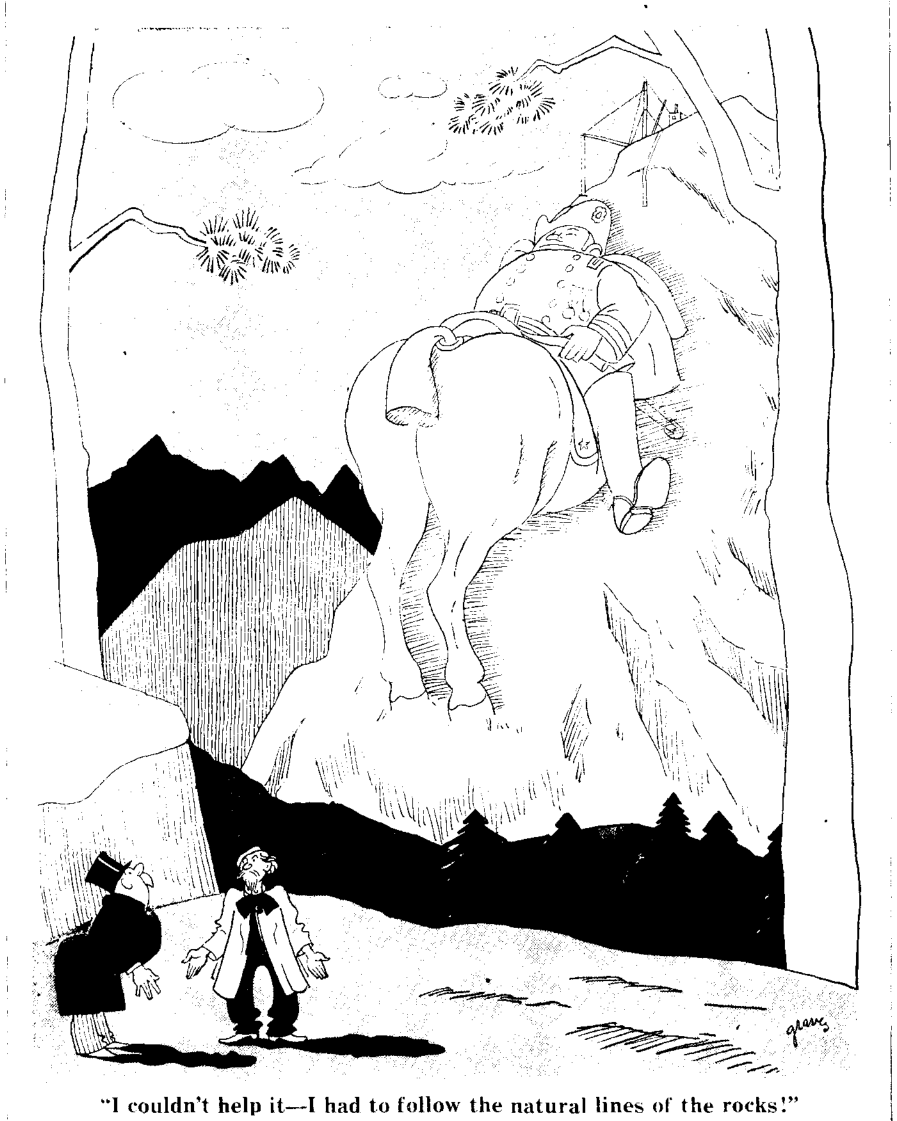
Ken had seen him somewhere before. He'd seen him standing on the cove rim that afternoon at sunset! He was the man who'd called out in that possessive manner to Peggy.

And now Peggy, from out of stiff, white lips that she strove to make pliant, was presenting Ken to the group—and Ken was hearing a name: Cowan. Warner Cowan. . . .

He had been right in connecting that name with Peggy Ives!

They got a big table; sat down and ordered drinks; danced. Ken danced with each of the girls, and all the while words kept hammering in his ears:

(Continued on page 28)



"I couldn't help it—I had to follow the natural lines of the rocks!"

R. TEMPEST GRAVES

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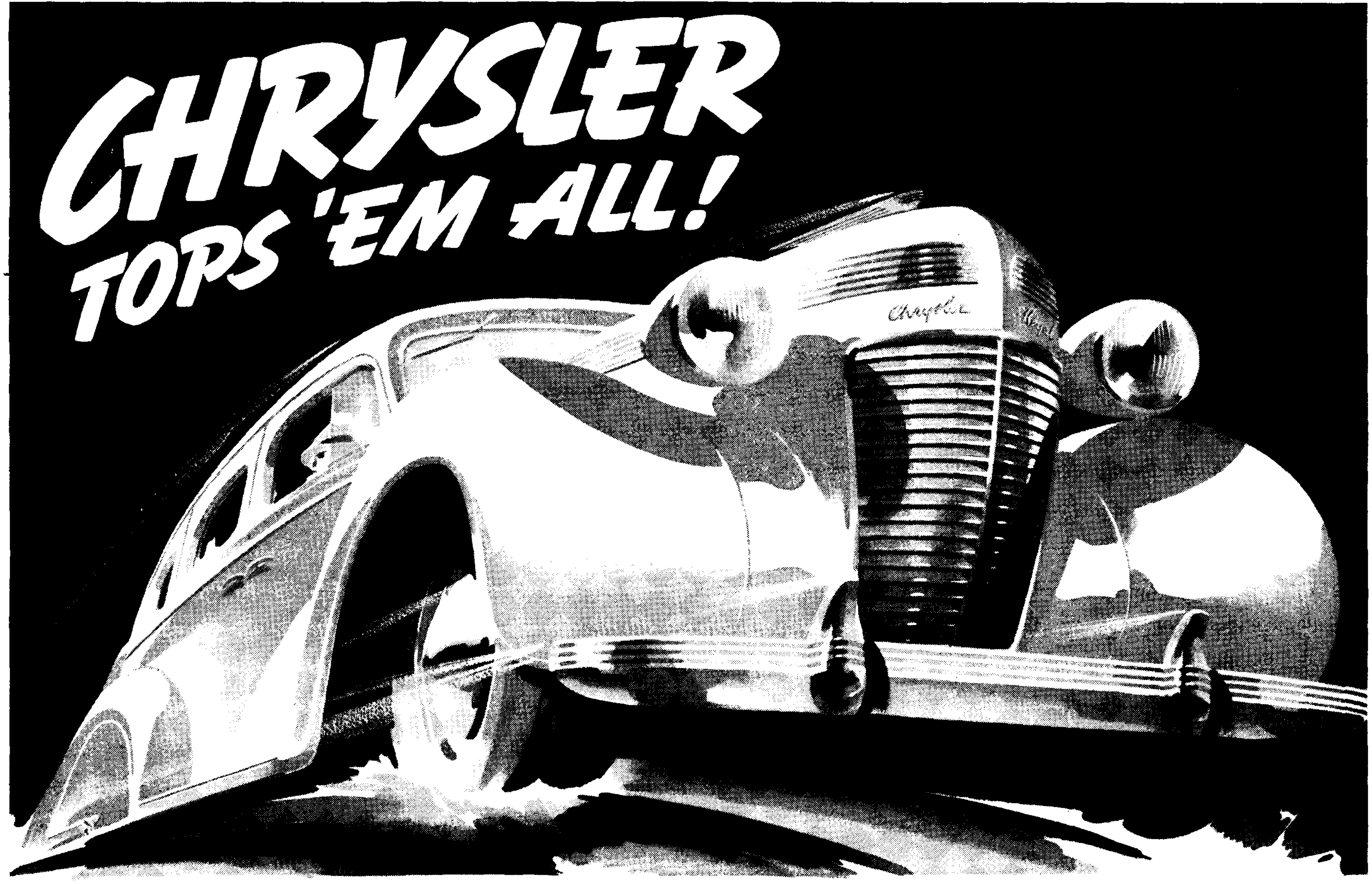

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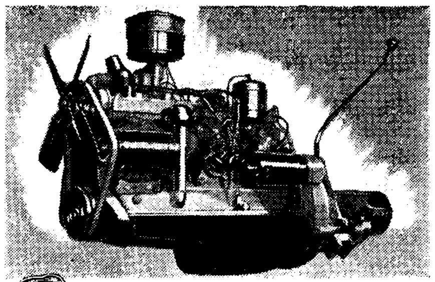

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In the 1937 Airflow . . . America's most modern motor car . . . with new beauty, new longer, lower lines . . . new interiors . . . the exclusive advantages of room and riding comfort made possible by Airflow design . . . the unparalleled safety of riding inside the frame.

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GOOD UNTIL 1956
—or longer. Imagine! No matter how long you own your pleasure car—five years or twenty years, if at any time the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak Battery you buy, fails to give satisfactory service in that car, The B. F. Goodrich Company will replace it, *without charge*, as clearly stated in the written guarantee.

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Goodrich KATHANODE Electro-Pak BATTERY

(Continued from page 26)

"Let's get out of here; let's get out of here!" When it came turn to dance with Peggy, he said: "I've got thirty-six holes of golf tomorrow. Do you mind if we leave?"

Peggy looked full at him; the light had gone from her eyes. "Yes, let's leave."

They left, despite protests from the others. All the way back to the Pine Tree Inn neither uttered a word—until they arrived, and Peggy said, "Good night," and Ken said, "Good night," and was gone.

Sleep didn't come to him for hours. Ceaselessly, conflicting beliefs, hopes and fears made a battleground of his mind: she'd let him infer her family didn't have money; had let him talk to see how a man in his position of life would talk; had gone out with him to see how he'd act. . . . And he'd thought—had hopes of marrying her!

But that couldn't be. Things like that happened only in storybooks. She'd marry one of her kind; would marry this Warner Cowan. . . .

At last he slept.

AT NOON, at the halfway mark of the finals of the state championship, contestants Ken Wilson and Warner Cowan were even. Lunch. Then again on the first tee, and a gallery now grown to three thousand, waiting. The drives—the surge forward. Warner Cowan smiling, chatting, Ken Wilson looking straight ahead.

Only once that day had Ken Wilson glanced around the gallery, early in the match—and had seen a girl with blue eyes.

Ken's glance caught the blue eyes—and he felt the blood surge through him. And Warner Cowan, stepping over, greeted her, walked along with her—and from then on Ken's eyes remained fixed ahead.

The match was all even at the twenty-fifth—the twenty-seventh hole—and the gallery began to shove. This was a match! From now on if either player gained a lead he'd be hard to stop.

At the next hole both drives were long and true, but Ken Wilson's found a cuppy lie.

"There's your break!" came voices.

It was. Ken topped his niblick shot and cut the ball. His third landed five feet from the pin. He putted for a four, and the lumpy-faced ball rolled to one side. He lost the hole.

He handed the ball to the caddie. "It's only good for baggage now. We'll need another."

The caddie groped in the bag, handed him one. He took it and went in the wake of Warner Cowan toward the next tee—an uphill drive, with the fairway at the crest sloping off to the right, where out-of-bounds stakes stood along the edge of head-high brush.

Warner Cowan, reaching the tee, said to his caddie, "We want to get over that crest. Give me a new ball. . . ."

COWAN teed up. And Ken Wilson, waiting his turn, stood rolling in his palm the ball he was to drive, idly looking at it as he did so. A ball that he'd found down in the cove that happy afternoon, when a girl— The label of the ball came into view—no, not a label. He studied it—and froze.

A name: the stenciled name of Warner Cowan.

Ken gave an involuntary gasp. That was where he'd seen the name!

A cry from the gallery. The Cowan drive, winging high, was fading to the right, was going over the crest, was bounding—and had disappeared toward brush and out of bounds. Warner Cowan, smile gone, said swiftly: "I think it's all right!"

"I think so," said the match referee. And then, "Mr. Wilson, it's your drive."

Ken started. "Uh—sure!"

Automatically he teed up, all he could see was the name on that ball. He drove; a cry came from the gallery. Sliced, as Cowan had done! The ball disappeared over the crest.

"It may be in," said the referee.

They went forward. They searched. Neither ball was to be seen. Then a voice: "Here's a ball!" They hastened forward, where it lay in tall grass, just within bounds. The referee, bending, said, "I'll lift it so we can identify it."

He lifted it—and nodded to Warner Cowan. "No question about whose it is—it's got your name on it."

Warner Cowan stared at it, mouth open—and the color that had left his face during fruitless search (he was one up, and if he lost his ball, would be only even up!) came flooding back. Somehow, by some unguessed miracle, a ball—with his name on it, lying within bounds, playable.

"Why, yes," he said briskly. "That's my ball."

"Yours must have gone out of bounds," said the referee to Ken Wilson. "You still have several minutes left to look for it."

Ken swallowed; strove to make his voice sound ordinary.

"No, mine's gone. I'll go back and drive another."

He started back toward the tee, his caddie protesting.

"I tell you it's gone," said Ken. "Give me another."

"There ain't any new ones left," the caddie said.

"We'll play an old one," said Ken.

He drove, and in mid-flight the ball ducked, fell away.

"I told you it was an old one," cried the caddie.

For the first time Ken's voice came harshly. "We'll play with what we've got!"

He lost the hole.

He lost the next hole—and the next. And now the gallery was at full tongue, was at full run. The match would end at the next hole, the long dog-leg fourteenth; Cowan would become champion there—and the gallery raced ahead so as to be in at the finish.

Warner Cowan advanced toward the fourteenth tee, and Ken Wilson followed, looking straight ahead.

And then he wasn't looking straight ahead, for somebody was tugging at his arm—and he was looking into the eyes of a girl; a tanned, blue-eyed girl who was breathing hard. She had come all the way from the eleventh fairway, from the spot where Warner Cowan had found his marked ball. At first she'd walked until away from the crowd, and then had run, and she was swearing over and over as she ran. She'd come to a huge house on the thirteenth fairway, had bolted inside and rummaged, and had come out and raced for the thirteenth green, for the fourteenth tee. . . .

"Here!" said Peggy Ives, and thrust something into Ken Wilson's hand. "Let him keep his marked ball. Here's one from me—marked with your name. Now, go take him!"

Ken stared at the new, shiny ball. Rotated it and saw the label marks—and nothing else. Stared at the blue eyes fixed on his—and saw everything.

His eyes shone. "I'll take him now," he said.

At the eighteenth green—at the thirty-sixth hole of that match—Ken Wilson bent and sighted a twenty-foot putt, a twenty-foot putt for the championship.

And the gallery leaned and craned and crowded; tried to hold its breath. A gallery gone bug-eyed at this comeback, this unaccountable comeback, of Ken Wilson. Three birdies and a par in the last four holes, and Warner Cowan trying to stop him, and failing.

And now, all even at the eighteenth—the thirty-sixth—and Cowan had putted a long one, right up by the hole; Ken Wilson was sighting, was addressing the ball; his club was swinging back—was going through—and the ball was rolling, rolling, rolling toward the hole.

A yell went up as the ball hit the back of the cup—in!

THEY sat beneath a tree in the repainted little roadster that evening, Ken Wilson and Peggy Ives. Sat so close together that, although it was a small car, there would have been plenty of room for another.

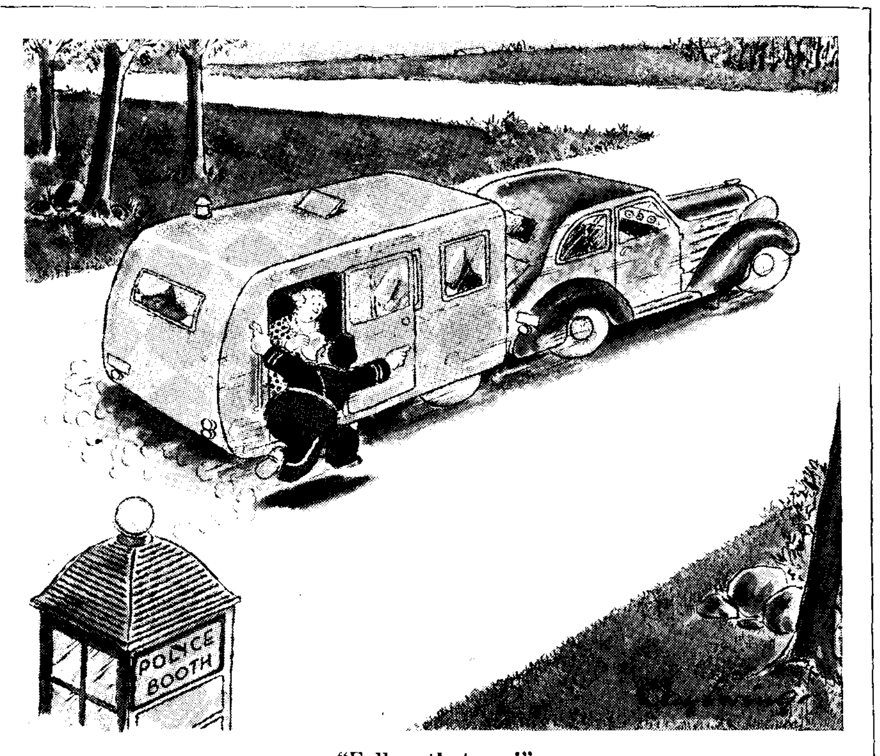
"At first, we'll have to live in a board cabin at the mines," said Ken.

"My great-grandmother started housekeeping in a tent at the mines," said Peggy.

At which Ken again took Peggy in his arms and kissed her.

"Gee, and I came here only thinking about winning a golf championship!"

"Well," said Peggy Ives, "I always knew I'd make my fortune out of golf balls in that cove!"

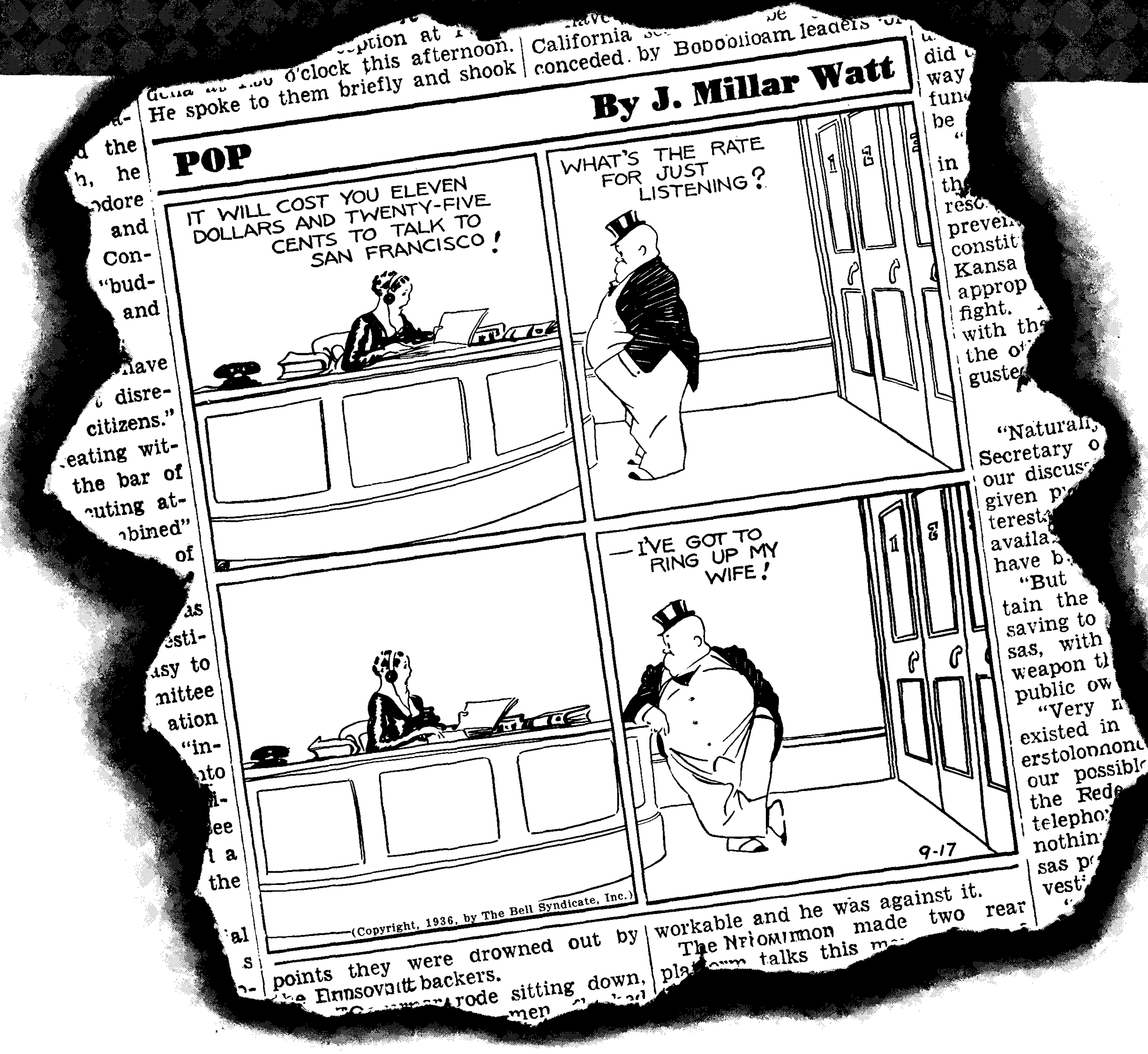


"Follow that car!"

JAY IRVING

Pardon us, Pop, but have you heard?...

LONG DISTANCE RATES have been REDUCED!


o'clock this afternoon.
He spoke to them briefly and shook
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conceded by
By J. Millar Watt
POP
IT WILL COST YOU ELEVEN DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS TO TALK TO SAN FRANCISCO!
WHAT'S THE RATE FOR JUST LISTENING?
— I'VE GOT TO RING UP MY WIFE!
9-17
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workable and he was against it.
points they were drowned out by
backers.
citizens."
the bar of

"YES, Pop, if you would like to make your 3-minute person-to-person call from New York to San Francisco any week-day now, it will cost you only $9.75. After 7 P.M., or all day Sunday, you will be charged just $6.75.

"These new low rates have been in effect since September 1, Pop. They extend to station-to-station conversations too. For example, the 3-minute station-to-station week-day rate between New York and San Francisco is now $7.50. At night and on Sundays the same call can be made for $4.50. Just think of it, Pop—you can talk from coast to coast for less than five dollars."

Seven times in the last ten years, reductions in Long Distance rates have brought this important service within the reach of millions more people. Friends in opposite corners of the country now are only a few dollars apart. Intimate voice-visits and family reunions can be more frequent. Business prospects, customers, and field representatives can be reached—personally—more often than ever before.

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a definite routine,

and keep it up

all winter

—*while you're well*

begin to build good

general resistance

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The common sense thing to do is not to wait until you're uncomfortable, but to prepare yourself in advance. This is the new idea of *prevention* that's taking hold with more and more people every year. *Adex* may be an aid.

If you don't know about Adex, make it a point to find out today! First, Adex will supply you with the factor that is a definite help in building up your general resistance. This factor is Vitamin A, often referred to at this time of year as a "first line of defense."

Adex also furnishes "sunshine" Vitamin D, which you are likely to need these dark, wintry days. In supplying you with these factors, Adex is giving you the protective benefits of cod liver oil, halibut liver oil and other *natural* vitamin sources.

Give Adex a fair chance to do you good. When you start with it, take it *regularly*. Put a bottle on the breakfast table. Day-in and day-out use is important.

Now in tablets or capsules, at any reliable drug store. Made by E R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

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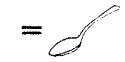


One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Bootleg Coal

Continued from page 13

collieries clinging to the sides of the mountain. These are the breakers where the coal is washed, and then run over giant perforated frames or sieves and "sized," as the miners say; that is, separated into regular commercial sizes or grades.

And so about this time appeared the bootleg breaker. That is, some enterprising person with a small capital set up a simple, crude but adequate preparation plant where from twenty to fifty or a hundred tons of coal a day could be processed and made ready for market. At this point the trucker appeared. The breaker man had to have trucks to go into the hills to the bootleg holes and collect the output of each tiny mine. The trucker paid the miner cash for his coal and hauled it to the breaker. There after preparation it was sent to market by another set of truckers who bought from the breaker man for cash and carted his cargo to near-by towns in Pennsylvania.

Ten-Dollar Plutocrats

This is the pattern of the industry today—the miner, the breaker man, the trucker who buys from him. There are about 13,000 men working as miners. There are about 2,000 employed around the breakers. There are about 5,000 engaged in trucking. The extent of the business you may imagine from the fact that into New York City alone each week roll about one thousand trucks of bootleg coal. The coal goes to Baltimore, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and countless points as far as three hundred miles from the mines. Last year these mines took four million tons of coal out of the ground. The dealers paid about $20,000,000 for it in the regions and sold it to consumers for about $32,000,000.

You can hardly understand the character of this business until you have gone into the hills and talked with these men and seen their ramshackle plants.

The bootlegger's hole is in fact a primitive mine. Here one may see the whole machine age in history, as in a living museum, built around this magic material, coal, which has been the lifeblood of the machine. Here is the astounding Locust Summit breaker, which cost seven million dollars, where the coal arrives in a steel freight car which is seized by a giant machine and turned upside down and its contents shaken out into a huge hopper. From there it is sent on conveyors to the top of the giant breaker, hurled into monster steel cones filled with water and sand in which the coal floats and the rock sinks. The coal then moves under the touch of great steel fingers from immense sieve to sieve to be shaken out and classified and washed and then shot swiftly out the other end of the building into waiting freight cars without ever being touched by a human hand.

Close by in its very shadow is the bootlegger's hole as primitive as those first mines dug by the first followers of Necho Allen. A hole in the ground four feet wide going down forty feet, above it perhaps a ten-foot platform built of small timbers freshly hewed from the near-by woods. On the platform is a windlass unrolling a rusty steel cable into the hole. Two men grind laboriously at the windlass and presently the cable fetches up a dingy oilcan—in appearance like a household garbage can—indescribably battered. It has been filled with coal by two more men working in the "mine."

This is the rudest structure. You see more elaborate shaft towers surmounting holes a hundred feet deep. The cable is worked, not by the primeval windlass, but on a drum fastened to the back wheel of a dilapidated automobile. The back wheel is horsed up off the ground to give it free play. One miner sits in the car and operates the hoist. Another stands on the shaft tower to receive the inevitable battered oilcan with its small cargo. One hundred feet down, two miners dig out the coal.

These holes are usually operated by from three to five men, more often four, who are partners in the venture. They sell their coal to the truckers who call for it for from $2.25 to $3 a ton. I suspect the former price is more usual. They earn from $2.25 a day to—well, there is no telling. One hears fabulous tales of miners making as much as ten dollars a day. I am sure these plutocrats are few.

As you drive from Shamokin to Mahanoy City—thirty miles by the speedometer—there is an endless succession of holes, hundreds and hundreds already abandoned. One can travel the highroad to Harrisburg and there is hole after hole—literally hundreds, if not thousands—little black piles of refuse dotting the adjacent hills, running right up to within four miles of the front door of the state capitol, where a few days before my visit an assistant attorney general denied that such a condition existed.

The breakers are everywhere—hundreds of them. They are built of fresh-cut timbers—log structures—as primitive as the oxcart, with small shakers operated by small steam engines or perhaps an occasional motor, lashed together and worked with all sorts of odds and ends of joints and parts and scraps of lumber and metal. The breaker has become the key point in this industry. The breaker man is the capitalist of the industry. He has funds—at least enough for his rude plant and a truck or maybe half a dozen. He pays perhaps twelve to fifteen dollars a week to his workers and no more to his truckers. He is the gentleman in the woodpile who apparently is making money. I asked one breaker how many tons a day he sized. He said 120 tons. This he bought at from $2.25 to $3 and sold for $5.75. He employed about twelve men at $2.50 a day. The fuel for the little engine and the fuel for the trucks, plus his obsolescence, were his only other expenses.

Public Opinion Was a Luxury

Some will tell you that the trucker who buys from the breaker man and sells to the consumer is the aristocrat of the industry, like the cartmen of the early oil regions. But I doubt this. As this lawless industry grows, gathers strength, develops and yields to the inevitable organizing power of the acquisitive entrepreneur, you will see that it will be the breaker man who emerges as the magnate. This, perhaps, is the ray of hope in the dangerous situation, for when this is true the luminous haze of human sympathy which now protects the wretched miner toiling in his black hole will be dispersed and the law will pounce on the breaker man. But now there are many hundreds of these crude breakers everywhere along the roads. And as one drives these highways, the endless procession of trucks heavy with coal is seen rolling to town.

But why, you ask, do the coal companies, with all their power and wealth, permit this mass invasion of their properties and this mammoth larceny of their merchandise? Well, for one thing, the companies are bewildered in the presence of a phenomenon they cannot understand. These coal corporations once ruled things with a pretty high hand here. Of all things, the one thing apparently despised most was public opinion. They had the mines, the coal lands, the money and the law. Public opinion was just a luxury. But now this thing suddenly revealed its power. It has paralyzed them. It stands behind the bootleg holes and frightens them away and they fear to use their money, their strength or the law.

Something more, however, must be said for the coal magnates. When the bootlegging started, they shut one eye. The distress was vast and terrifying. They were half willing to let the incipient enterprises flourish while they awaited the emergence of prosperity from behind its corner. But by 1932 the outlaw industry was spreading alarmingly. Then the companies tried making arrests. Many bootleggers were marched off to the squire, which is what Pennsylvania still calls her justice of the peace. There would be a small fine which was seldom paid or perhaps a few days in jail. One squire in Shamokin had as many as a thousand bootleggers brought before his tribunal.

Defying the Police

But presently public opinion in the regions was crystallizing on the side of the bootleggers for reasons which we will see. The squires rather resented having the miners brought in. Before one squire several bootleggers were haled for trespass. "Well," he said, "I reckon I'll have to fine you. Have you got ten dollars?" No, the culprits hadn't. "Well, have you got five dollars?" No. "How about a dollar?" Haven't even got a dollar. "That's too bad. Anyhow I guess I'll have to fine you a dollar and you can bring it in when you get it."

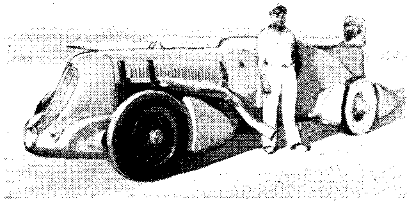
Another batch was brought before another squire. "No money to pay a fine? All right, I'll have to put you in jail for five days,' said the august jurist. The bootleggers were marched to the county jail, where, after a meal, they were let out the back door by the sheriff. This became the technique of handling cases.

Soon the police stopped making arrests. It was dangerous and futile. But after a while the coal companies demanded police action. The pressure became great. So the police went to the bootleggers. "Look here," they said, "you fellows are going to get us in bad. We've got to make some arrests and you'll have to help us." They talked it over and it was agreed that the bootleggers would furnish ten volunteers a week for arrest to help the police. The volunteers faced the squire, got five days in jail, a meal on the county and prompt deliverance at the back door.

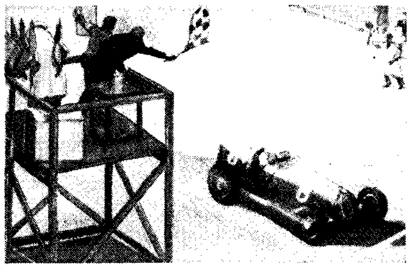
Then the companies decided about 1934 to attempt more effective methods —to blow up the holes of the bootleggers with dynamite. Arrests were not only futile, but actually became impossible, for the bootleggers took to chasing the sheriffs when they arrived.

Early in 1934 one company sent a body of men to close a hole in Branchdale. The men were accompanied by state police. Suddenly the police found themselves surrounded by 500 angry miners. Some signal had brought them from their holes. The police were bewildered. They feared to precipitate a riot. And it must be said for the companies that they have resolutely followed a policy of provoking no bloodshed.

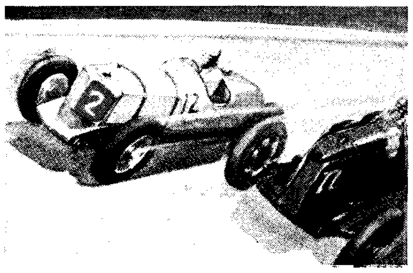
(Continued on page 32*)*



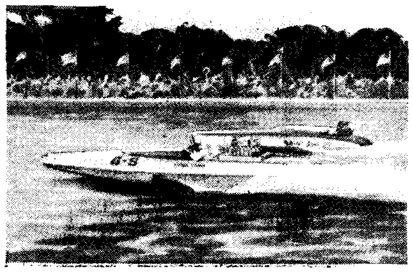
BONNEVILLE, UTAH—*Ab Jenkins brought back to the United States 72 World, International and American records when he drove over the salt beds recently. Jenkins reported his Champion Spark Plugs performed perfectly when he covered 7,134 miles in 48 hours.*



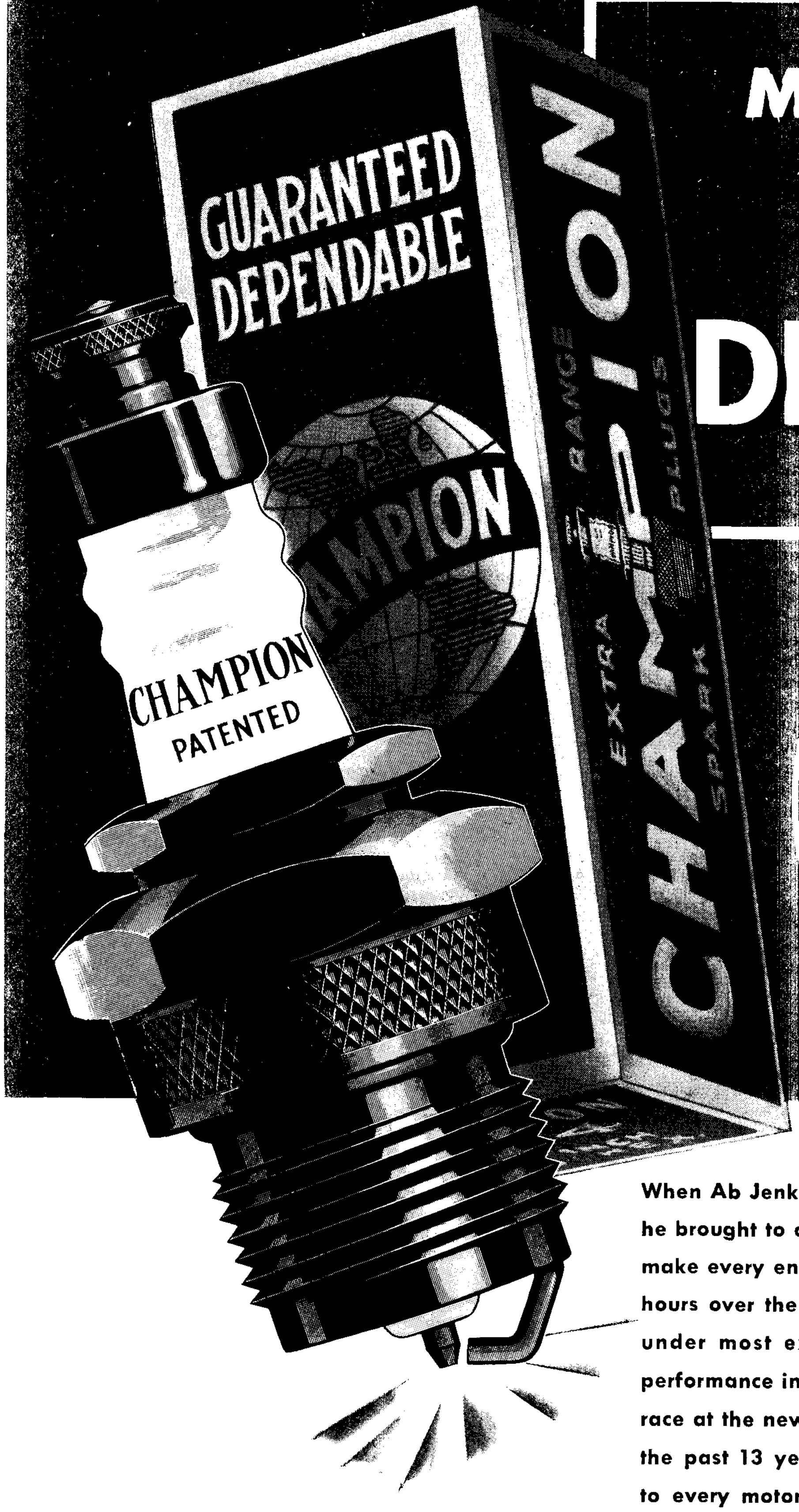
LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—*Tazio Nuvolari, Europe's leading race driver, captured the inaugural 300-mile A. A. A. championship race for the Vanderbilt Cup at Roosevelt Raceway. 40 of the 46 starters used Champions proving them the choice of the racing fraternity.*



ENGLAND—*Freddie Dixon, with co-driver C. Martin, drove a remarkable race to win the 500-mile classic at Brooklands from a field of larger and more powerful cars. Dixon and Martin averaged 116.86 m. p. h. in their Champion-equipped Riley.*



WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Ma-Ja II, driven with the skill of a champion by Jack Rutherford, passed the defending champion, Notre Dame, to win the President's Cup in the regatta held recently on the Potomac River. Both of these boats are Champion-equipped.*



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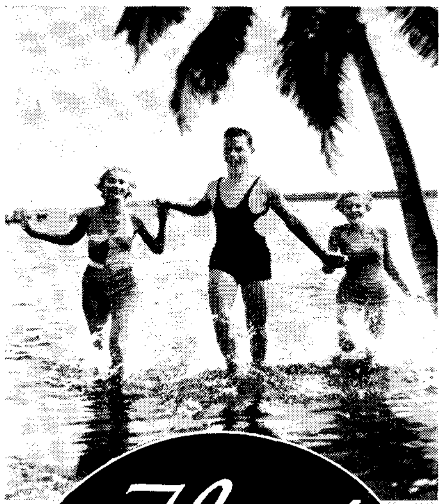
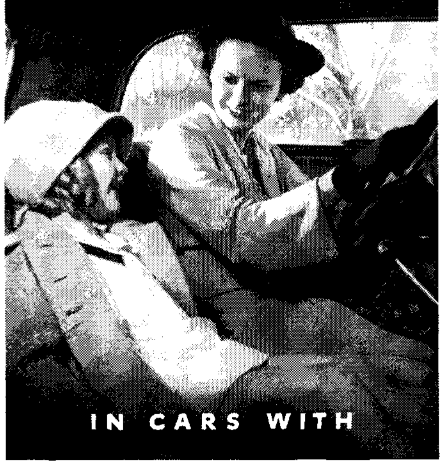


Florida WARMTH COMES North



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Columbus, Indiana . . . . Also makers of the Arvin Radios for your Car and for your Home

(Continued from page 30)

When the baffled police marched away, the bootleggers realized they had a power of resistance they could use.

Not long after this forty state police accompanied a group of company workers to a bootleg breaker operating behind some houses in Goodsprings. The workers proceeded to demolish the breaker. It is in a lonely spot, but within a half-hour nearly 3,500 indignant men swarmed around the police in warlike mood. At the first appearance of the police, a signal had been given, a truck with a bell—the old tocsin of the insurrectionist and minute man—went speeding through the highways and side roads summoning the bootleggers from their holes. They came scampering from every section of the hills. The company men demolished the breaker, but for a moment the little valley trembled on the brink of war. As the police and workers drove away, hundreds of cars carrying the aroused bootleggers followed them all the way into Pottsville, ringing bells, tooting horns, hurling imprecations upon their apprehensive heads.

The coal companies have tried getting indictments for larceny. Grand juries refuse to indict. Prosecutors refuse to press the cases. The companies went to Harrisburg to ask the legislature for help. They proposed a law prohibiting conveying coal by truck to a distance of more than twenty-five miles from the mine. An army of from 10,000 to 15,000 miners and sympathizers marched on the state capital, where their leaders appeared before the committee and succeeded in defeating the bill.

The bootleggers have learned their power—for their numbers are great—and they have organized. They have an organization called the Independent Miners Association. It has a large membership, but how effective it is is hard to say. It is probably effective chiefly for demonstration purposes. The president, Earl Humphrey, a young miner who lost his leg a few years ago, lives in Shamokin and his home, a very humble place almost overhanging the railroad tracks, is the headquarters. They probably have but little funds—Humphrey worked two years without pay. But their capacity for raising hell is great.

What defense do these men make for this open defiance of the law? I roamed through the hills, visited their holes and talked with them about their industry. I talked with business and professional men in the towns—Shamokin, Pottsville, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City. I talked at length with various officials of the coal companies. First let's hear the companies' side of the case.

It Isn't Communism

"After all," said an official of the Philadelphia and Reading company, the largest in the region and the chief sufferer from bootlegging, "this is a country of law. Property rights are guaranteed by the constitutions of the United States and Pennsylvania. And they have been respected in the past.

"Now I know there are people who look with misgivings on the large land holdings of the coal companies. But no one is questioning our right to the land. It's all heavily assessed, some of it $2,500 an acre. We pay heavy taxes on it. And these taxes pay 80 per cent of all the costs of local and county government in these coal regions.

"Now if you are a Socialist or a Communist and insist that private ownership of property is wrong and that this land should be confiscated, I can understand your position though I may not agree with it. Back of it is a definite philosophy. But this is not socialism or communism. This is not a case of the state or the federal government seizing the companies' property. It's a case of theft—pure stealing. Even a Communist will not approve that. You don't suppose that in Russia, where there is no private property, the government permits anybody who has a mind to to go in on the coal properties and help themselves to millions of dollars' worth of coal. You know what would happen to these men in Russia. They would all be shot. They put a girl in jail for ten years a few weeks ago for stealing a scarf from a government store. If the government or state seized these lands they would, presumably, be worked in the public interest. But this is not what is happening here. Thousands of men, many of whom never worked in a mine before, many of whom are on relief, have simply invaded our properties, are stealing our coal and are selling it in the open market in competition with our product. And what is more, if a Communist government seized our mines they would not require us to go on paying taxes on it.

They Call Themselves Bootleggers

"There is involved here, not merely our property, however, but the industry out of which over a hundred thousand men get their livelihood and on which these coal towns are built. This is an attack, not merely on us but on the very industry itself. We cannot exist in competition like this. Remember, the coal industry has half a dozen powerful industries battling for its markets. It cannot stand a thrust into its vitals in its very home.

"For instance, we pay our labor—union labor—a minimum of $5.96 a day for miners and $4.62 a day for labor. And there are contract miners who can and do make ten and fifteen and twenty dollars a day. Remember, the old starvation wages do not exist in these hard-coal fields. We have to sell our coal in competition with bootleggers who work for $2.25 and $3 a day. We can't compete against that sort of labor.

"We are subject to countless laws and regulations of the state and county for the protection of the workers and the public. We must pay for compensation insurance. We must provide mine inspection and all sorts of safety appliances. We have fire insurance and must pay damages for injuries. Our coal is shipped on railroads whose workers get union wages.

"These bootleggers use no safety appliances, have no compensation insurance, no inspections. They defy all laws covering mining. Their coal is shipped in trucks whose pilots get starvation wages and prepared in breakers whose workers get $2.50 a day. We clean our coal. They do not.

"We pay the taxes on the land we work and we pay the taxes on the land they work—and heavy taxes too. If we work others' land we pay a royalty. They merely help themselves.

"Coal mining has suffered from overproduction like so many industries. But now we are confronted with strong competition from new fuels backed by rich corporations. And here in the midst of that we have the output of coal increased by 10 per cent by a bootleg industry, which undersells us on one hand and on the other hand discredits our product by the inferior quality of the product it sells.

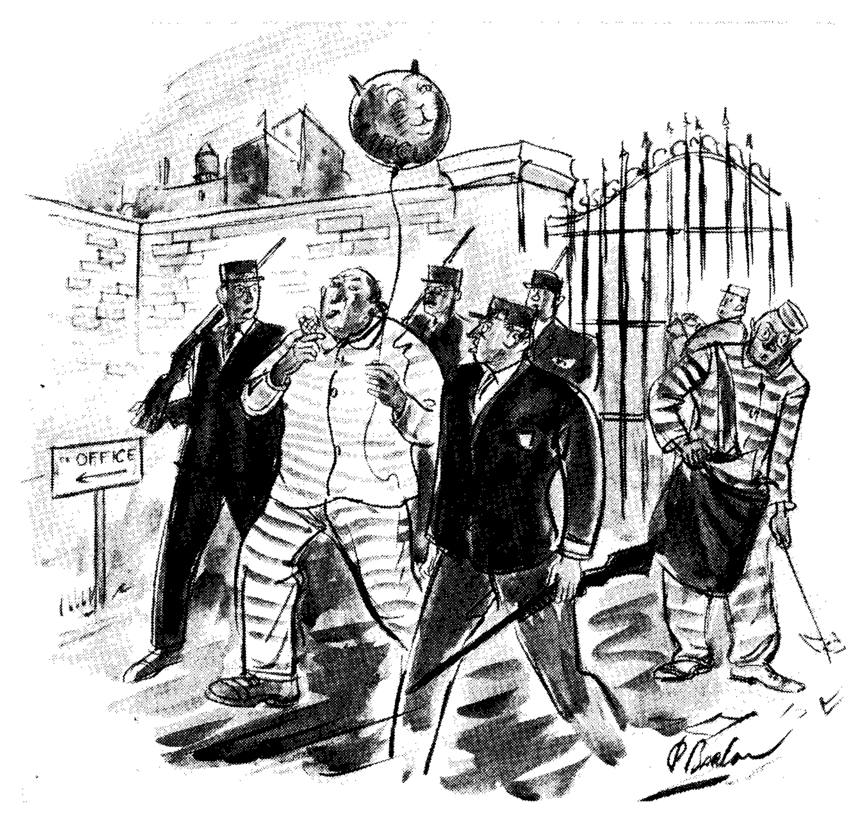
"We pay taxes—80 per cent of all the taxes paid in these regions. That is to support government to protect life and property. Yet from the government we not only do not get protection of our property, but we actually get aid and comfort for those who are attacking and destroying the very property out of which the government gets its taxes.

"Of course what is happening here is just plain stealing. I do not see any difference between a man entering your yard and helping himself to the coal in your cellar and these men entering our property and helping themselves to the coal in our ground. The only difference is that this is being done by twenty thousand men and they have votes."

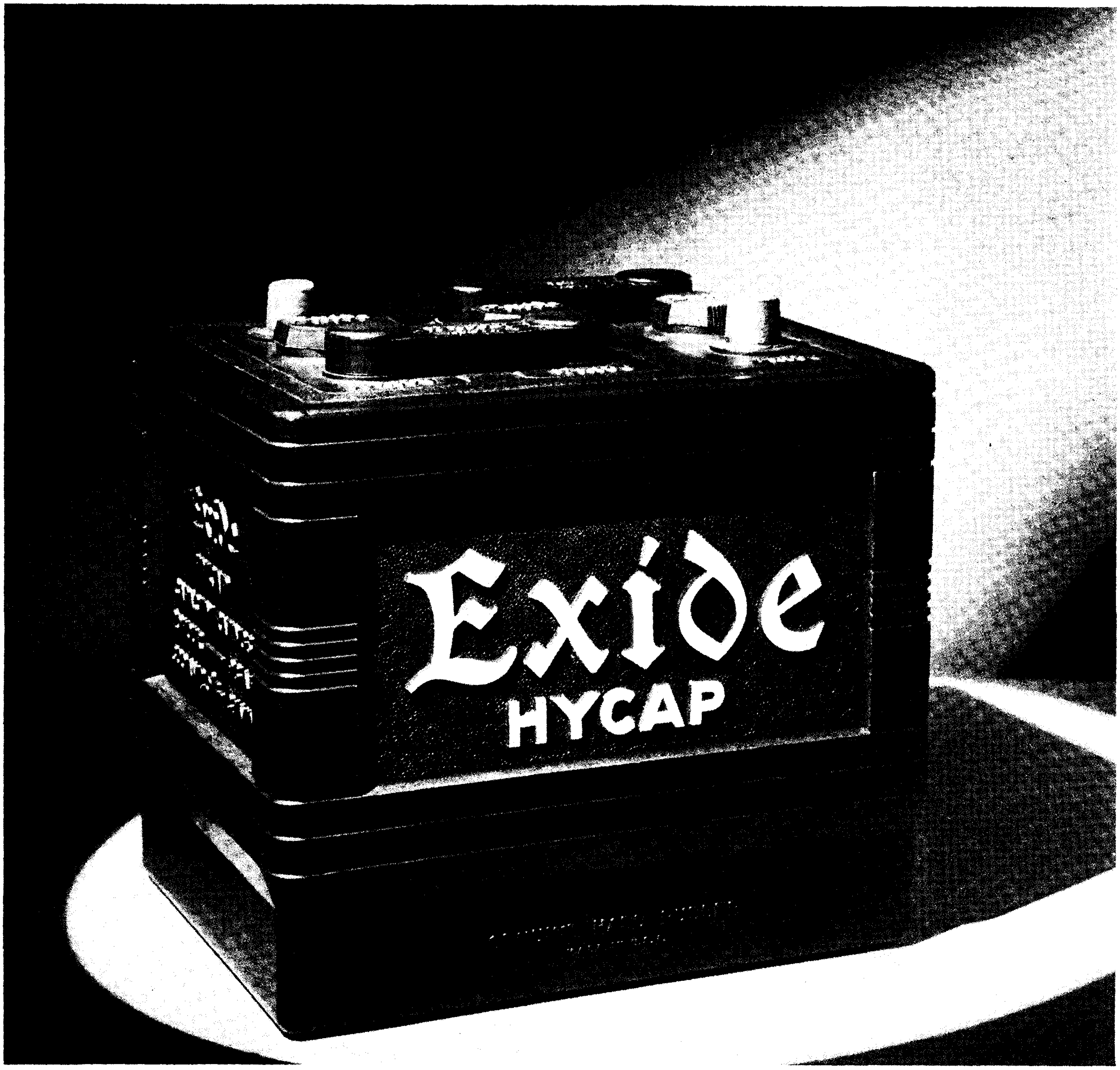
It all seems simple and obvious. But, alas, nothing is simple in this complex society of ours, particularly when we face the delicate nuances of modern stealing. I talked this all over with the bootleggers. There is at least one thing to be said for them. They call themselves bootleggers.

I looked down over one of the main highways and there at the bottom of a ravine I saw the little pile of black refuse which told me a bootleg venture was in progress. I climbed down forty feet to the opening. There was a black hole about five feet in diameter sloping down through eight feet of rock. Eleven feet down you could see the coal. Here was

(Continued on page 34)



"Aw, I was bored, I guess" PERRY BARLOW



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I know what's wrong with *most* family budget plans—the savings are looked upon as a "rainy day fund"—which means that these families are saving up for something disagreeable—and it seems like *burying* the money to put it in a savings bank. Now here's an idea that makes a magical change: look at your savings as a *reward* fund—a trip, an auto, a fur coat, a summer cottage—something you will *enjoy*—then, believe me, you'll *pile* the money into the bank.

• • •

Since stone ax days man has been the *getter*, woman the *keeper*. I have no patience with husbands who try doing both jobs alone. It's only when the wife takes her share of the responsibility that you find a family pocketbook that's never flat.

• • •

I just read this: "A child is as God made him; a man is what he has made of himself." I guess mighty few of us are entirely satisfied with what we see in the mirror. What I do know is that just one year of self-denial, temperance, frugality, consideration of others which includes paying bills promptly, and cheerfulness mould beauty and character into a face as easily as if it were made of clay.

• • •

"Not how much, but how well"—that's the true philosophy of a healthy family pocketbook—not how much the salary is (I know a $1,000-a-month man who is always broke) but how effectively the funds are managed and dispensed.

• • •

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(Continued from page 32)

a mine of the most primitive character. The miner talked freely of his business and after some chat I said:

"Brother, how do you justify this business? This land belongs to the Reading company. This is their coal. Doesn't it look as if they were right when they say you are stealing coal?"

He was not offended. "Yes, I suppose, in a sense and according to law, you'd call it stealing. But after all, mister, look at this job. Me and my son are working it alone. It took us eleven days to blast through that rock. That's all dead work. Now we have about forty feet of coal to work. Then we must open another hole. Try turning this windlass. No very sweet work, eh? Well, the most we can make winding at this windlass all day long and working with a pick in that hole is two clear tons. We sell it for $2.25 a ton. That's $2.25 apiece a day. Now, mister, I ask you. If I wanted to be a thief, would I go about it this way?

Paying the Penalty

"And all the time I'm taking my life in my hands. See that hole over there. The fellow who worked it went in one day and never came out. About a hundred feet from there you see that big boulder. That rolled down on another guy one day and they took his leg off. There's been two men killed and one lost a leg right here in this little pocket. And for what? Two and a quarter a day. We may be stealin' but we're not stealin' much and we're puttin' our labor into the job. For what? To eat. There's no work around here. Most of the collieries in this neighborhood are closed down. I got a family that has to eat. So has my son. This is the only way we can get the eats."

There you are! After all, you say, this is not the ordinary kind of stealing. It differs from the stealing of coal out of a man's yard in that the miner has to put in a savage day's work at pitiful wages to get it. I tried this theme out on many of the bootleggers.

"Stealing!" one young Hungarian said as he ran the engine of his auto acting as a hoist. "No, I don't think this is stealing. If I go into a grocery store and take a loaf of bread some other man made just because it's easier than to make some—that's stealing. But I'm working for this coal."

Little by little they have rationalized their craft. "Look here," said a youth standing on the tower shaft of his four-man mine. "What did this coal company do for this coal? Bought this land years ago for a song. They've got enough coal here to last 200 years. They may get around to this coal I'm working a hundred years from now. But we'll all be dead then. They'll never use it. But we've got families that are hungry now. Should I leave here so as some guy can enjoy it a hundred or two hundred years from now—some guy that won't pay a penny for it, that won't put in a lick of work? Should I let my family starve now for the sake of some guy whose grandfather isn't born yet?"

It's all very confusing. You see human need and simple men, with no resourcefulness to combat social disaster, taking desperate chances and putting in beastly labor in the only trade they know to feed their families. But against this you see the appalling price which these communities will pay in the end, the long-term account which Time will turn in against companies, men and counties for this blind defiance of the laws of God, man and economics.

For one thing the coal companies and the miners are paying the penalty for many years of bad history—bad management and bad human relations. The coal industry itself has suffered a grave wound. First, coal has faced some mighty rivals—petroleum, pipe lines, water power. Science has taken its toll. Once out of every ton of coal, half the energy was lost in the exhaust steam, about 800 pounds was wasted in firing, more was lost in transit and only 110 pounds was conveyed to useful work. But science has changed that. In power companies, for instance, twenty years ago it took 3.2 pounds to make a kilowatt-hour. Now it takes about a pound and a half and it can be done for less. The coal companies themselves are delivering purer coal. What you get now is 98 per cent coal. What you got twenty years ago was 20 per cent rock and dirt.

Hence, with substitutes taking the markets and coal itself going farther in the furnace, the demand has been cut down. The strike of 1925-26 was a major disaster. While it raged the oil people moved in and took over great gobs of the market. The coal industry has never recovered those markets. Before the strike the companies dug out 90 million tons a year. By 1929 they saw their output down to 45 million tons. In the southern fields where there is so much bootlegging the output has been cut from 10 million to 5 million tons a year. The mines once employed about 160,000 men. Now there are about 100,000 at work.

Here is a combination of social and technological causes for which it is hard to assess the blame. But there is another factor at work which can generate more heat and wrath in the miners than all the others put together. They call it "centralization" and they grit their teeth in hate when they utter the word. With it they couple the name of the late president of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Corporation—Andrew J. Maloney. When Maloney died, so bitter was the feeling about him that mock funerals were held all over the region.

Maloney was a "soft-coal man," no small crime in itself. But he confirmed the worst fears of the miners when he arrived by attempting to mechanize the mines. This experiment was more or less disastrous. But immediately he began the policy of centralization. That is, he began closing down mines and focusing the company's energies upon special mines. He installed the two great central breakers at Locust Summit and St. Nicholas. That is, instead of having separate breakers at each mine, he sent the coal from many mines to the two huge modern mechanized breakers each of which, with a minimum of man power, can do more work in an hour than the largest old breaker could do in a day.

Left High and Dry

At Shamokin particularly I found the feeling about this strong among businessmen. "This whole country was built on the coal industry," a prominent businessman of Shamokin told me. "Here we have a town of 42,000 people. It was prosperous. We have six banks, none of which failed in the depression. We have churches, schools, business houses, homes and a very law-abiding population. It's all built on coal mines. The people were brought here by the coal companies. We had about fourteen mines working here ten years ago. But the companies have closed ten of them. There are only two working now. Thousands of men were thrown out of work so that the companies could turn out coal cheaper. What is to become of these communities? What is to become of these workers thus left high and dry? That is why the people of Shamokin and the whole region sympathize with the miners who went to bootlegging."

But the company insists that centralization was essential for many reasons. After all, we have been losing money, they say. The Reading company lost six million dollars last year. What is more, they insist that certain mines cannot be worked because there is no demand for the kind of coal those collieries produce. I think the companies press this excuse too far. The truth is they are now caught in the grip of the policy of centralization launched by a former management and the way out is not so clear.

The miners say, "Give us work and we will quit bootlegging." One company superintendent said: "There are 800,000 tons of coal going out of the Shamokin district in a year. It would take two collieries employing 1,500 men to turn out that much coal. Now 2,500 bootleggers do it. If we weeded out the outsiders, we could pretty nearly absorb our own people by opening two collieries."

The companies say opening old collieries is not so easy. It would cost millions to reopen abandoned mines. It would be foolish business when they have mines already operating which could absorb that business.

Yet the situation continues to fill up with danger. First of all, a large number of these bootleggers are on relief. If relief workers were prevented from bootlegging perhaps thirty per cent of the business would be stopped. Next, a large number of people who never worked in the mines before are on the job. And among these are great numbers from outside the regions, from as far away as Michigan. These might well be checked.

No Solution in Sight

What is to be done about the rest, of course, is hard to say. But while they ply this illegal trade, whatever the provocation and the excuse, grave injuries are being done to many values. First, the results of the long battle for safety in the mines are being scrapped. The miner bootleggers have thrown overboard all that their union has battled for for years.

Next, serious injury is being done to the country. The bootleggers burrow under public roads, buildings, with little regard for the consequences. At Shenandoah I saw a public road caved in. Everywhere the roads curve up and down like roller coasters. I saw the bootleg holes surrounding a cemetery. The bootleggers had bored under the graves and a section of the cemetery was impaired. In one place they burrowed under the tracks of the spur of the Pennsylvania into Shenandoah and the line was out of commission for two years.

The whole industry is imperiling the wage standards of the United Mine Workers achieved after so many years of strife and bloodshed. The competition is endangering the position of the industry at a crucial period in its life. And upon this hangs the prosperity, the very life of these communities.

Meantime, as I see it, the practice leads nowhere. It is neither socialism, communism, fascism or capitalism. It solves no problem. Instead it creates many problems. Every consideration of statesmanship demands that a solution be found for it. Up to now politicians, officials, from the governor of Pennsylvania down, have run away from it. Had it been faced at first it might have been dealt with. Now it involves so many persons that the approach is difficult. It will be more difficult later. But the responsible leaders of Pennsylvania must face it now. The situation holds all sorts of possibilities of trouble. The companies may feel called on to attempt some stratagem to drive the miners from their holes. If this is done we may see civil war in the region. Here is a great human and industrial and social problem which calls for attention without delay.

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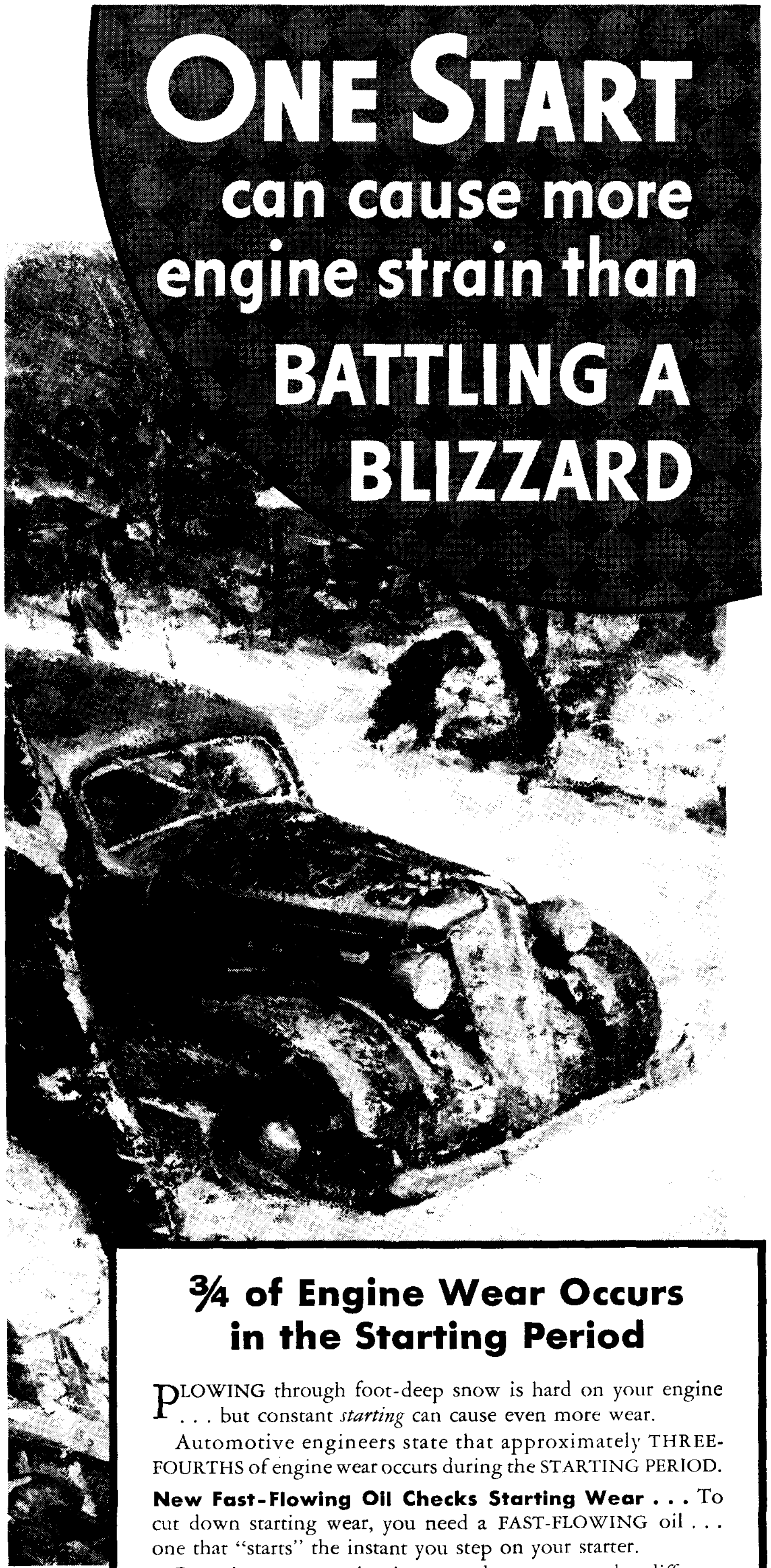

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Whirlpool

Continued from page 15

roar. And Riti's cutter was alongside almost before the Bintang fetched up to her anchor chain. Behind her the runners' boats raced for the vessel's sides, screaming enticements to the foredeck.

The girl swung herself aboard by the dancing pilot ladder just as the master came swaying down from the little bridge. He spotted her at once.

"Riti McKale!" he boomed with breezy heartiness, coming to her with a gay, mincing step. "Bless my soul! Riti McKale."

The girl looked at him steadily, with a quiet air of assurance. Captain Voodray's small blue eyes glowed at sight of her. He was a pale-textured man, with a little black goatee and perpetually pursing lips.

"Where is he?" Riti McKale asked.

Hendrik Voodray smiled blandly. He seemed whiter than ever in his loose-hanging drill uniform against the soiled upper works of his ship. "What you worrying for, Riti?"

"Where is he?"

THE Bintang's master pulled out his lower lip with thumb and forefinger. "In the spare cabin." His eyes were dancing as the girl turned away. He had something very crafty up his sleeve. "Strange he is not on deck; don't you think?" he murmured.

The girl spun round on him instantly. For the first time her calm face came alight with some inner fire, frightening and startling in its suddenness. "What do you mean?"

Captain Voodray shrugged, still smiling. Then he stepped close. His blue eyes glinted coldly. "I will tell you what," he bit off tersely, in an attitude of the greatest secrecy. "Your Cassino is done, finished! All washed up! You understand what I mean, Riti?"

"Yes?"

"Yes."

She smiled. "You're lying."

"Lying?" He closed his hand violently on her forearm. His eyes burned. "Riti, a girl like you, you're no fool. I'm mad for you, Riti. You know that. I tell you Bob Cassino's done! His nerve's gone. This time it was too much for him. You should have seen him when I picked him up, washing around like a lump of mud hanging to a spar in the strait. Served him bloody right, I say! Hanging on to his deck like a fool, getting a bunch of filthy Malays away. Well, all right. But he hasn't showed his nose outside his cabin since. You hear? He's not going ashore here, either. Told me so himself. Shouted it at me through the door. Going on to S'pore. Why? He's scared, that's why; and you know what that means out here. I don't have to tell you, Riti. Listen!"

His voice went on, endlessly gushing, fired with desire and greed. "What's the good of a girl like you, Riti, young, beautiful, hanging on to Bob Cassino now? Let him go on to S'pore. You wait here for me. When I get back in the Bintang we get married. What do you say, Riti? Hey?"

She said nothing. She simply looked at him, and he stood there, panting. There was something on her face that made him wilt. He released her arm slowly.

"Riti, I . . ."

She turned quickly, without a word, and went under the bridge to Captain Cassino's room. Twilight had fallen upon the ship. It was dark in there, except where the open port showed a faint circle of sky through which all the remaining light seemed to drain. The one lamp, turned very low in its bracket, lit up feebly an irregular pattern of smoky bulkhead. Riti pushed aside the rattans. Its rustling disturbed the man who sat slouched at the little bulkhead desk.

"Who's there?" he cried quickly. "Voodray, I told you to keep the devil out of here!"

The girl stopped just within the weatherboard. "Bob!"

His head came up. His face was haggard—you could see that much even in that light—grizzled, his drill trousers and singlet soiled and ragged. But there was no mistaking the arch of his neck, the solid bulge of shoulder muscles, the proud carriage of his head. It was Captain Cassino—the Rajah Putih—sitting there.

"Riti," he said with slow emphasis on her name. She came forward quickly. He stood up, crashing his chair behind him to the deck. He found her hand and clung to it, swallowing it in his fist. "Riti."

"You've had a bad time of it, Bob," she murmured.

He did not look directly at her. "Pretty bad," he admitted tightly. "The brig's gone, Riti."

"Yes; I know. But it doesn't matter, Bob. Not to me. Voodray says you should have let the Malays drown and saved your own skin first."

Captain Cassino snorted. The old fire was in him still. "Yes, he would! He's murdered enough of them. There isn't a tribal chief in all the islands wouldn't love to slit his throat. And one of them'll do it yet some day!"

"He says you've lost your nerve, Bob. He—"

"My nerve?" The large man laughed. "So the wolves are beginning to howl?" he boomed. He let go her hand and stood over her, huge, brown and weathered as old teak. "Riti, the wolves are beginning to howl! How they'd love to cut me down! Well, now's their chance. They've waited long enough!"

She knew what he meant. She had heard the wolf packs howl before.

"I'll tell Voodray, Bob. I'm going along with you to S'pore."

He grinned faintly at the darkening hole of the port. "Ay, Riti. I might have known."

"Yes; you might."

SHE went out. The Bintang's master was waiting for her at the rail, a gleam in his eyes. He suspected the lion's heart was gone. Now was the chance for the kill. And he had first shot. A stroke of fortune for him!

"Well, Riti? What'd I tell you? He's all washed up. Remember what I told you now. What do you say, Riti?"

Ignoring him, she swung herself to the ladder. Hendrik Voodray leaned far over, staring down at her. All she could make out of him was a face with burning eyes, a white face pasty with anxiety.

"Riti," it cried at her again, "what do you say?"

"We're going on to Singapore. Both of us. I'll be back."

He watched her leap lightly into the cutter's stern sheets and saw the flame of phosphorescence in the water as she put the helm hard down. His jaw sagged. He cursed softly in a mixture of Dutch and Malay, thumping the rail with his fist.

Riti McKale was good as her word. She came back. . . . In Gumbo John's they pumped Voodray for all they were worth. But he only winked his eye knowingly to hide his own perplexity.

The mighty Captain Cassino was done, they gathered. The starch was out of him. Maybe one or two of them knew what it meant to have a deck blow heaven-high beneath their feet, and to wallow, half lifeless, for forty-eight blistering hours of agony in a tropical sea. All because he wanted to save a couple of dozen brown seamen from drowning! Some of them laughed at him for that. They could afford to laugh now. He wasn't there with his booming voice and his heavy fist to tell them what he thought of them. They almost expected him to come striding down the quay any time, robust and confident as ever, spilling his laughter about him. But he didn't. Captain Cassino sailed with the Bintang without ever setting foot on shore. Riti McKale, on guard in the passageway to his cabin, saw he wasn't disturbed.

The little steamer poked her bows into the Java Sea one evening toward sunset when the monsoon slept. And Hendrik Voodray, snarling at the serang who tended the wheel, kept mulling it over in his brain. Here, he knew, was the chance of a lifetime. Somewhere along the Java coast, in a river reach no one else had ever found, Captain Cassino had established rich trade with a Malay tribe. And there was the girl, Riti McKale, fit to drive any man in the islands mad. Hendrik Voodray stomped his little bridge as the Bintang swung her masts in the southern stars. He could find no answer to the riddle.

He was still searching for it one early dawn west and north of Bawean when the lookout called four native sail to windward. He growled a change of course to the helm. He held it for almost an hour, his stare glued in fascination across the sea, waiting for the bearing to change. It did not. They were in chase.

Long before noon he knew he was lost. They had the windward position, and the Bintang was no match for fast-sailing Malay praus of war. White-faced, he swung down the ladder and pounded on Captain Cassino's door.

It was Riti McKale who answered: "What do you want?"

"I got to see Cassino! There are four praus—"

"Yes, I know, Voodray. I saw them."

"I tell you, Riti, they're after me. I saw them through the glass. There must be two hundred men in those four sail!" His voice quavered. "They'll be on us long before night. I got to talk to Cassino. He can get us clear. I know he can!"

"You've murdered hundreds of them for what you could steal or squeeze out of them, God knows," Cassino's deep bass rumbled through the teakwood door. "Why shouldn't they want to slit your throat?"

THERE was a moment of silence. Then the door swung back. Voodray stepped into the cabin for the first time in weeks. The deadlight was down against the glaring sun and heat. Riti stood to one side. Captain Cassino sat in a rattan chair, staring fixedly at the desk.

"What do you want?" he asked without looking up.

Voodray's voice gushed out at once. He was thoroughly frightened. There was no mistaking that. "You got to get me out of this, Cassino! You can. You're the only one who can. You—"

"No."

"You know what'll happen if you don't! They'll murder every white man on board . . . and God knows what they'll put me through. They hate me enough for—"

"No!"

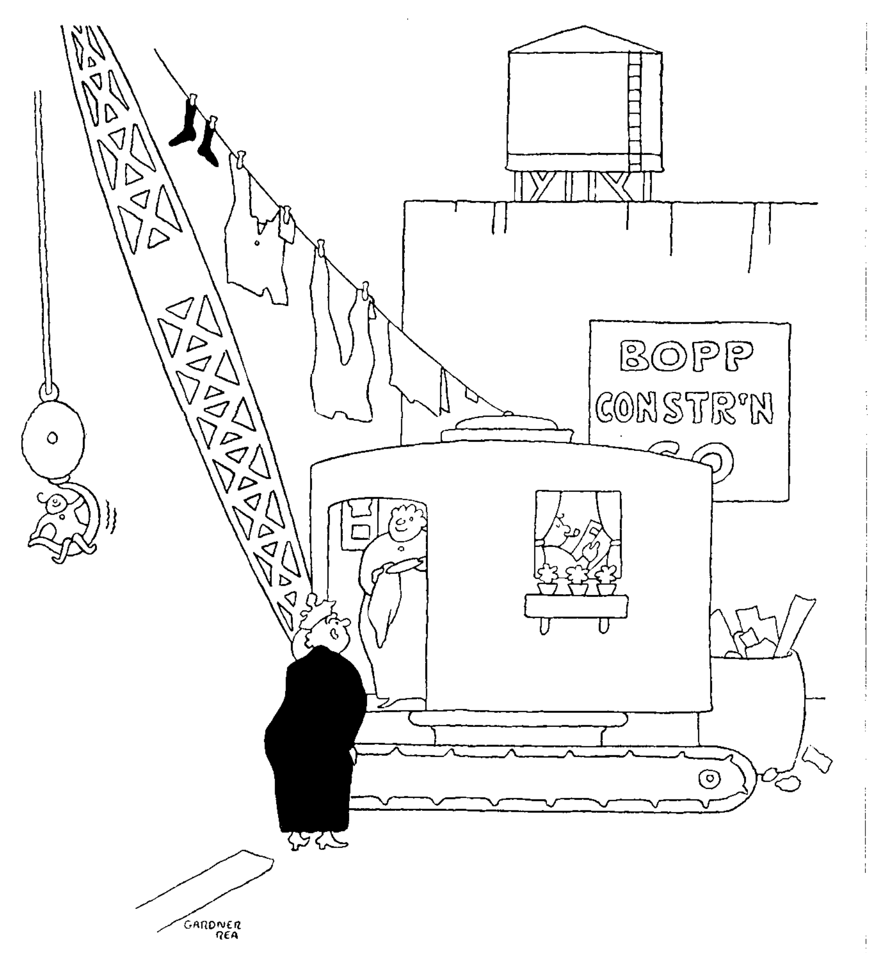
"Show yourself on deck when they come up, Cassino," he pleaded desperately. "Tell them you're in command. That's all you got to do. For God's sake, Cassino—!"

"*No!*" The fingers of Captain Cassino's hand twitched convulsively. His voice went dull. "No. I can't."

"Yellow!" Voodray screamed at him, suddenly beside himself. "By the Lord! you've turned yellow, Cassino!"

He spun for the door. But a thought struck him suddenly, and he whirled about on his heel. "Riti McKale's on board," he said icily. "Maybe you forgot."

(Continued on page 38)



"Mr. Soznick wanted to be near his work"

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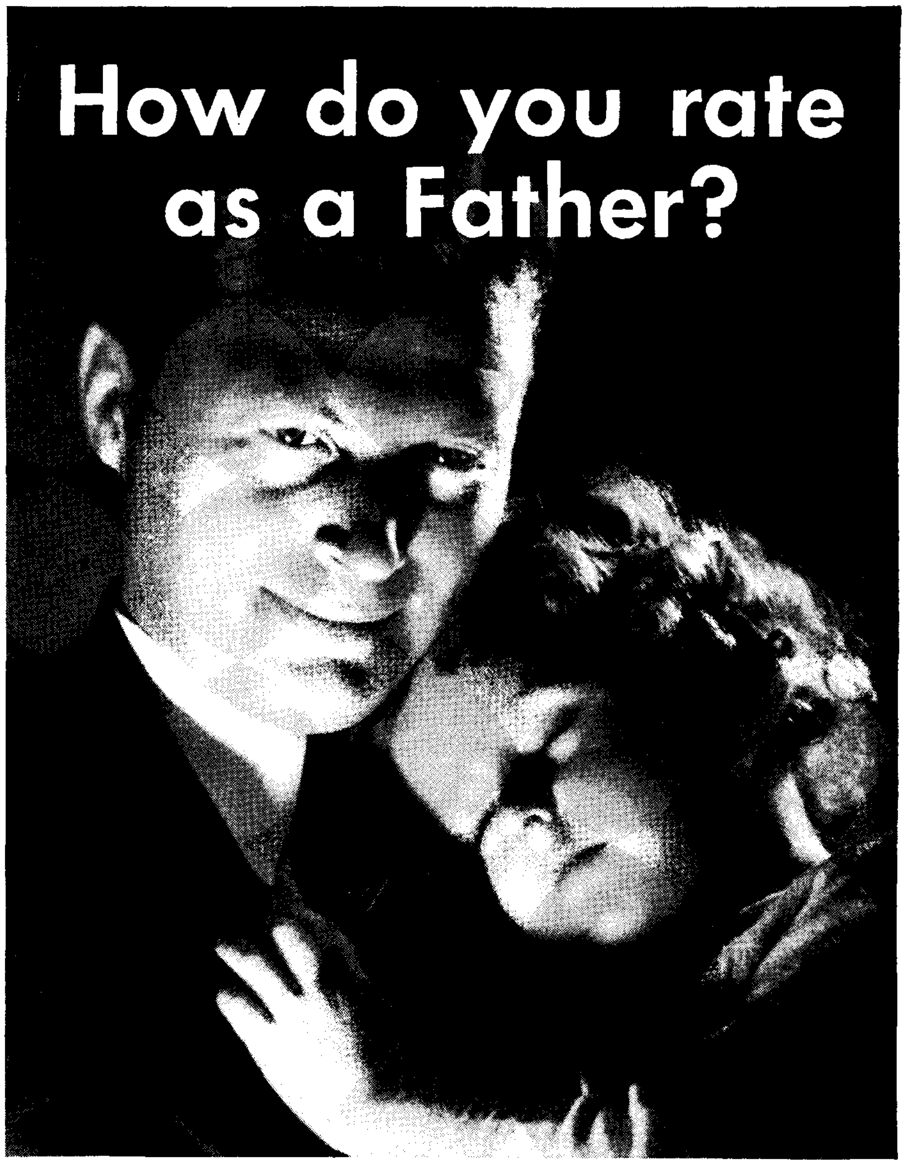
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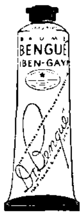

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(Continued from page 37)

Do I have to tell you what happens to her after that horde of savages get enough blood? Do I? You think *that* over!"

Captain Cassino's shoulders twinged. His hand stirred vaguely. "Run for the Karimuns," he said in a dull, flat voice. "Call me when you have Genting over the stern, bearing north by east."

Voodray shot him a piercing look. Riti's eyes went wide. The Bintang's master knew what Captain Cassino meant. That perpetual purse was gone, for once, from his lips. He turned away abruptly and went from the cabin. . . .

It was some time later when Captain Bob Cassino and Riti McKale came on deck together. They went arm in arm, as if on parade. The Bintang's stern gun roared as they climbed the ladder to the bridge.

Cassino did not turn his head. He brushed past Voodray and took his position with his large hands resting on the perilous stand. Riti stood beside him. Captain Cassino's voice was tense.

"Voodray, you keep your mouth shut. Stop that confounded firing! . . . Serang! How does she go?"

"South by east, *tuan*."

"Bring her a quarter east."

"South by east and a quarter east, *tuan*."

Voodray watched him, fascinated. He could see nothing but Cassino's huge back, stooping a little as he peered down, and one side of a wind-browned cheek where the muscles bulged like whipcords. The Java coast appeared out of heat haze, low and jungled, two great peaks disappearing in an upper void. Nearer at hand white water foamed and roared over the outer reefs. The Bintang was reaching straight for the shoals. Cassino stood erect again. Sweat poured from his haggard face.

"Teluk Aut. That point there, Riti: do you make it out? The three palms on it?" His voice was low and hoarse. "How do you make her bearing from the center one?"

Riti checked it. "Hundred fifty-eight degrees, Bob."

"To the south now. That big gray wolf of a rock at the edge of the reef, Riti, the one where the foam curls?"

The girl sighted carefully. "Two-fourteen."

"Steady as she goes!"

VOODRAY looked astern where the praus still clung in pursuit. Then his head shot forward and his eyes bulged. "What are you trying to do to my ship?" he roared. "Don't you see that whirlpool, you mad fool?"

"I am steering for it," Captain Cassino whispered hoarsely. "Riti, can you see it? The whirlpool?"

"Very plain, Bob."

"The ship's head. How is it?"

"Coming to it now. A cable's length . . . half . . . *now!* Her bow's in! She swings!"

"Full ahead! Jangle it!"

Riti tore at the telegraph. Captain Cassino remained motionless. His face was white and drawn and full in the blinding light. The ship shuddered. Her bows, caught in the vortex of the swirling green pool, swung in a swift semicircle. Then, her screw taking hold again, she gathered headway, and the current rushed her along. Startlingly, the headlands opened. A narrow river estuary appeared miraculously between tangled shores of vivid mangroves and black swamp. Voodray watched it unfold, astonishment plain on his face. The whirlpool itself was the key to the barrier reef. And astern of the Bintang the land seemed to close in on them as they passed, blotting out the Java Sea as though it had never existed. In quieter water now, Captain Cassino mopped his face with a trembling hand and found Riti's arm.

"You are safe enough now, Voodray," he said tightly. "You may let your port anchor go and swing to it in ten fathom when you pass a clearing on the starboard shore with two large banyan trees at the bank."

He went down the ladder with the girl. Hendrik Voodray watched them, the courage oozing slowly back in his veins. He grinned to himself, and his lips pursed slyly. He was fully recovered from his fright when he came into the passageway with the ship riding easily to the river's flood. Riti met him there. Hendrik Voodray grinned more broadly now.

"So this is where he gets his rich cargoes, hey?" he murmured blandly.

"Yes, this is it," the girl replied coldly. "But I don't think you'd ever have the nerve to come in on your own."

Voodray leaned with large confidence against the bulkhead. "I could do it easy, though, Riti, with your help. Even Bob Cassino needed you up there. He can't fool me. It's plain as day. He's turned yellow. Why'd he bring me in here and give away the secret just to get you away from them savages? Why? He's never run from Malays before. He used to walk right in amongst them. Unarmed, too, so everybody swears. And make them listen to his palaver. Why didn't he do it now? I'll tell you why, Riti! Because he ain't up to it any more. Did you see the sweat runnin' off him up there? He's scared of them! Scared to death!" He leaned forward, tense with sudden eagerness. "You're too smart a girl, Riti, to hang on to a fellah like that. You and me can have the islands by the hair now. Bob Cassino's finished! He ain't never coming back from S'pore. I know. He's running out. You can't fool me! What do you say, Riti?"

She looked at him. There was a hard, bright glint in her eyes. She looked at him till he wondered if she would ever speak. She did, at last, in a voice he had never heard before.

"Maybe you'd like to know, Voodray, why he couldn't face the Malays. I'll tell you. When he hung onto the deck of the brig getting his Kanakas safely off in the boats, something happened. Either during the explosions or while he was washing around the ocean. Three hours after you fished him aboard, he found he couldn't see. He can just make out light and shadow. *He's blind!* But he brought the Bintang in here. For my sake; not yours." She turned away abruptly. "He did it on course and distance and memory . . . and nerve."

SHE was gone. Voodray's fists opened and closed spasmodically. He was staring at the bulkhead blankly. He found he couldn't move. But on the other side of the teakwood door Riti McKale put her hands on Captain Cassino's shoulders, her face alight. He reached up and touched her, saying nothing. That bearded pearl-shell dealer in Gumbo John's was right. They thought an uncommon heap of each other. They didn't have to speak. Shadows ranged the deck. Cassino couldn't see them, but he knew that smell pouring upon the ship, rich and heavy, of earth and muddy water and jungle mold.

"There's just one thing Captain Voodray can do for us, Bob," she murmured at length. "He doesn't know it yet, but once we get out of here and into the Java Sea again, he's going to marry us."

Captain Cassino shook his head. "No, Riti. I don't think this blindness is permanent. It's happened before to men out here. The gas and flame on the brig . . . the sun and the sea, burning like fire in your eyes. I'll be all right again . . . maybe . . . but you can't be sure till we get to a surgeon in Singapore."

Riti McKale smiled oddly. Her voice was firm. "That's why Captain Voodray is going to marry us, Bob, *before* we get to S'pore."

"Ask her if she's got a friend"

NED HILTON

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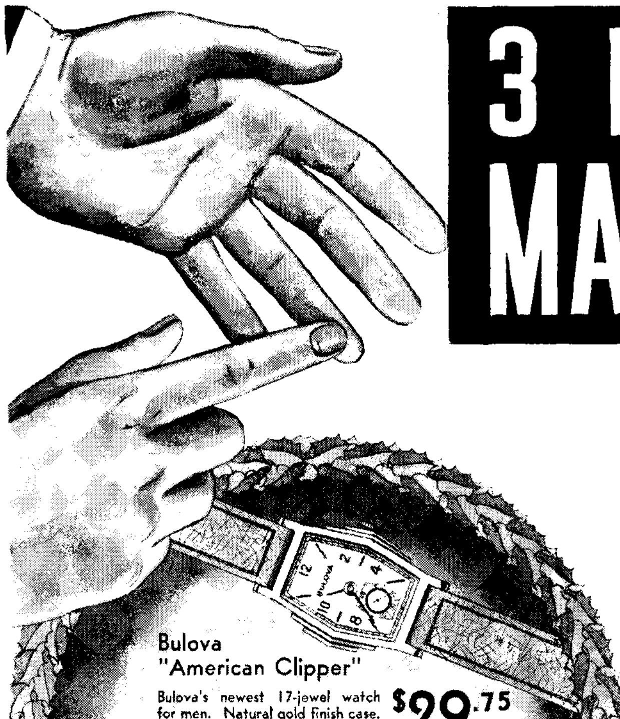

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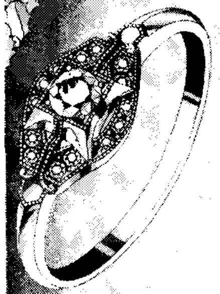

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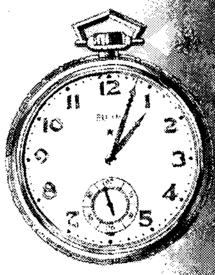

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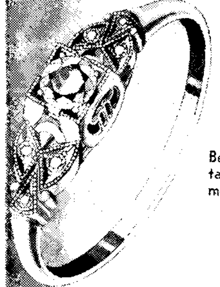

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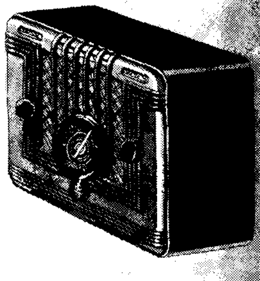

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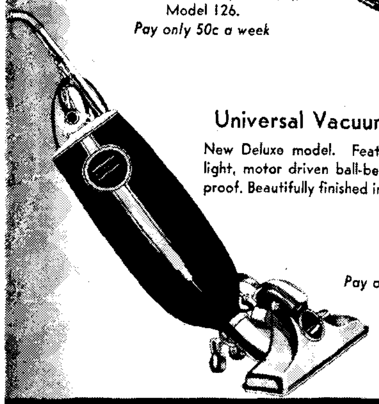

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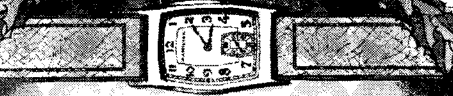

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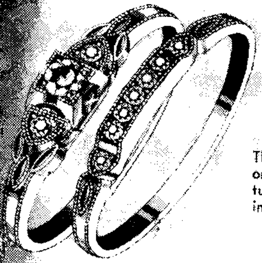

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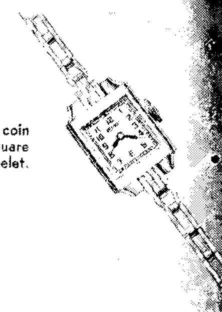

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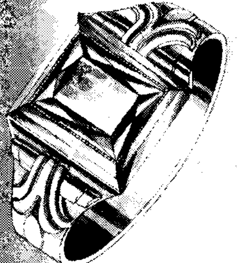

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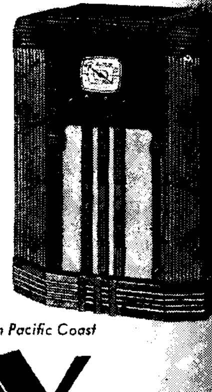

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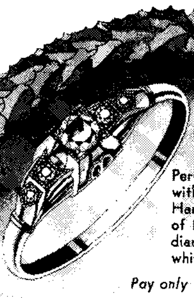

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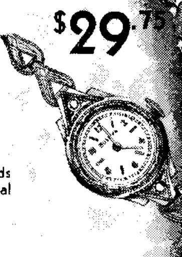

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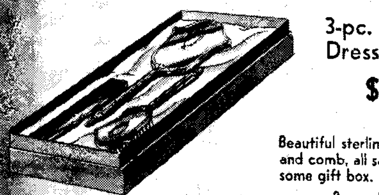

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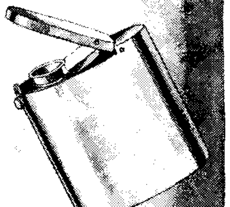

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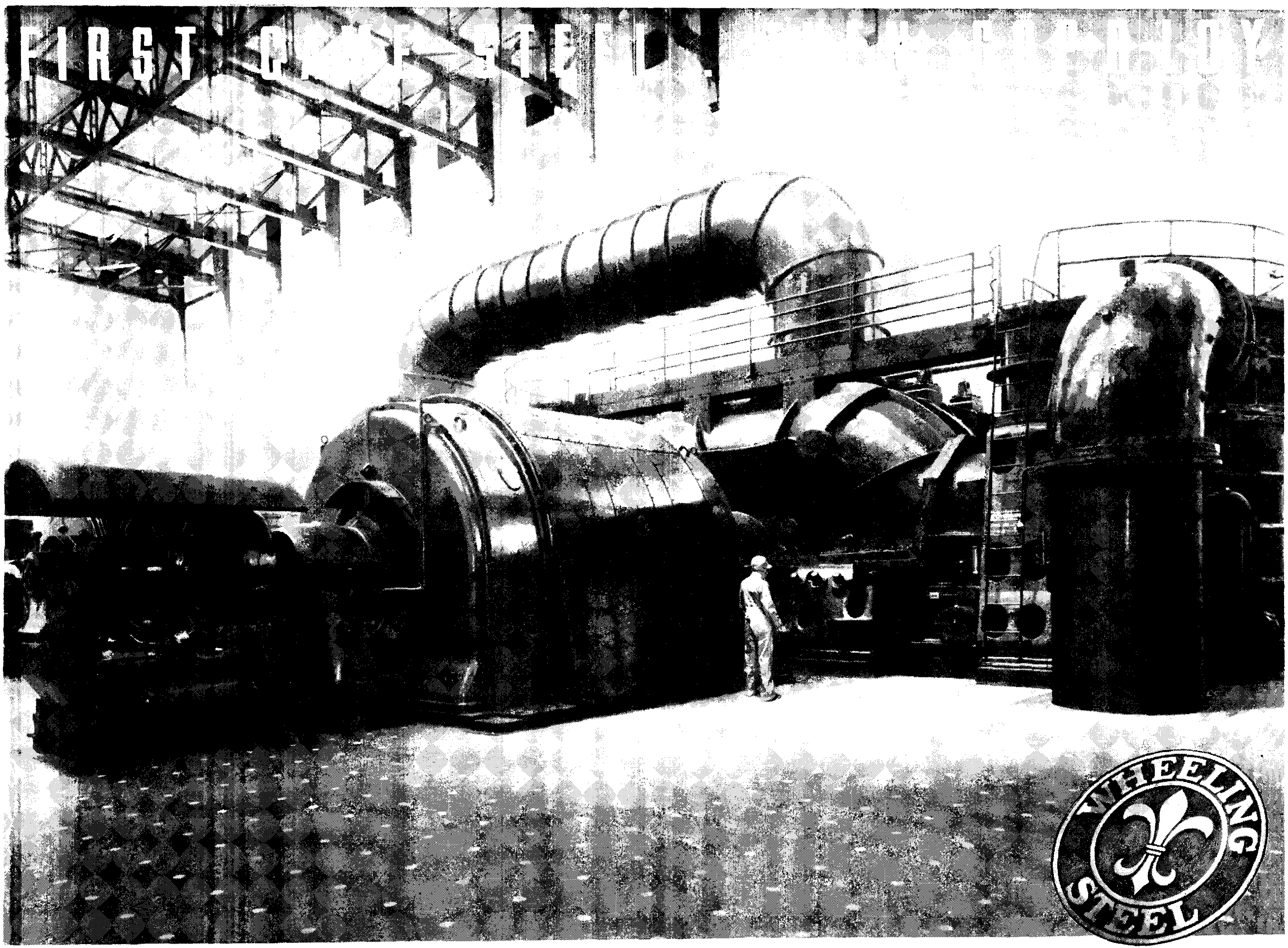

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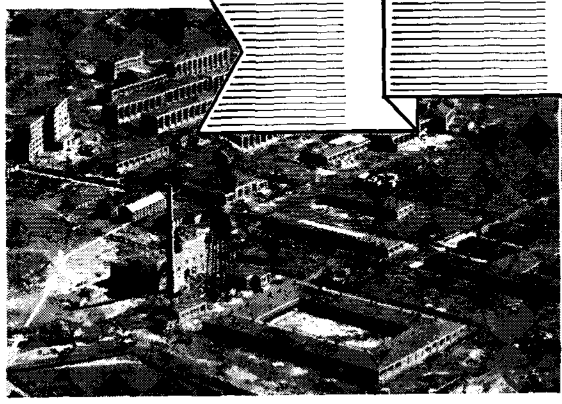

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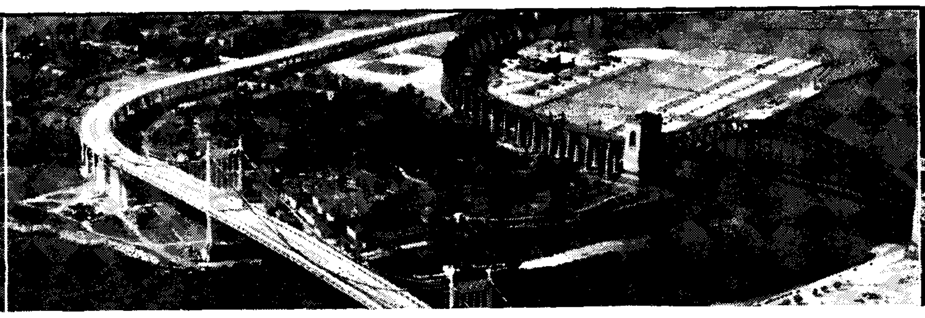

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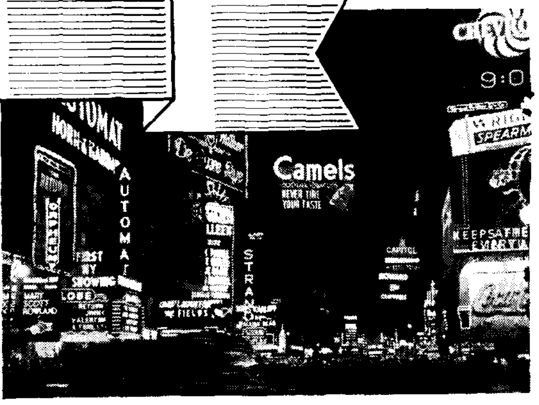

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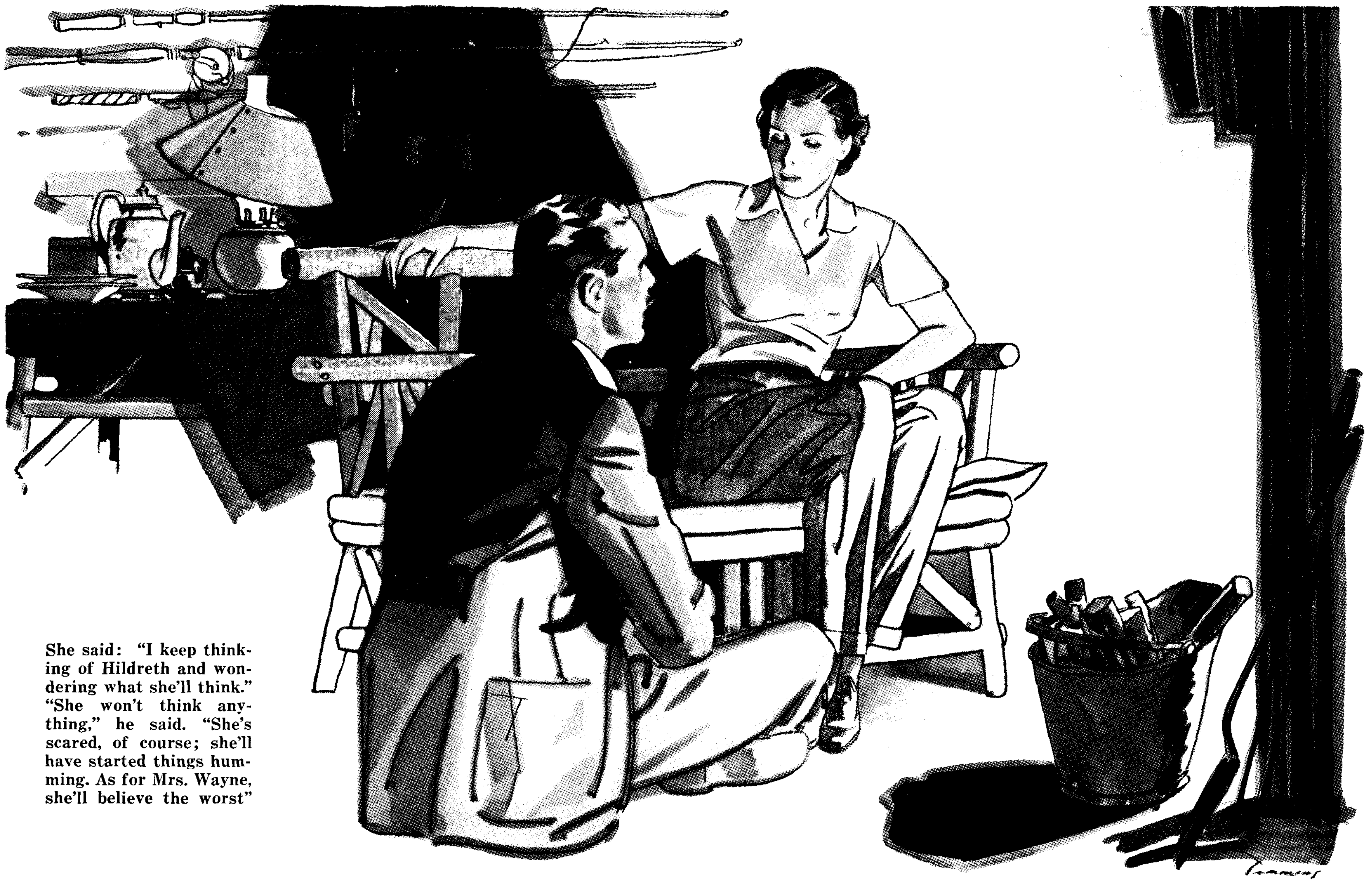

She said: "I keep thinking of Hildreth and wondering what she'll think." "She won't think anything," he said. "She's scared, of course; she'll have started things humming. As for Mrs. Wayne, she'll believe the worst"

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

GAIL WILLIAMS, noted girl flyer from the Middle West, and Peter Harris, forty-year-old aircraft manufacturer, meet at a party given by Peter and his wife, Hildreth, to announce the engagement of their daughter, Dolly, to Gail's cousin, George Crosley. Drawn together by their passionate interest in aviation—an interest which Hildreth Harris does not share—they see much of each other. It is not, however, until after Dolly's marriage that they finally admit to each other that a serious problem confronts them: They are in love.

Peter Harris adores Gail. But the thought of divorcing his wife, with whom he has spent many happy years, is repugnant to him; he does not wish to hurt Hildreth. So, like many another man in a similar predicament, he does nothing; somehow, he believes, the future will take care of itself.

Gail is not content to drift along and wait. Once—when, with Peter as a passenger, she is piloting her plane high over Long Island—she turns and says: "Let's not land—*ever!*" Then, seized by a sudden perverse impulse, she sends the ship into a mad dive; but, as they approach the earth, Peter seizes the controls, averts a tragedy.

Like Peter, Gail's father has made a fortune manufacturing airplanes. With an extremely young second wife, he has gone to Europe for a honeymoon. And he has not returned when Bill Jones gives Gail another problem to solve. Bill Jones (whom Gail has met by chance, and who is very much in love with her) is young, audacious, clever. Working for a radio broadcasting company, he has evolved a remarkable device which, capable of bending radio waves, may some day make him wealthy. He shows it to Gail, together with his plans for perfecting it; Gail realizes instantly that it will be worth millions, perhaps, to her father.

But she does not send Bill Jones to her father; she advises him to offer his idea to *Peter Harris!* A few days later, Bill calls on her at her apartment. He rings again and again. Finally, Gail answers the door. As Bill enters, Peter Harris leaves. Bill is in a bad mood. "Why didn't you let me in, Gail?" he asks. "Because you wanted to be alone with Harris?"

V

GAIL caught her breath. She asked, spacing her words, giving them the sharp, cold sting of hail:

"Have you gone out of your mind?"

She twisted her hands from his clasp, turned, took a towel from the rack, picked up a water glass. The glass slipped from her hand, shattered on the bright square of linoleum. She looked down at it, unhappy as a child, and her mouth quivered as if in sorrow over the trivial mishap.

Bill said uncomfortably:

"I don't know. . . . I wish I did. . . . But the way he walked out—"

She inquired, "Is there any other way to walk out?" She went to a minute closet and produced a dustpan with a long handle and a broom. Bill said, eagerly, "Here, let me do that."

"No, thank you," Gail told him. Her heart was pounding and she felt vaguely ill. She kept thinking childishly, "It isn't fair of Peter, it isn't *fair.*"

What she meant was that it was not fair that he could expose her to this sort of thing, smirched, dimly ugly, like the slimy trail left by the sluggish path of a garden snail. How much better, she thought in her vital, incautious youth, to come out with the truth, to brave scandal, to face down innuendo, to be able to say, "Yes, we love each other, of course we want to be alone!"

Only Hildreth could make truth possible, but Hildreth's hands were tied unless Peter went with his reasonable demand to her. And he would not.

She said, "I don't feel like the movies. . . . I think we'd better call it all off, Bill."

The last glittering piece went into the dustpan. Bill took pan and broom from her, disposed of them competently, came back and swung himself to the edge of the kitchen table.

"Sore, aren't you?"

She said, "No, I'm not sore. You have a right to interpret things as you please, I suppose."

Bill flushed. "I'm sorry, Gail," he said.

She smiled, reluctantly. "Well, I'll think it over," she said.

On their way to the motion-picture house she said, hesitantly, "As a matter of fact, I did have a reason for seeing Peter Harris alone."

"Skip it," he told her, "thought that was all washed up."

"No . . . listen. About the beam . . . I had no opportunity at the wedding."

"Gee," said Bill, "that was swell of you, Gail."

SHE was, she told herself, entirely despicable. Love, which should have made her free and honest and finer than any woman knew how to be, was making her exhibit the direct opposites of these virtues; she was incarcerated in the narrowest of cells; she was a liar and a cheat.

Bill said, "Look, couldn't we get together with him about it—? I'd like to have you there, Gail." He grinned at her lopsidedly, "I still feel a little dazed," he informed her; "I need you to back me up."

She said, because she had to, "Of course; I'll arrange it as soon as possible."

"You know I don't know the first thing about aviation except where it hooks onto radio," he told her.

"You should arrange to spend some time at the plant," she suggested.

"I know. Gail, sure I'm forgiven?"

"Of course." She smiled at him. "I'd forgotten that most men were so conventional," she said.

"Thanks; that's one to the button. Tell me about the wedding."

(Continued on page 46)

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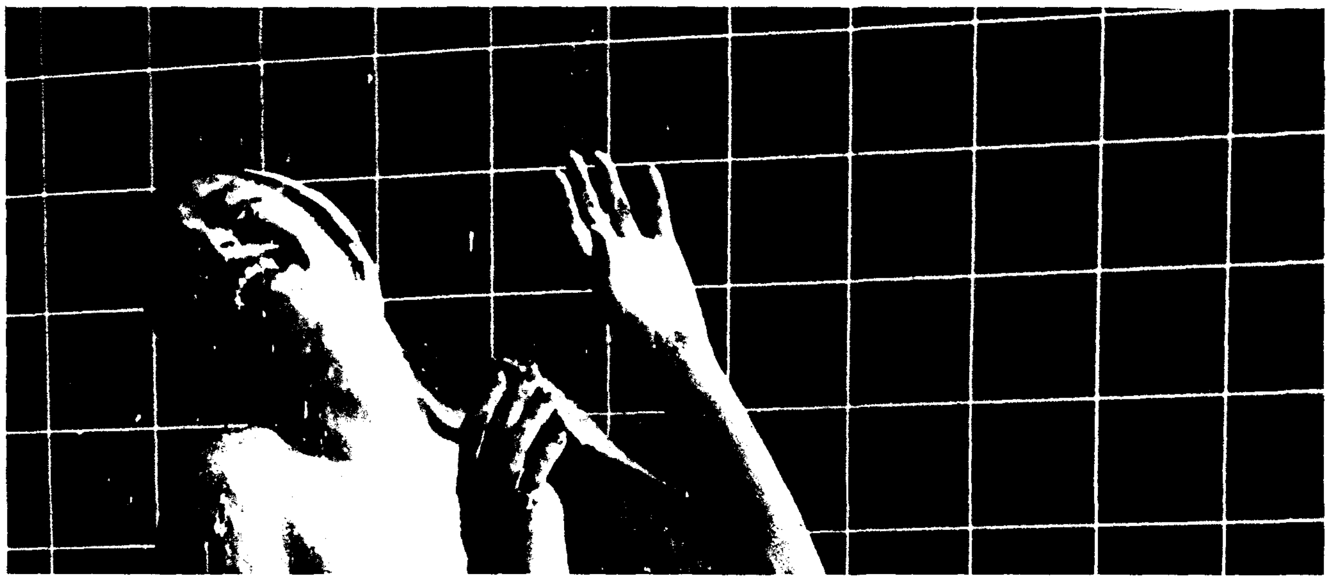

BEAUTY in the Bath

By

Dorothy Ducas and Elizabeth Gordon

Whatever else we do or don't have in our homes, up-to-the-minute bathrooms are a necessity and a luxury we won't go without. Preferably plural and the more the better. Here are the newest wrinkles and the latest ways to build and beautify America's favorite room

A YOUNG matron who lives in the suburbs recently fell heir to a legacy of four hundred and fifty dollars. While not a great windfall, the money was a surprise—and just the right amount with which to buy something she had been coveting hopelessly for ages. So she satisfied her most secret yen for luxury and spent the legacy on bathrooms. She vows she hasn't been sorry.

With her four hundred and fifty dollars this young woman installed not one but *two* up-to-date, gleaming bathrooms in her suburban home, each of which would have cost three hundred dollars bought separately. For, backing on the same wall and piped together, two bathrooms come cheaper than one followed later by another—and breathes there the American soul so dead it dreams not of plural bathrooms?

More and more people in this era of growing consciousness about homes are adding bathrooms to their houses, moving to new houses because of bathrooms.

We may be cutting down on dining rooms because architects have proved they are only used a fraction of every day, but we are multiplying our bathrooms, used just as infrequently, because we are unwilling to reconcile ourselves to inconvenience in the performance of the daily tasks which bring us next to godliness. As a result, bathroom-making has become such a national industry that thousands of bathroom fixtures a day are being stamped out.

You can spend as little as one hundred and fifty dollars for a whole new chamber of cleanliness, or as much as fifty thousand dollars if you would have sunken tub, special floors, mirrored walls with delicate designs sandblasted on them. The decoration is what mounts high, not the fixtures themselves. The average bathroom costs about three hundred dollars. A general rule for figuring is to pick out your fixtures, then figure again as much for labor and piping, if your house is already connected with a sewage system. If you must put in connections, it will cost about one and a half times the price of the fixtures for installation. But the more expensive your fixtures, the less in proportion for labor. That stays about the same—equal to the amount of average fixtures.

The shower is the real darling of the bathroom family. Few home owners install bathrooms today without one. It may be the attached sort, over the tub, costing from $18 up. It may be a prefabricated shower stall of metal covered with porcelain enamel, which ranges in price from $50 to $170. It may be a custom-made stall with three tiled walls and a plate-glass door, or walls of glass bricks with a frosted glass sliding panel—you can pay anything at all for these. William Powell has two shower stalls in his private bathroom, one of eight bathrooms in his Beverly Hills home: one's a needle spray and the other a steam shower. But these variations in price come from the cost of stall walls and door, not the fixtures themselves. There are only three kinds of shower heads: the raindrop sort, the needle spray, and the self-cleaning needle and rain combined; but these three types can be dressed up with extra mixing valves, adjustable joints and all kinds of comfort-producing gadgets.

It's easy to see why showering has become the national indoor sport. So much has been done in such a short space

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Wine is a temperamental beverage. Some kinds improve on long ocean voyages. Other kinds become "sick" on trains and ships and require months of rest to recover their tranquillity. Others sometimes have temporary "sick spells," the cause of which baffles even expert wine doctors.

The average man with a normal heart still appears sober when his blood contains .1 per cent of alcohol. He is still fairly well in control of his faculties when the percentage has been increased to .25. But between .25 per cent and .4 per cent he becomes unconscious and between .7 per cent and 1 per cent he dies.—*By Bob Blake, Chicago, Illinois.*

Many tricks are used in India in preparing an elephant for sale. Body scars caused by an ill-fitting *howdah* are hidden by dyes, defects in his head and face are covered by fancy chalk designs, cracks in his feet are filled with putty and even missing toes are glued on, to make five on each fore foot and four on each hind foot, as this normal number is an important factor in the animal's appearance and, therefore, his price.

One of the most unusual organizations in this country is the Correspondence Chess Club of America, whose hundreds of members play chess with one another through the mail. Some have not yet met their opponents, although they have played with them since the club was founded twenty-seven years ago. One member in California has had as many as 600 games going on at one time.—*By John H. Schnell, Columbus, Georgia.*

Newly-fallen snow is much whiter than the whitest paper that can be made.—*By Ruth Conly, Atlantic, Massachusetts.*

Gasoline can be removed from water by pouring the mixture into a 200-mesh sieve. Owing to the difference in surface tension, the gasoline passes through while the water is retained.—*By C. A. March, Detroit, Michigan.*

The medical fees of general practitioners in England are usually based on four factors: Rent on the home visited, mileage traveled, time expended on the call and whether the patient is a servant or a member of the family. Incidentally, home calls cost no more than office visits or letters of advice.

Because it would be impossible for them to attend every reception, ball and dinner given by the numerous embassies and legations in Washington each season, United States Presidents and their wives have, for many years, diplomatically declined all such invitations.

In Malaya a supernatural vision is attached to the little lemur, or monkeylike animal, called the slow loris. During the day this nocturnal creature frequently has to protect his large, hypersensitive eyes, for a few minutes at a time, by covering them with his hands. Consequently the natives think he is constantly seeing ghosts.

●

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of time to pamper the tastes and protect the skin of the showerer! Those hardy Americans who remember back to the days when Father threw a bucket of water over their heads as they stood in a wooden tub in the kitchen may well snort with disdain as they read of mixing valves that help regulate the temperature of shower water at the mere twist of a handle, and others that control all the water in the house by a thermostat.

Yet for all this refinement, showers and tubs remain recognizable showers and tubs. It's the lavatory that has grown to resemble other things, changing more rapidly than any other fixture, until it looks more like a dressing table now than the old-time washbowl. New bathrooms, even the humblest, seldom offer you washing space which is just a basin with two faucets. The space you wash in, instead of being round, may be more elliptical or, very new, a half-circle with the straight edge at the front, to give you more elbowroom. A raised, flat shelf has sprouted at the back, to hold your bottles, boxes and powder jars. A shiny chromium rack for towels is attached at one side. The lavatory may stand on legs, with knee space in the center. You can sit down in front of it; there is even one variety which *is* an actual vanity, with a mirror at the back and storage space at one side. Thus the feminine user can apply her cosmetics expertly and easily, hard by the running water. Believe it or not, an ingenious manufacturer has made a lavatory, tub and shower *in one,* with the end of the tub tucking under the lavatory; it will fit in a five-by-seven-foot space, ideal for transforming that space under the stairs into a fully equipped guest-room bath.

Tubes of Light

It is new wrinkles like these that make home owners happy. But adding the decorative touches is fun, too. Tasteful decoration is primarily a matter of not going berserk on color. White fixtures are always cheaper than tinted ones, which may account for the fact there are more of them sold than all the other tones put together. Next in popularity is ivory, which has outstripped pale green, for years the most sought-after shade. George Sakier, who probably has designed more bathrooms than anybody else in the business, says when in doubt choose a neutral color for your fixtures. Tastes in color change so quickly they had best be indulged with shower curtains, rugs, curtains and trimmings. Sakier has recently turned out a prefabricated bathroom, however, made of metal panels to which the fixtures are attached. The panels are painted white, green or autumn brown, but they will take any color lacquer at all.

The walls and floors of a bathroom can do much to set off the fixtures themselves. Plaster walls, painted with enamel or covered with waterproof paper, and wooden floors with bathroom rugs are the cheapest way to finish the bathroom. It's half again as much for tile board, which adds a glazed surface, but the carpenter who puts it up can make or break your bathroom, for everything depends on the way the joinings are made. If they are not tight, water will seep in between and then there is trouble not only in the bathroom but in the room below.

While tiled walls to the ceiling around the tub and shower and above the spatter line around the rest of the room are the most popular way to decorate a bathroom, the young vogue for linoleum is interesting. Walls covered with linoleum from top to bottom are waterproof. The floor can match the walls or, with the same material, offer striking contrast, just as tiled floors do with tiled walls.

Glass is a perfect material for a room which is apt to be steamy. Its cost is about twice that of a good quality tile. A moderate-priced bathroom might use it as a panel behind the tub or for the walls for a stall shower. Here as elsewhere ingenuity and taste lump larger than expense in making a success of the new bathroom.

Seeing is mighty important in a bathroom. That's why lighting there has changed so radically in the last decade. Time was when you put a shade on a bulb over the medicine cabinet and trusted to luck that the man of the household did not commit self-inflicted homicide while shaving. Now, unless you have indirect lighting, you can't claim actual modernity. Tubular lights, from two glowing bars on either side of the mirror or from one wide band across the top, are the approved way of shedding light on the subject. If there is a ceiling light, turn it upward so it will bounce back from the whiteness of the ceiling and not throw shadows under your eyes or make a streak of dark below your chin.

Well Worth the Expense

Try to decide, if you can, how many bathrooms you will be likely to have when your dearest dreams come true. Reason: you should buy piping big enough to handle all of them, so you won't have to replace any pipe later on. Check up, too, on the cost of a permit for hitching up with your municipal sewage system. In New York City it is eighty-one dollars, an item which must be figured when adding your first bathroom.

You can heat your water by coal, electricity, oil or gas; the one requirement is that it be heated all the time. We are imperious about hot water, as European innkeepers know. We may bathe only once a day but we want our water hot all twenty-four hours. This can only be done by a thermostatically controlled heater, of which there are all sorts. It won't pay to have a profusion of bathrooms without such a heater. And, if the water is too hard for lathering, get a water softener, of which there is a wide variety costing anywhere from $7.50 to $350 and more, the cheap ones to fasten on the faucet, the expensive ones handling the water as it comes from the storage tank.

Oh, it can be an expensive process, this perfect bathroom comfort, but for most of us it's well worth whatever we spend. There are no limits to which we can go: electric hair driers, dental lavatories like those in Pullman trains, razor disposal slots, built-in ash trays, sun-ray lamps that fold into the walls and cots for lounging that do the same, tubs with corrugated bottoms so we can't slip, rubber pillows attaching to tubs with suction pads so we can rest—these are just a few of the refinements to which we all aspire.

The day when everyone can indulge his whims in bathrooms is not far off. Already what was once within reach only of the wealthy is available to anyone with three hundred dollars to spend. Bathrooms which give us an illusion of grandeur, bathrooms which make us feel more fortunate than our friends, bathrooms which express our personalities, have become a standard by which Americans have come to judge each other. In fact, our bathrooms in the last few years show the beneficial effects of our having adopted still another way of keeping up with the Joneses.

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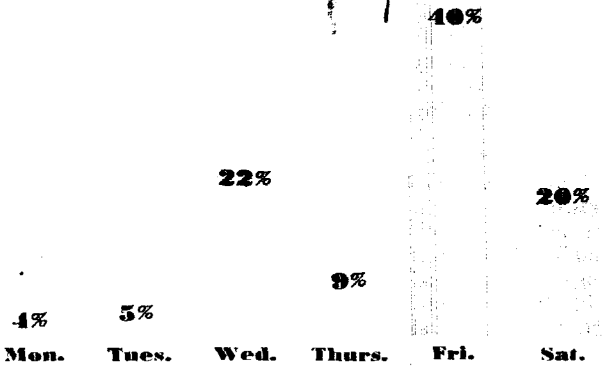

Sixty per cent of the national weekly income is received each Friday and Saturday. These two days also account for forty to sixty-five per cent of America's weekly retail volume. No wonder Collier's . . . issued on Friday . . . has such impact!

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The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 41

Early the next morning Peter called her.

"Where are you?" she asked guardedly.

"On my way to town. In a drugstore. Can we lunch?"

She had an engagement. It didn't matter. She said, "Of course. When and where?"

Over the table in the small restaurant—it was beginning to become obvious to her that they were meeting, as a matter of course, in the more obscure places—he asked, looking at her with the devouring eyes of a lover:

"Did Bill say anything? I thought he looked—a lot."

"No," she said serenely, "he didn't. Except that he hoped you'd make an appointment with him soon. *He* wants me along," she added carelessly.

"He's a wise boy. . . . If I had room for jealousy. . . . At the moment I haven't . . . but when I leave you I think—a number of things. Every man you meet becomes a threat. But naturally I'd feel like that," he said.

It was pleasant hearing. She said:

"I wouldn't worry if I were you," and looked at him.

"Gail," he said, low, "when you look at me like that—"

She said hurriedly, "I won't then. About Bill, can you make a luncheon date?"

THE three of them lunched toward the end of the week, in a place not in the least obscure but fashionable in the extreme. Afterward they went back to Bill's apartment and for the rest of the free time allotted him he drew diagrams, exhibited models, played with gadgets and talked and talked, his hair disheveled, his eyes shining. Peter listened, catching enthusiasm, taking fire. He said:

"There's no doubt of it, you've hit on something . . . people have been working along these lines for some time, you know, but it looks to me as if you were a jump ahead of them."

"Thanks to Gail," acknowledged Bill. "I didn't know. I'm that dumb. I don't know anything about planes. Scared to death of them, if you must know the truth. Gail's after me to go down to the island with her and then up. The up part isn't so hot. Not that I don't trust her," he added hastily, "but I've one of those temperamental stomachs. Never could stand even roller coasters and fast elevators. Don't like heights."

Peter said, smiling, "You'll get over it. . . . Look, when you can scrape some free time together come out and look over the plant and get acquainted with ships and the way they're made. It may not be helpful at all, but I think it might be."

"Swell," said Bill heartily. "I'll be down that way a lot this summer . . . bringing the glad music of hot-weather bands direct from crowded roadhouses into the lives of apartment dwellers. Nights, of course. But now and then I can take some time off during the afternoons."

"We'll give you," promised Peter, "the freedom of the city." He looked at Gail. "By the way," he said carelessly, "Hildreth wanted me to be sure to tell you that any week end you were free she'd love to have you down."

"That's sweet of her," said Gail, with stiff lips, "and of course I'd like to come."

THAT was, all in all, a very curious summer. Hildreth was, for her, exceptionally persistent. When she came to town she took pains to look Gail up; she telephoned her, during a hot spell. "What's the idea of mewing yourself up in town?" she inquired. "Pack a bag, Peter will call for you, he's in the city. . . ."

No one knew that better than Gail. Riding down with him, she said, "It makes me feel—I can't tell you *how* it makes me feel. She's so friendly and kind. It isn't fair to either of us, Peter. . . . If you'd tell her, let me break away, once and for all, I'd feel cleaner."

He said uneasily, "Gail, I can't. Not now. She's grieving over Dolly. She hasn't said so, but I know. She misses her so much. Hildreth isn't demonstrative but her roots go deep. It would be sheer murder to tell her now. . . . If you *think* it isn't as hard on me," he burst out, "harder . . ."

She said angrily:

"What about me? You belong to her . . ."

"No. To you—"

"That's not so. You leave me, go home to her. . . . Sometimes I can't endure it."

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She couldn't. Going upstairs alone after he had left her on the steps of the apartment, on the evenings they managed together, hearing the car pull away, headed for the Island, taking him home to Hildreth.

He said nothing for a minute, his eyes on the road. He thought, You can't make her understand; all the pattern that went into the background, the early years, the roots, the ties. . . . She's so terribly young. For the first time in a long while he thought of Gail as young and of himself as so much older, another generation, another viewpoint, another set of conditions.

Gail had grown to hate the Long Island place. She asked herself angrily why she did not refuse Hildreth's invitations. Sometimes she did. She went for a week to her godmother in Newport, bored by what she called Toryism, sitting, smiling and restless and entirely beautiful, through Old Guard dinners, lying on fashionable beaches satisfactorily surrounded by young men and hopelessly bored. Yes, she refused Hildreth as often as she could without being rude, but there always came a time when she accepted weakly, generally after she hadn't seen Peter for a few days and was starved for a sight of him, for the little she could claim of him during her visit.

Then Peter had a sharp attack of influenza and Gail had to learn it at secondhand and could do nothing about it, beyond writing him a casual note which anyone might read, and sending him a batch of books. When he was well again the doctors ordered him south and Hildreth, canceling innumerable engagements, went with him.

THEN the invitation came from her godmother to go with her to Palm Beach. "I simply can't understand you, Gail; what do you do with yourself all the time?" Mrs. Wayne asked, annoyed. "Why doesn't that father of yours come home? And you don't look well, you've lost weight—your bones show. You must come south with me, if only for a fortnight." Gail accepted. It had been taken out of her hands; it wasn't, she reflected, her fault. And she'd be near Peter.

They went, by air, to Mrs. Wayne's delightful house at Palm Beach. The Harrises were not there. They were forty miles north at a fishing camp where it was quiet, where there need be no dressing and fussing, where Hildreth sat on the beach, shading her delicate skin from the sun, and Peter, in bathing trunks, sprawled beside her, soaking in the light, turning a deep even brown.

THEY were, they found, comfortable together. They talked of trivial things, took Peter's convalescence seriously, yawned a lot, went early to bed. They wrote dutifully to Dolly. She had come to town in the autumn, gay, happy, delighted to see them but cutting her visit short when she found that George would not remain with her. And she had pledged her mother to silence concerning her secret: She was going to have a baby.

"Please don't tell Speed till you have to, Mother."

"But, Dolly, why? He has a right to know. He'll be furious."

Dolly said, unconscious of how deeply she wounded:

"I know him better than you do. He'll hate it. He'll go around saying, 'I'm going to be a grandfather!' He'll acquire a stoop and white hair and take to sitting in club windows. Besides, he'll worry so dreadfully. Men can't take natural things as a matter of course. If he pops out to Chicago very often during the winter, naturally I won't be able to keep it from him. But if he doesn't . . . let's wait. Please . . . promise?"

Against her better judgment, Hildreth promised.

It was now February. Hildreth, glancing over a New York paper, said, looking at her husband, "Why—Gail and Mrs. Wayne are at Palm Beach. . . . Did you have any idea—?"

Peter, across from her in the sunny, salty dining room, overlooking sand and palms and water, replied, "Of course not," so astonished, so suddenly irritable, that her heart sank. He had not known. Gail did not write. She could not write him during this absence as both knew very well.

Hildreth said, her delphinium-blue regard steady, "As you're so much better—we might drive over and see them before we leave. . . ."

He inquired, "Why should we?" and lit a cigarette halfway through his meal. He was looking very well, thinner, firmer, browner, his hazel eyes clear. Now he was frowning, as a boy frowns confronted with an unpleasant decision.

That day they went out fishing, were successful and, returning, cooked their catch on the stones of an oven built on the beach. The guides built the fires, cleaned the fish and retired to eat their luncheon.

"You're not hungry?" asked Hildreth, observing his almost untouched plate.

HE PUSHED it from him. He had been thinking, not for the first time—away from Gail. . . . He missed her; he wanted her; he was only half himself without her. But things couldn't go on. This excitement and stimulus upon which he had learned to depend couldn't last. It would have to die of itself, for lack of fuel. If he were near her, he'd have to see her, and seeing her would only aggravate the situation. If he ran away—?

"Hildreth," he asked, "have you ever reconsidered the South American proposition?"

She looked at him a moment, uncomprehending.

"Why, no," she said, "I hadn't. I thought it was settled when we came back last winter. . . . I thought it an impulse on your part. . . ."

He said, "I'm sick of things as they are. The plant runs on oiled wheels. Hacker can manage things as well as I. Gerry could for that matter. But I'd want Gerry with me. Look, Hildreth, it would be fun, it would be exciting, a tough battle. We could make a home for ourselves down there for a year, two years, three, however long it would take. There'd be all sorts of political complications . . . there'd be the satisfaction of building something. You'd grow to love it. I was thinking of a place near Rio . . . it's a gorgeous city, you'd have your own house, servants, there's an American and English colony. . . . You'd become attached to it, most people grow so attached that they wouldn't live anywhere else in the world."

He thought briefly of McKenzie. That incalculable gentleman wrote him often and fully. There had been delays. Bad seasons. Bad flying weather. But the plans were coming along. Meantime he needed a little more money . . . if Peter could see his way to it.

She said, reasonably:

"I don't see why you're so set on this, Peter. Surely we talked this all out? I have my own life here, it contents me, and I'm too old and unelastic to be up-

(Continued on page 48)

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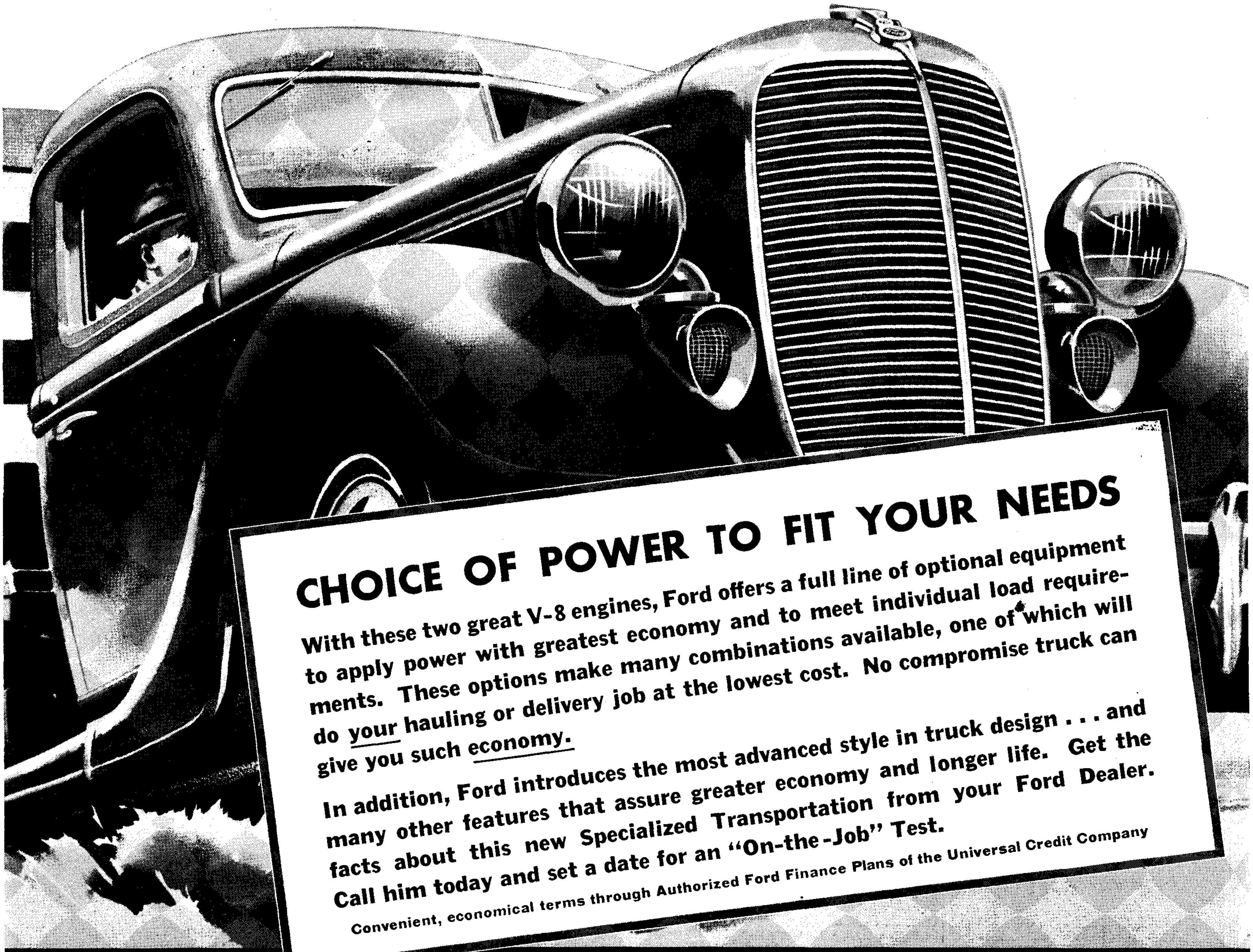

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VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICKS VapoRub

(*Continued from page* 46)

rooted. You are successful, as much so as any man has a right to be. Why risk things on a venture which is dubious at the best?"

She spoke gravely, without heat. But one part of her mind was furiously alert. She thought, if—if it's because of Gail he wants to go away—

If they went, dependent on each other as they hadn't been in years, all danger to Peter in his relationship to Gail would be eliminated. But someone came before Peter. She said firmly:

"I told you I wouldn't leave Dolly."

"Dolly's married," Peter reminded her. "She has George."

"That," said his wife, "makes no difference."

Little before, none now. To leave Dolly, at this time, or at any time, was unthinkable! She said, "It takes you like a fever, Peter. You don't really mean it."

But he had meant it. He had given her a chance . . . a chance to help his escape.

FORTY miles away Gail was doing the things that people wintering at Palm Beach do. She was playing golf and tennis, swimming, riding a bicycle, dancing. . . . There were amusing men. . . .

"Young Thomas seems to like you," said Mrs. Wayne.

Gail yawned, stretched, looked about the patio. The bougainvillaea vines grew thick, a mass of color. A macaw screamed at her from a perch. She said lazily, dark as a gypsy from the sun, her black hair caught under a gay bandanna, "Well, I don't like him much."

"He's good-looking," remarked her godmother, "and, as things go nowadays, very rich. Also he is quite unencumbered."

Gail grew very still in the big chair. She said nothing and her godmother went on:

"It's none of my business . . . but in a sense I stand *in loco parentis*. . . . If your idiotic father would only come home . . . ! I suppose his business is going to pot without him, but he doesn't *seem* to care about that. He should, however, pay more attention to you."

"Why?" asked Gail. "He was perfectly willing for me to take the flat, if that's what you mean."

"I didn't mean that at all and I think you know it. It's not like you to evade. People are talking about you and Peter Harris."

"What people?" Gail wanted to know. It had come and found her prepared, as she had been prepared for a long time. She was cool and steady but a little trickle of ice-cold sweat sprang out on her shoulders and down her back under her scant garments.

"Oh, everybody," said her godmother vaguely. "It doesn't matter who they are. I spend my time defending you. . . . I tell them there can't be anything to it . . . he's a friend of your father's, you're a friend of his daughter's. And, of course," she ended on an inquiring note, "there isn't anything to it?"

GAIL said, "People will talk about anything or anyone. I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"No woman is, ever, where a man is concerned," her godmother told her. "Personally I can't believe it, Gail. You have far too much intelligence. I'm not an unworldly woman, heaven knows," she went on, looking disdainful, distinguished and distressed at one and the same time, "but when a girl like yourself with common sense, breeding and more looks than any woman is entitled to, to say nothing of background, gets herself talked about with a married man . . ."

Gail laughed. It was very creditable and credible as well. She asked, interrupting:

"Would you rather I got myself talked about with an unmarried man, darling?"

"Yes," said her godmother, "I would." She looked across at the tall dark girl sharply. She said:

"Gail, you baffle me, rather. How much is there in this? I am not asking out of curiosity, but because I am fond of you, my dear. And feel responsible. You don't expect for a minute that Peter Harris will persuade Hildreth to divorce him in order that he may marry you."

Gail said cautiously, "I admit nothing." She laughed, her magnificent eyes *narrow*, "But, for the sake of argument, why not?"

Her godmother made a sound of impatience. She said, "Then, if you do, you are out of your head. Hildreth's no common dog in the manger. But, although I do not know her well, I know her well enough to be certain that she would hold her family together against the world . . . no matter how little she cares for her husband, and, gossip to the contrary, I'm not sure that she does care so little for him. You don't suppose for a minute you're the first pretty young thing to disturb Peter Harris' equilibrium, do you?"

Gail grew still again. She had supposed just this. She said lightly, "Certainly not. And I don't know that I do disturb it. But I love to see you get all hot and bothered over trivialities. I wish you wouldn't worry so about me, angel. I'll probably end up by marrying Bill Jones and living in a madhouse."

"Bill Jones," repeated Mrs. Wayne, remembering the little she had seen of that young man. She said darkly, "And it would serve you right."

The telephone rang within the house and presently a servant came to tell Gail that she was wanted on the wire. Her godmother watched her walk across the patio, tall, carrying herself superbly, one of the few feminine creatures past sixteen who could wear shorts and a halter with impunity. She sighed, shaking her white head.

"This is Hildreth Harris," said the voice on the other end of the wire. "How are you, Gail?"

Gail sat down on the telephone chair. She found she couldn't stand. She said, managing to keep her voice under control:

"But I thought you'd gone back to New York."

"Not till next week. Peter's so much better. We thought we might run over to Palm Beach for a day or so . . . and wanted to see you. Wait, here's Peter. . . ."

She might have spared me that, thought Gail. He spoke presently, and the deep voice, with its intimate shade of feeling discernible only to herself, came to her.

"Hello," he said, "how are you? We're going to see you soon, I hope. How about tomorrow night? Will you and Mrs. Wayne dine at the club with us, or have you another engagement?"

"I don't think so," said Gail. Her godmother did not know that she was pledged to dine with Sam Thomas. She looked up and saw Mrs. Wayne in the archway. "Here she is now. . . . Hold on a minute till I ask her, will you?"

She explained briefly. Mrs. Wayne gave her a very curious look and took the instrument from her hand.

"Hello, Peter, this is Janet Wayne. Let me speak to Hildreth." Then, after a pause, "Of course we'd love to dine with you, but you and Peter do us an enormous favor and come to us, for as long as you'll stay. . . . We're quite alone, Gail and I, we've room and to spare . . . please don't say no—"

A LITTLE later, she replaced the instrument. She said, "That's done," with a deep inner satisfaction. She had sharp eyes for seventy, for any age. If she had them all under her red-tiled roof—well, she flattered herself that she could tell just how much there was to this . . . if anything. . . .

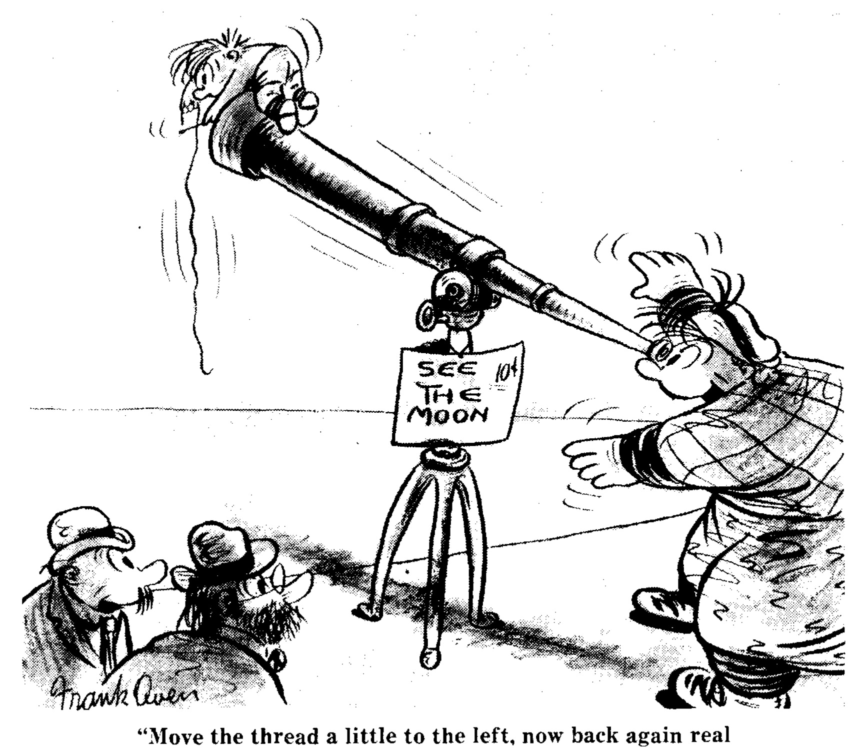
On the following day the Harrises motored to Palm Beach and came to the Wayne house. Two days later Peter and Gail, returning from the beach, bicycling along Lake Worth, stopped to look at a plane idling on the water. It was a seaplane, one of the earlier Harris models. It took passengers up for hire, it appeared.

"Wait a minute," said Peter, dis-

(*Continued on page* 50)

Philbert
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



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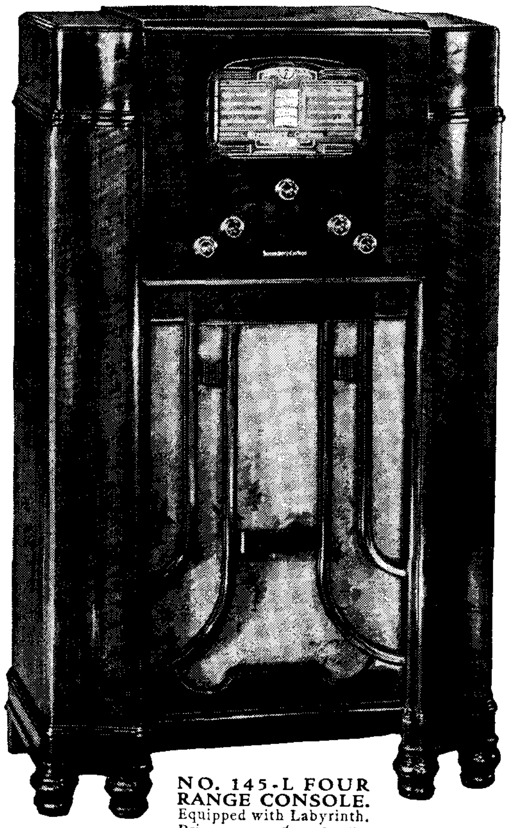

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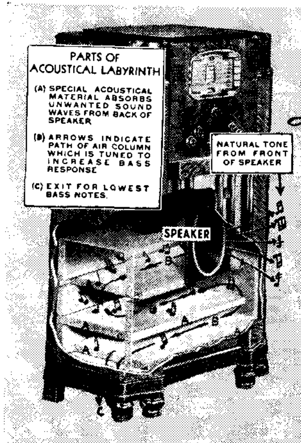
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NATURAL TONE FROM FRONT OF SPEAKER
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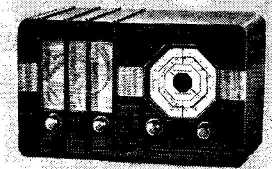

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(Continued from page 48)

mounting. He left his machine on the grass and went to talk to the pilot-owner. When he came back he was grinning.

"How about a hop this afternoon?"

"Peter, I'd love it!"

"All set then. I've hired the ship without the pilot. Nice little job if I say so myself," he went on. "She isn't the newest thing in the world but she'll serve."

Mrs. Wayne and Hildreth in a chair had preceded them home. At luncheon Peter asked, "Any of you girls like to take a little flight with us this afternoon. . . . Gail and I have discovered a Harris seaplane. Rather antediluvian model but perfectly safe."

Mrs. Wayne shuddered and Hildreth set her lips firmly. She had been included only conversationally, as Peter knew very well. She had never as much as set her foot inside a plane and both Gail and Peter knew it.

The cabin ship, built for five passengers, handled beautifully and after they were well under way Peter let Gail take the controls. Presently she relinquished them, content to let him fly her, lying back watching the blue-green gulf and the keys over which their course had taken them, looking down at fishing boats, at white yachts sailing by.

Once she said, "If it could always be like this. Peter, have you missed me?"

He said, "You don't have to ask me that, Gail. Will you believe me when I say I fought against coming up here? . . . It wasn't my idea. I thought, if she doesn't see me for a long time . . . perhaps when I return to New York she'll have begun to forget, perhaps I can learn to get along without her—"

She said, "That doesn't make sense." Her breath caught in her throat. . . . "Oh, my dear," she said, "when you were so ill, and I could not go to you. . . ."

"I'd feel that way about you," he said.

But now for a time he knew nothing but the heady feel of flight, with this girl beside him. And there was no time. Nothing but space. . . . Blue air around them, bluer heaven above them and the robin's-egg waters below, green in the shallows.

She said, "We should be getting back. . . ."

He'd told the owner, "We'll borrow her for a couple of hours." They had been gone twice that, in idle flight. Now he looked at the gas gauge, exclaimed sharply.

"What's wrong?" she asked, rousing herself from a dream.

"Everything," said Peter. "It appears . . . have you your roller skates, darling? . . . it appears that we are almost out of gas."

GAIL began to laugh. She said, "Peter, that's too funny." Then, sobering, "Where are we . . . ?"

"Nothing but water around," he told her, "except that we appear to be somewhere near a key—or an island or something . . . there'll be telephones, gas perhaps . . . don't worry, Gail. . . ."

She said, "I'm not worrying. Peter, we're such fools. I had no idea of the time. They've probably been looking for us long before this."

"Well," he said philosophically, "it can't be helped now. Hold everything. I'm setting her down."

He set her down, light as a feather, in the blue-green waters and as close to the shore as possible. Then he looked at Gail and laughed.

"Well," he told her, unnecessarily, "here we are."

The plane rocked idly on the breeze-ruffled water, and Peter said:

"One accident they'll believe . . . but two! And you haven't a bruise to show for this. Darn that kid . . . sending us off without a full load of gas."

She said, "It's done now."

"Of course. Well, ashore we go; or rather, I'll go . . . and see where we are and to whom we can telephone for a fast boat, if there's no gas available. And I'll call Mrs. Wayne."

She said, "Peter—if this had happened . . . far from shore?" She shuddered, thinking of the fish in those waters, barracuda, shark. . . . Of men who had crashed in the nor'east storms and kept themselves afloat, without radio, without any means of signaling for help, watching the dark shadows of fins move through the indifferent waters, circling, coming back, waiting. Of men who had gone mad with thirst, drinking the salt spray dashed against their parched, cracked lips. . . .

He said, "Hush, don't think of it."

He pulled her into his arms roughly, kissing her mouth, her eyelids. He said, "Gail, it's been so long!" and she clung to him saying, "I know . . . I know."

PETER looked toward the shore. Not many yards away it lay, with a sandy, broken shore line and a tangle of undergrowth. There was a pier, its piles rotting. Back and over to the left Peter thought he saw some sort of a building. It didn't look very promising. But probably, he told himself, someone lives there. Funny thing, there wasn't a boat.

He said, "Gail, I'll go ashore for help."

"I'm going with you—"

"But—"

"No buts . . . if you think I'm going to stay here alone!"

Peter rummaged about aft and found something which the owner had evidently used as an anchor when there was no regular mooring. It was primitive enough, a weight of lead, a rope. He secured it, dropped it overboard.

The water was not deep. Peter clambered overside and held out his arms to Gail. They waded ashore, holding hands like children, shook themselves upon reaching the sand, and started up through the underbrush. The swift tropical dusk came down, a curtain between them and the light.

They walked a long way, difficult going, their shoes wet and soggy, Gail's linen skirt drenched, clinging to her, before they reached the house they had seen. It proved to be a camp, boarded, shuttered. Peter looked at Gail in dismay. He said:

"Looks as if we were out of luck."

It had grown a little chilly, or so she thought, shivering. She said, "Perhaps there's a phone. Looks like a fishing camp . . . doesn't it? . . . Let's try to get in."

He found a window at which a board was loose, wrenched it off, smashed the glass with a stone and climbed in. Gail waited, more frightened than she cared to confess. Not that anything could happen, they were safe, they would be taken off. But suppose this reached the papers, "Airplane manufacturer and guest missing. . . ." Or worse still, "Airplane manufacturer and rival's daughter missing." The press was capable of any sensational headlines.

The door opened, and Peter called her.

She went in, to a big room gloomy in the dusk . . . a living room, it seemed. There was a fireplace, bunks built in the walls, kerosene lamps. . . .

She decided, "No one has been here this season."

The telephone was there all right but it was dead.

Peter said, looking away from her:

"It seems that we're here for the night."

"No, surely they'll send someone—a plane . . . a boat . . ."

He said, "We'll build a fire for a signal. Luckily I have matches." He groped on a dusty table. "Here are more, in a tin box." He shook the lamp nearest him, and a little gurgle rewarded him. "This at least has oil in it."

"Don't light it yet," warned Gail. "Not till it's quite dark."

He said, "I'll go back to the plane and see if there's a flashlight or anything in it. Tools, too."

She said, trying to laugh, "But we don't need to build a house, we have one!"

While he was gone she rummaged about, found blankets in a built-in bureau, pulled one out and wrapped it around her. The kitchen was in a little lean-to, and she wandered through it, finding cans and boxes of musty biscuit. A can of coffee, half full, was a treasure.

Another lean-to housed the bathroom, complete with shower. How did these people get their water, she wondered? When Peter came dripping back with a pocketful of tools and a flashlight she asked him. "Cistern," he said briefly, "and I hope we don't have to be too sparing. Gail, you aren't afraid, are you? By the way, I've made a tour. This is an island."

"Why should I be afraid?" she said. "Peter, for heaven's sake, you're drenched. I've found clothes in that built-in cupboard."

Overalls, riding breeches older than the ark, a suit of moth-eaten flannel, some sweaters. This had been a good camp once, she thought, and wondered what had happened to the people who owned it. The fishing rods were in brackets on the walls and the reels were rusted.

WHEN it became very dark they lighted the one lamp which had any oil in it and got themselves supper. Thick cups and plates, tomatoes cold out of cans, moldy biscuit and coffee. There was no oil in the cookstove but Peter built a fire of branches and driftwood on a clearing outside, heated stones, improvised a place where, at least, the coffee-pot would boil. There was brackish water in the cistern, but rain had not been any too plentiful of late.

They sat for a long time after at the fire he had laid on the hearth. There were small night sounds and a rising wind. Peter kept going out to tend the fire outdoors, for a signal. But the wind came on steadily and he grew afraid and presently kicked it out, watched it burn down, the dry wood in a hurry for destruction, and came back to Gail.

She sat, a slender figure, in the riding breeches much too large for her, belted in pleats about her slim waist, the firelight on her bent head. He asked:

"How about turning in?"

She said, "Peter, I'm not frightened of anything but myself."

"Yes," said Peter, "I know."

"I keep thinking of Hildreth and wondering what she'll think."

"She won't think anything," he said. "She's scared of course; she'll have started things humming. As for Mrs. Wayne," he laughed, "if I know that old lady," he ended, "she'll believe the worst."

Gail said, "If Hildreth sends a search party there'll be a scandal—"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"But I had! Oh, Peter, how much better to come out with it, tell Hildreth, face whatever there is . . . this undercover business, nasty gossip, whispers. I hate it. I'd rather shout it all from the housetops."

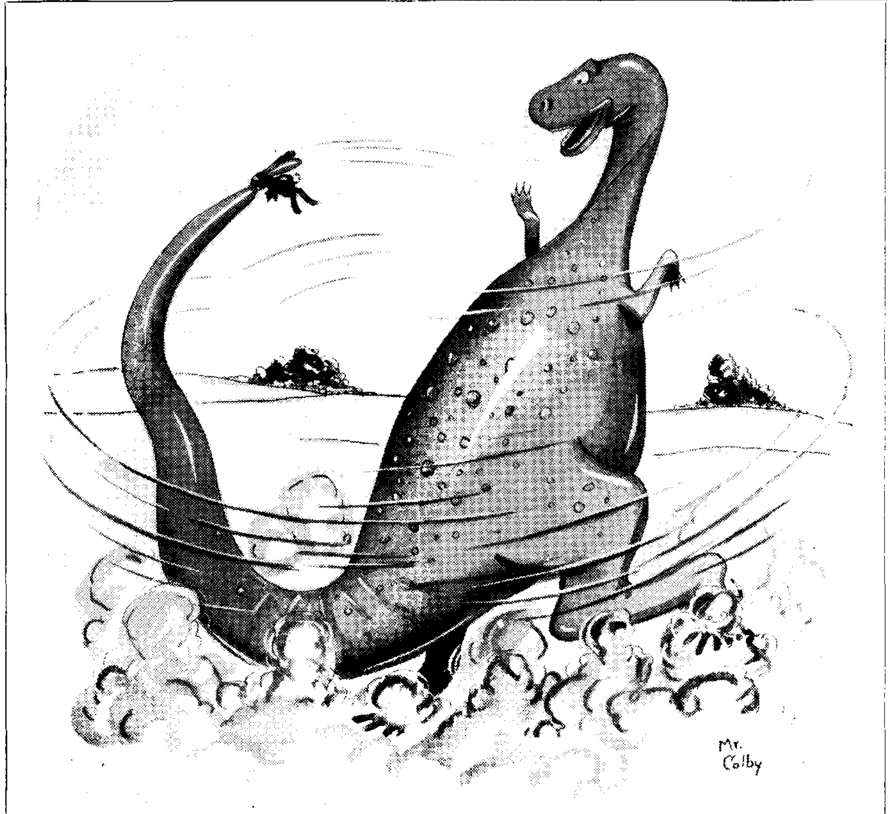
He thought uneasily, I wouldn't. Not for the first time had it occurred to him what effect upon his business, his relations with other people, Dolly foremost, a violent roof-top shouting might have. He said gently, "Gail, you must turn in, darling. You're terribly tired. I'm sitting up till the fires are all out, here and outside."

It had been an adventure at first. He had liked it, thrown on his own resources, without any of the mechanical aids to comfort and efficiency. It had made him feel young, excited, amused. But now it was no longer an adventure.

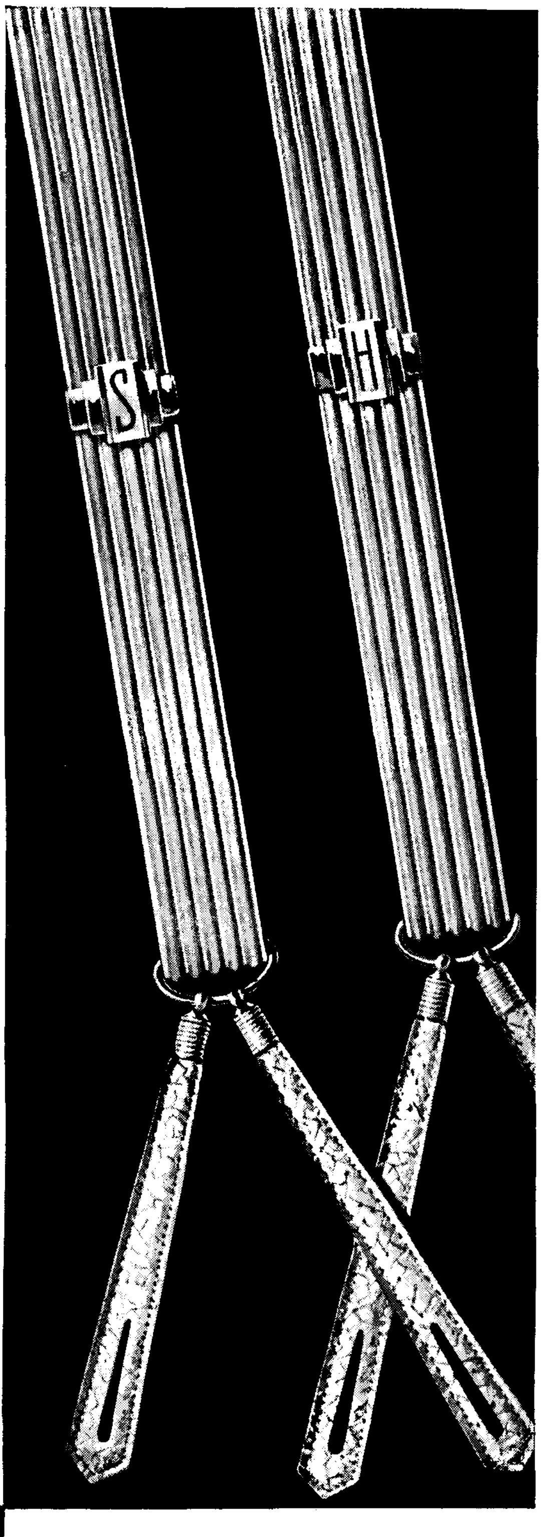
Gail laid her head against his shoulder and he put his arm about her. He dared not kiss her in the intimate darkness, lighted by embers and the expiring flicker of the one lamp. He dared not, for her own sake, he told himself.

The lamp went out. Peter rose to his feet. He ordered, "Try and get some sleep," and went outside. The wind was rising steadily, the water was whipped into motion. He walked a little way from the camp until he could overlook the beach. It seemed to him that he could see the plane, a dark blur, straining at her mooring. He walked back, the wind in his ears, a tumult. And in the camp, alone, Gail rolled up in a blanket, lay in one of the bunks and listened for his footsteps and stared into the darkness, listening to the storm.

(To be continued next week)



"If Frank Buck doesn't get here soon let's call it off!" MR. COLBY



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Go in There and Fight!

Continued from page 17

I shook hands with him fervently and waited impatiently for the next afternoon to give our Georgia boys a pep talk. I was all set to inspire them to such dizzy heights that the Tennessee alumni committee would be chasing after me with the contract even before the Georgia rooters had the goal posts torn down.

The best speeches of Cicero and Demosthenes were mild Sunday-school lectures compared to the hair-raising oration I delivered that day. But there had been no build-up for it during the week and it failed to click. Tennessee beat us, 12-7.

And I'm still looking for that banker to come back with the Tennessee job.

In spite of that, however, I have found that Southerners will respond more readily to a pep talk than players from any other section of the country. As a type they are more emotional, more fiery, more quick-tempered and have a far greater imagination than athletes from other parts of the land. And furthermore Southern chivalry and sportsmanship can rank with Southern hospitality.

On the Verge of Hara-kiri

I know of one coach who found that out to his great sorrow. A strict disciplinarian and a strict teetotaler, he was amazed to hear that a couple of his players had gone on a bender after a particularly tough game. On Monday he assembled his squad in the dressing room and unceremoniously tossed the offenders right out of the place. Blazing with righteous indignation, he cast a burning glance around the room.

"And if there is anyone else here who has touched a drop of alcoholic liquor," he shouted, "I want him to turn in his suit."

No one moved for a moment and then a big tackle stepped shamefacedly forward.

"Coach," he said, "last week I had a glass of beer."

"Get out of here," howled the coach.

Then the Big Parade started. Forty-seven honest young beer drinkers from a squad of sixty admitted their heinous crime. The coach was left with thirteen other teetotalers as the nucleus of a new team. Naturally he couldn't do it. So he swallowed his pride and summoned back to arms the errant disciples of Bacchus. But there was no more drinking after that.

Without casting a single aspersion at other sections of the country I doubt that a similar query made elsewhere would elicit a response as direct as that one did. The South is temperamentally distinctive—the East, the Midwest and the Far West pretty much the same.

Racially there is no hard and fast rule either. The Irish usually think and act quickly. The Poles and Lithuanians are just as spirited as the Irish, but in a milder way. Their flame burns farther below the surface.

Where a Celt will make a snap judgment, a Pole will reason a thing out bv a more roundabout method but he will arrive at the correct answer.

Still the coach has no set rule he can apply to any one race or nationality. Every boy is an individual problem requiring individual treatment and you just have to take each case as you find it. I know that Rockne had a different way of handling each of the Four Horsemen.

Harry Stuhldreher, now coach at Wisconsin, was his quarterback and, we thought, his favorite. I never heard Rock criticize him. In fact he had the theory that a quarterback should never be called down before the rest of the squad for fear that they would lose confidence in him. Rock always talked to Harry as an equal. He was his assistant coach out there on the field, directing the team for him.

Elmer Layden, our fullback and now the successor to the old master at Notre Dame, was a temperamental sort. Three or four times he was ready to quit school in his freshman year and I know of one occasion when he had his bags all packed. Elmer was a homesick kid in those days and he really wanted to go back to the folks. So Rock was like a father to him, kindly and considerate at all times, and he did manage to steer one of the greatest backs of all time past the shoals of those troublesome first years.

Don Miller, now a lawyer and then our right halfback, had been preceded at South Bend by three brothers. Red Miller had been one of the best ball-carriers that the Irish ever had. Ray Miller, later mayor of Cleveland, had been a teammate of Rockne's and Walter was a crack end in his day. So Rock kept harping on the exploits of Don's brothers and tried to spur him on to greatness that way. He did.

And now we come to the fourth of the Four Horsemen, James A. Crowley, in person. I was the goat of the outfit. I had to wear an asbestos uniform so that Rock would not blast me off the course. He rode me unmercifully and, smart man that he was, he knew that that was the only way he could get results out of me.

These psychological problems drive coaches to the verge of hara-kiri. The plays are easy enough to teach but the keying up is a horse of another color. And it is the preliminary tune-up that makes it work.

When I was at Michigan State in 1930 our big game was with Michigan. We had never beaten them or even come close to it before. For a week I bemoaned the fact that Harold Smead, our captain, would be unable to play. A serious motorcycle accident that summer had cost him a leg. The players thought he was still in a hospital in Maine.

Just before they were ready to go out on the field, Smead, in a wheel chair, was brought into the dressing room. The build-up had prepared the boys for this last mental push. They played over their heads and held the dreaded Wolverines to a scoreless tie. On physical ability alone they never could have done it. But with the psychological impetus of Smead's presence they turned the trick.

Fun for the Boys

Sometimes a couple of words will suffice to attain the proper emotional pitch. Other times a long-winded discourse is necessary. Once when Northwestern was beating Notre Dame, 10 to 0 at the half, Rockne stormed into the dressing room, leveled everyone with a scathing glance and exploded, "Fighting Irish? Bah!" And he stalked right out. That one sentence smoldered in the breasts of the "Fighting Irish" for nearly fifteen minutes. Stung to the quick, they went out and won, 13 to 10.

A few years back Yale's scale of ticket prices ranged from three to four dollars for a big game. For a battle with Georgia the charge was only one dollar.

Harry Mehre's pre-game speech consisted of a long, searching glance at his players, a sorrowful shake of the head and the words, "Just a bunch of dollar ballplayers."

Georgia murdered them.

I have always tried to make football as much fun for the boys as possible. I'd rather have them go out there and enjoy themselves than attempt to reach into the bag of tricks for some keying-up weapon that might leave them flat and cold. If they play for a good time they'll be keyed up enough to suit me.

I once tried that at Michigan State before the homecoming game with Colgate in 1930. All week I'd been telling the players that they were to go out and have a joy ride on Saturday. They were too serious, though, and I couldn't seem to put them in the proper frame of mind. It finally took a third-string quarterback to perform the job for me and snap that overanxiousness that I knew was present.

The door to the dressing room was partly opened as I approached it the afternoon of the game. I could see the regulars sitting around, grinning at a group of third-string substitutes who were gathered in the center of the floor, just as a coach would bring them together if they were the starting eleven. I stopped short and ducked out of sight as I heard the booming voice of my third quarterback. Then I stood there listening as he gave the other reserves a pep talk.

Mind Over Matter

"Well, here we are, boys," he began with a vibrant ring to his words that was far better than anything I ever could attempt. "It's homecoming day today, boys, and all the old grads are out there expecting you to do your best. I don't want you to let them down. When you go out on that field, boys, I want you to run, run, run—" his voice reached a crescendo peak and then dropped suddenly "—run right over to that bench and sit down where you belong.

"And when you're on that bench I want you to be up on your toes. Yes, up on your toes ready to go out on that field. When someone out there gets hurt it takes two men from the side lines to carry him off.

"Remember that when the half is over that's when you go. Go right back to the dressing room. Then you're to be all ears. You never know when the coach is liable to say something worth while. When you get back to that bench again I want you to be all eyes. Watch for mistakes out there. You'll never get in the ball game anyway, but you might learn something.

"And when the game is over rush right out there on the field and shake your teammates' hands. They've been out there fighting for *you* to the last drop of *their* blood.

"When you come back in here again, saved from frostbite at last, take a nice hot shower. And—oh, yes,—don't forget to be out on that field on Monday for a nice rough scrimmage with the varsity."

That philippic left me feeling slightly stunned. I knew that I could add nothing to it. I tiptoed quietly away with roars of laughter tingling in my burning ears. The boys did without a talk from me that day. The Colgate-Michigan State game? Of course we won.

The peculiar thing about this business of keying them up and keying them down is that there are so many intangibles connected with it that coaching strategy is very likely to be derailed even before the wheels start moving. It follows neither rule nor rote, rhyme nor reason. That is what gives gray hairs and jittery nerves to the coaching fraternity.

Yes, it's quite a job asserting the supremacy of mind over matter.

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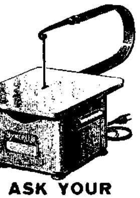

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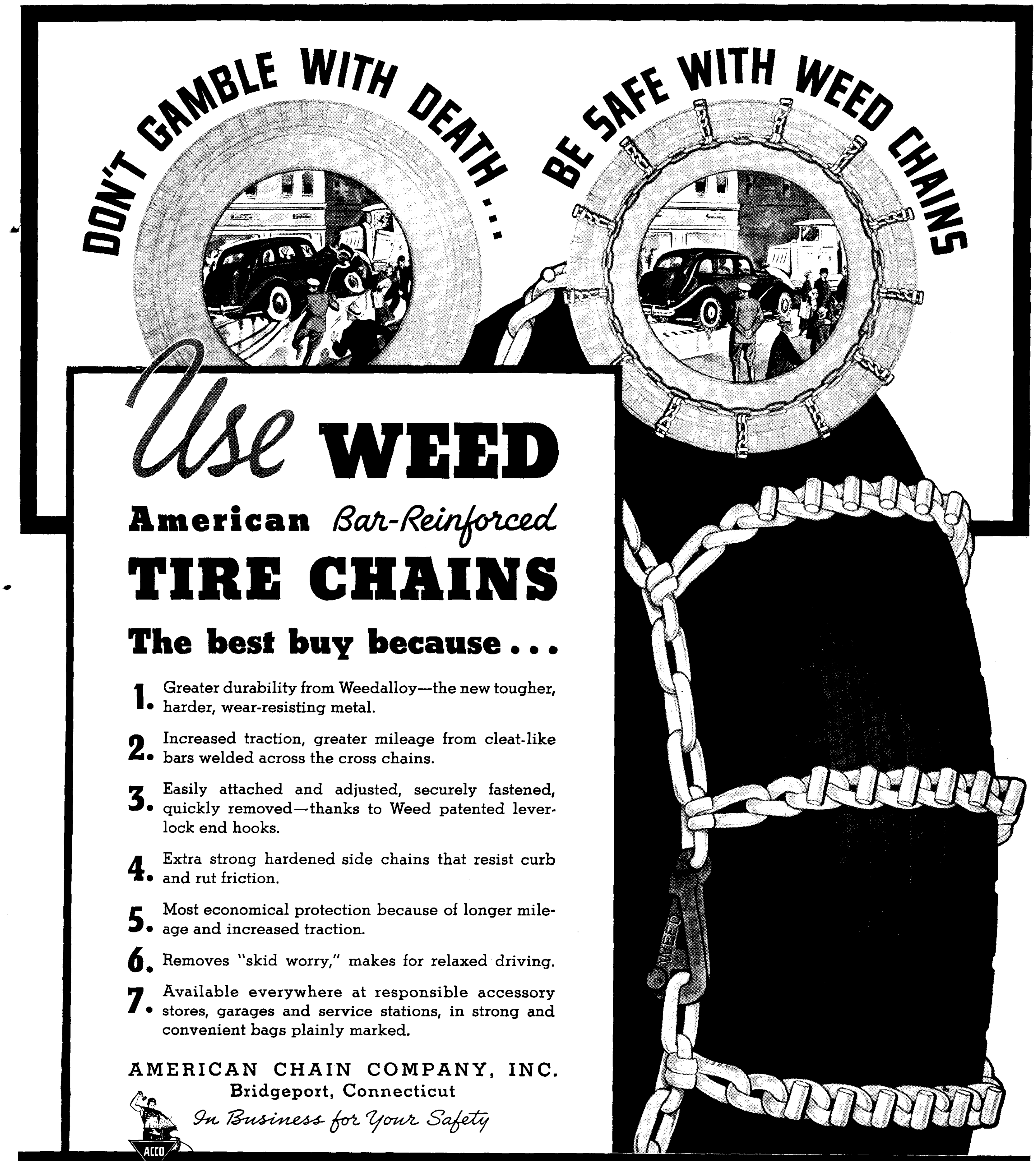

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On Location

Continued from page 24

observation balloon was used for the first time by Uncle Sam's men. Unfortunately, when it went up it betrayed the location of our soldiers, and the Spaniards blasted daylight through them. The river virtually ran red with blood; thus the name.

Thirty-six hundred extras were used, two thousand of these being trained American soldiers from the cantonment a short distance beyond. Every one of these men had to be clad in period uniforms, not a small job in itself. A final inspection took place and everybody lined up for the big shots.

"I'm going to use skyrocket bombs to shoot around the balloon," said the powderman. "I'm afraid the cannons won't register."

"Okay," replied Fleming, "but don't get too close."

"I know my business," growled the powderman.

The first shot hit the balloon and destroyed it.

But it didn't deter Fleming; he could make the balloon stuff as separate shots a later day. The most important thing was to get the march of the American soldiers across the river. Quickly he instructed the men just what to do.

"Wait a minute!" yelled one of them. "We don't mind walking through water in the outfits you bought, but these shoes belong to us. . . . How about it, guys?"

Instantly the roar was on. It's always like that on location; one person opens his trap and they're all against you.

"Buy shoes for them," said Fleming.

"Buy what?" choked the assistant. "You know how long that would take us? Two thousand pairs of shoes and they have to be fitted!"

All this wasn't a matter of minutes; it takes hours to settle problems on a set. And while they were at it the wind changed, a clap of thunder rent the air and the heavens opened up. A balloon destroyed, thirty-six hundred men to pay, and not a single shot. The assistant, from force of habit, yelled through cupped hands:

"Everybody home! On the set at eight in the morning, ready to shoot!"

The Extra Demands Service

In this same picture they were preparing to make the first scene of the charge up San Juan Hill when a real shell was discovered among the blanks. It took the entire day to inspect the thousands of cartridge clips. A handful of real cartridges was found, evidently put there by some charming, sadistic joker.

It's generally the small, overlooked things that cause the trouble. And the money loss is terrific. There aren't any preliminaries when you're on location. You go there to shoot specific scenes. You've got an expensive cast and, generally, hundreds of extras. And between these two it's usually the extras that cause the most trouble. The star knows what he's up against and plays ball with you. The extra doesn't and demands service. He gets it, too.

However, there are times when the star is at fault. You will find him doing things hardly befitting a man of his importance. Some of these things are too ridiculous to tell about. But he's in the theatrical business and, as a certain writer puts it, it's a unique profession that pays you well for playing Indian and making mud pies.

"Get out to location early," ordered the production office. "And be sure the cameramen are on the job."

We're on location at seven. So are the cameramen. But the cameras don't arrive till eight-thirty, simply because the department didn't open till eight. And the boys who brought them had to stop along the way and pick up a bit of breakfast. Three hundred extras show up at nine. They had to be costumed at the studio. And the same production office that had ordered us to step on it had held them because of a fearsome cloud that fluffed its way over Hollywood and Vine. Three hundred times $7.50 is a lot of money.

At ten we were ready to shoot, but where was Gary Cooper? A frantic call to the studio and we're informed that duck season opened today and Gary is an inveterate hunter. The production office felt we wouldn't get to him before eleven, so they gave him permission to go.

Indian Trouble

Gary's always a man of his word; he was there promptly at eleven. Franchot Tone, in the meantime, had decided not to make up till he arrived. The two were to disguise as Afghan merchants and he didn't want his make-up to conflict with Gary's. Which was smart. It took them two hours to apply the crepe-hair whiskers and grease paint.

Then the old familiar cry, "When do we eat?" The law laid down in Hollywood is that an extra must be fed every five and one-half hours. So we called lunch.

Cooper and Tone couldn't eat with faces full of crepe hair, so they took it off. By the time they had donned it again, the light had reversed and it was necessary to shift the cameras. We got one scene that day.

In Redskin, a color picture made some time ago with Richard Dix, the company advertised in advance for four hundred Acoma Indians. When the company arrived in Gallup, New Mexico—the scenes were to be shot at the Enchanted Mesa—the Indians were waiting. Somebody had forgotten to explain there was a week's work with the principals first and the Indians would be paid from the day they started. They wheeled their horses and started out of town. The quick-witted assistant told them, through an interpreter, that the company would furnish food for them and their horses during the interim and the moment they were photographed they would be paid. In pantomime, he described the camera and illustrated what he meant by work.

The next morning a still photographer arrived from Los Angeles. He saw the colorful Indians and, without consulting anybody, began to take snapshots of them. It cost the company two thousand dollars, because nobody could explain to the chief's satisfaction the difference between a still camera and a movie.

During the making of this picture, Vic Schertzinger, the director, was disappointed on learning that the Indians would not permit their ceremonial costumes to be photographed. The script called for such a scene and he couldn't go home without it. So he called in the chief and told him that on the morrow he was going to have a parade and wanted to give prizes for the best costumes—a hundred dollars to the best-dressed man, fifty dollars to the best-dressed woman and twenty-five dollars to the best-dressed child. To show he meant business, he turned the prize money over to the chief and made him a contest committee of one.

It turned the trick. Every Indian appeared in his finest raiment and, oddly enough, an Indian's ceremonial ward-robe is always his finest. By a strange coincidence the chief's son, daughter and grandson won the three prizes.

Bebe Daniels and William Powell were doing scenes of She's a Sheik, in Guadalupe, a spot in California that matches most excellently the heat and conformation of the sun-baked districts in the Eastern Hemisphere. Six hundred Arabs were to charge down through the street of the little town. The townsfolk were warned to keep in the clear. The charge came and six hundred Arabs collided with a local character known only as "Si." The director called off the day's work while the company doctor yanked horseshoe nails out of Si.

It's Easy—on Paper

The next day they charged again and who should they meet but Si. A bit embarrassing for both sides. A week later, my brother Bill, who is considered great shakes as a stunt man in the movies, was to leap a horse over a wall and then roll down a steep hill. He did and, believe it or not, Si met him on the other side of the wall. They shared a lovely room in the hospital.

The serious things are always funny afterward; that is, they're funny to the fellow who doesn't have to put up the money. But I can guarantee that you'll get no guffaws from the gentlemen in the front office. They sweat blood every time a company leaves for location, and the jangle of a telephone can make them leap out of their chairs with practically no effort on their part.

I happened to be in one of those offices one day, shortly after I'd written the script on Hotel Imperial. The stars were Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. The picture had been under way just three days. The stuff was looking fine on the screen. I was very happy. So was the fellow I was talking to in the office. The dictograph buzzed. "Bad news, old boy—Margaret Sullavan just broke her arm."

On The Milky Way, a Harold Lloyd script I wrote with Frank Butler and Leo McCarey, the director, there was nothing but bad luck. Before the picture was completed, McCarey was carted off to the hospital with a rare disease known as Malta fever. Our story was about a milkman—and McCarey contracted the fever drinking raw milk while on location in Victorville. Then Adolphe Menjou went to the hospital and was immediately followed by Verree Teasdale, his wife, both important characters in the production. The picture was finished with only Harold Lloyd in the cast.

And so it goes. But it's a thrilling business—a grand game. My end of it, naturally, is the easy part. I think up scenes for them to do, and they do them. It says on paper: He drives the herd of cattle across the river. So simple to write. But, somehow or other, the cattle don't know that and one recalcitrant steer may take a notion to rip the seat out of the star's trousers. Result—the company doesn't shoot that day or, maybe, the following week. No wonder the producer sweats blood.

But sometimes you get a break of luck. As King Vidor did in The Texas Ranger. He had gone down to Gallup to make some scenes with Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie and Lloyd Nolan. The chief, or governor of the tribe, had to be consulted about the pay of the Indians.

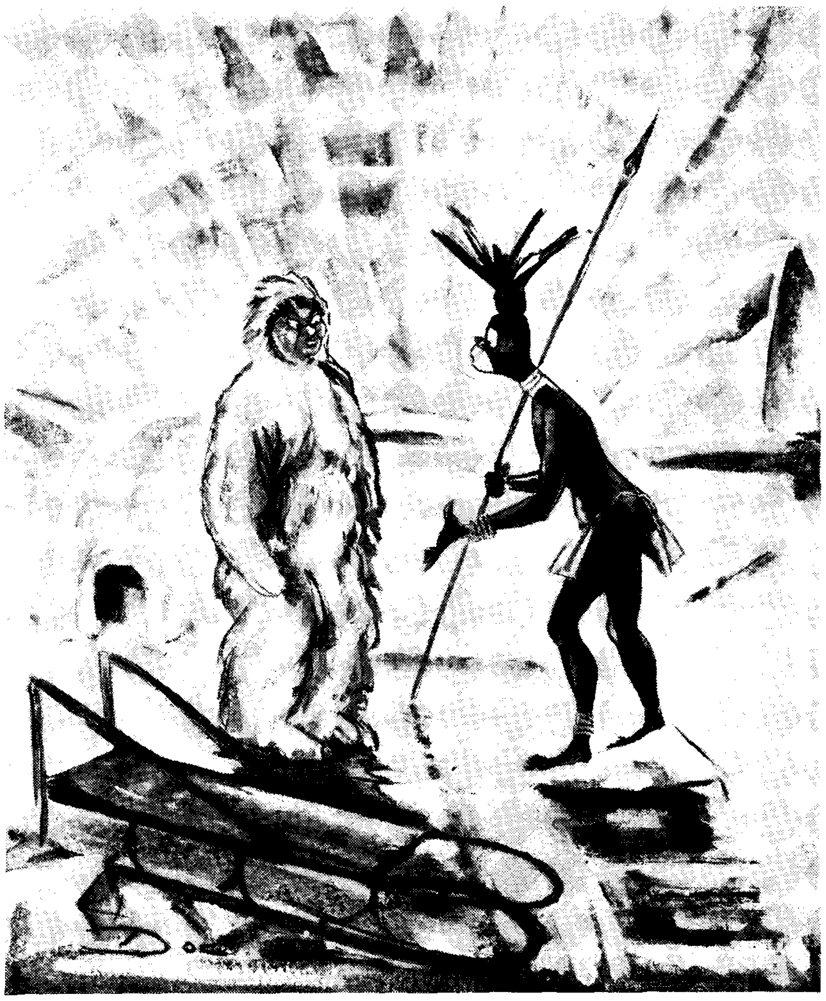
"Five dollars a day for everybody and fifty cents each for the horses," said the assistant.

The governor retired to the council chamber with his staff. They were closeted four hours. Finally he emerged.

"Five dollars a day for the men only," he said. "Two-fifty for women and fifty cents for children."

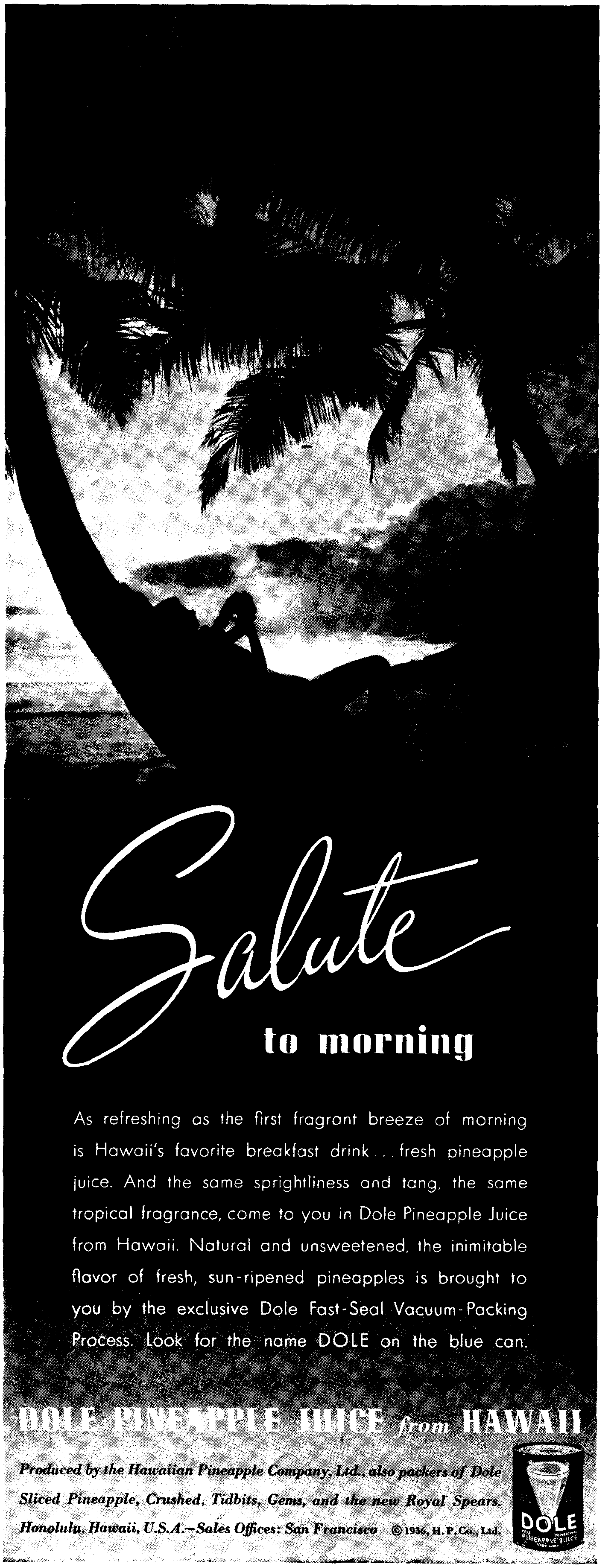
"But that's less than we offered you," replied the assistant.

"Maybe so," grinned the governor, "but we have to live with the women and kids after you're gone."



"A lion chased me!"

GERALD GREEN



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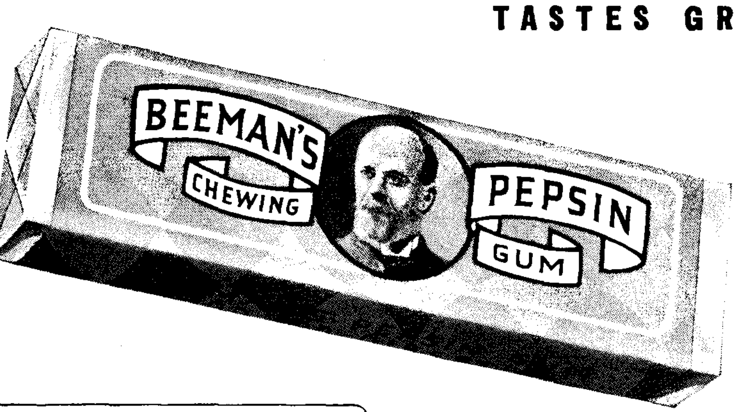

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EATON

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 21

"From whom?" I asked.

"James Cooper," Justin Lowry said, "has been authorized to act for a newly formed company called Inter-Island Steam."

I said slowly, "I don't believe I would put much faith in a company that has authorized Suva Jim Cooper to act."

"At first," Lowry admitted, "neither did I. But do you know anything about Inter-Island Steam?"

"Nothing whatever. I never heard of it."

"It is very new," Lowry told me. "But I have kept the Seasweep's radio going, and I have found out a good deal about it. Inter-Island Steam is very closely interlocked with Inter-Island Marine; and Inter-Island Marine, as you doubtless know, though a very peculiar company in some ways, is certainly able to secure a great deal more credit than would be necessary to swing a deal on our fiddling little operation here. Gaspell, chairman of Inter-Island Marine, is also chairman of Inter-Island Steam. That tells us something, I think."

It did. It told me plenty. I know Gaspell—one of the wealthiest old business pirates in all Asiatic waters. A strange, eccentric figure, of an unholy age which no one knew exactly, and a record buried somewhere in the past such as has often hung better men than he. Almost no one ever actually saw old High Tide Gaspell any more; he was so hard to get to that some people gossiped that he had secluded himself on account of leprosy. But the old reprobate maintained a hard grip on more island interests than most people knew; and while he perhaps could not have bought Justin Lowry at an auction, he could have put in an excellent bid for him.

"And Tunganan," I said, "does that go with Malangai?"

"Of course Tunganan goes with Malangai. Why the devil shouldn't it? There's no development whatever on Tunganan. We can throw it in without any more than listing it, without appraisal."

THERE was much more of that. I argued with Justin Lowry for a long time—continuing, in fact, after it would have been much better if I had kept still. Certainly I talked much better, and with a greater stock of statistics at my command, than when I had first sold Lowry my plans for Malangai. It wasn't any use. Something in Lowry's mind had shut. I recognized that in the last few days he had turned restless, ill at ease, in the environment in which we now sat.

I knew what had done that. Murder had changed the atmosphere of Malangai, and of all the dark tropic sea, for Justin Lowry. Met in its reality, murder is an ugly and revolting thing. I do not know to what extent Justin Lowry was accustomed to play hunches; I don't even know whether he thought he had any. But I know that he was a man who did a great deal of his thinking with his stomach. Instinct must have been telling him now that the tropic seas were no place for his money.

That was the kind of luck that one forlorn girl, ending up at Tunganan more by chance than anything else, had brought to me and to my plans! I wished wholeheartedly then that I had never seen Tonai Merriam, nor heard her name.

After Lowry went off to bed, Lon Llewellyn and I still talked about it for a little while over a much-needed whisky and soda.

"So it's Suva Jim," Lon Llewellyn said at last. "Who would have supposed he would ever get the kind of backing he needs for this?"

"There's always been some kind of hookup between Suva Jim and Gaspell," I pointed out. "Some people think that they're some kind of illegitimate relations. I don't know *anything* about that. But I know that Suva Jim has run a lot of errands from time to time for Gaspell—some of them of a pretty shady kind."

"John," Lon said, "do you suppose that Suva Jim could have planned all this to get us in trouble with Lowry?"

"No," I said.

"It's just the sort of thing he'd do. He'd never hesitate to cut anybody's throat for the least advantage. And he's foxy, too, in his own way."

Lon's suggestion seemed silly. "Too complicated," I said. "Too dangerous. Not enough point to it."

"But it worked."

I DIDN'T believe Llewellyn's idea was any good. I couldn't picture Jim Cooper attempting a method so unwieldy or so indirect. We argued about it for a while, and then Llewellyn went to bed.

Then, presently, as I still sat in the *sala*, Tonai Merriam came to sit with me, saying she couldn't sleep.

"I don't blame you. You've been having a rough go of it. I'm sorry. This will clear up, pretty soon, I should think."

She sat facing me in a big chair, her eyes terribly grave. She said in a small voice, "I don't know. If only I hadn't been such an idiot as to hide that knife!"

"A slight rush of backwardness, there, all right," I admitted. "But don't worry about it any more. Nobody can do anything with that."

"John," she said unhappily, "I've said something that isn't so."

"What—again? Honestly, Tonai, you've turned out to be the most continuously unfrank white person I've seen around here yet! You're worse than an eel on a stick—much worse."

"I know it. But there hasn't been any reason for me to trust anybody much, has there?"

"Well, what is it this time?"

"It isn't true that I didn't know who Henry Shane was. I had seen him before. And I knew he'd worked for Neal."

"That doesn't seem so very important."

"That isn't all. I know why he came to my room."

I sat up. "You do! Why?"

"Because I sent for him."

A little silence then. I was aware of a big bull croc booming and coughing somewhere way back in the lagoons.

"In heaven's name, go on!"

Her face was averted. "It wasn't anything, really. When I came ashore from the Seasweep he looked at me very queerly; almost—well, frightened. I got to wondering if he might have some idea of what had happened to Neal Merriam. So I sent for him."

"Just how did you send for him?"

"I sent one of the Bilaan houseboys."

"Oh, lord! Which one?"

"Gagahan."

I drew a deep breath and sat back. "That was a close one. As it is, I guess it's all right. Gagahan now finds himself one hundred per cent in a state of quietus. But do you realize what it would mean if this could be proved?"

"Is it so important?"

"Any court in the Philippines would conclude that you had put Henry Shane on the spot—deliberately and by prearrangement. After all—that *would* make a simple explanation of some very queer disorderly conduct."

She raised her eyes to me, somberly. "How do you know," she asked, "that that isn't exactly what happened?"

"How would I know? I just know, that's all. In heaven's name, Tonai, if I'm going to help you, you'll have to begin telling me the truth!"

"I have begun. Do you really believe in me, John?"

"I don't think you've done anything, if that's what you mean. As to when you're lying, and how much, I haven't the faintest idea."

"John, I promise you I'll tell you nothing but the truth—and all of it. Will you believe me now?"

"It may take practice. But—from here out don't tell anybody else anything. Norse has asked all the questions he can think of already, I hope; but in any case don't answer any more. I mean to see you through this; but you'll have to help."

"I'll do anything you say."

"Then try to stop worrying. There's nothing here but a bunch of coincidences; they'll wash out with the next high tide."

"John," Tonai said queerly, "there's still something I haven't told you. Something I haven't told anybody."

"Good lord! More?"

"I'm afraid so. This sounds silly. But it isn't silly. It's perfectly deadly. In a way, it worries me more than anything else that's happened. You see—there was one thing missing from the house at Kivasawan."

"What was that?"

"It was a picture. A picture of me."

"Maybe Neal stuck it in his pocket."

"He couldn't. It was in a frame. A desk frame, about so big." She indicated something about the size of a cigar box.

At all costs, I wanted to reassure this harassed girl, but now for a moment I was stopped. Neal Merriam had been a fool, and I could picture him tramping about the jungle carrying an umbrella, or a campstool, or a folding bath. But hunting wild pig with a framed picture of his estranged wife under his arm—no.

Nor would the natives have stolen this one object, leaving everything else untouched. If she was right, that missing picture split to pieces the theory that Neal Merriam's disappearance was accidental. Then—I hit on an unkind answer.

"That's easy," I said. "At some time or other Neal got tired of seeing your homely little face mooning at him from his dresser; so he upped and slung the darned thing in the creek."

I WAS wrong in thinking that this solution was unkind. She stared at me blankly for a moment; then her eyes softened.

"Why, of course!" she said, and laughed a little, shakily. "That is just exactly what Neal would do."

At first I did not understand her immense relief. It even struck me as peculiar—like the story about the old lady whose boy was hanged, and who was overcome by delight when she learned that the hanging had all been a mistake. But presently I saw it. If Merriam had been killed by a man who then stole Tonai's picture—all her life Tonai would feel that she had been directly to blame.

"It isn't so hard to be struck down by something in the bush," I said. "We all take our chances of that. A cobra can be a mercy to a defeated, health-broken man."

She wasn't smiling now; but the smile had left her eyes soft, and there was a glow in her face that was new. She said, "It's wonderful how much better you make things seem."

"Doping out these simple little queries is easy for me."

She stood up, lazily, and stretched her arms above her head. "Do you know, I think I can sleep, now—for a change."

"Well—all right. Don't forget to lie down first."

She came to where I sat, turned my face upward with her two hands, and kissed me, slowly, with a quiver in her lips.

"Scram," I told her. "You make me restless."

After she was gone I kept thinking about the way that that one real laugh had changed Tonai. Her cheeks were too thin for anything like a dimple, but there was a humorous little crease on one side, as if she had been used to laughing a good deal, once. She must have been a blithe, bright-spirited thing, before Neal Merriam conceived his infernal Kivasawan. And now it seemed to me it ought to be worth a good deal of a man's life to bring lightheartedness back to her, even for a little while.

Then I remembered that damned heelprint again. Daylight was still a long way off.

EARLY the next morning Captain Norse set in motion the elaborate preparations necessary for the proper swearing in of Nural Hakim upon the Koran.

The local Imam, a Moro Mohammedan priest of unusually high type for so obscure a place, took his time about answering the officer's summons, but by midmorning appeared at the house.

I do not know what Captain Norse said to the Imam; I would not have known what to say to him myself to get results. Whatever it was, it took effect. From then on, throughout his very peculiar part in the case, the Imam showed every willingness to carry out the wishes of Captain Norse with all the celerity compatible with his dignity.

The Imam spent an hour talking to Nural Hakim through the bars of his powder-house cell, then returned to the village. A little later four Moros appeared, bearing a pair of kulingtangans, those clangorous, off-key gong sets which they play something like a xylophone; and the curiously elaborate ritual which seems to be necessary to get the truth out of a Moro was begun. Among other things, it included a prolonged sweat bath for Nural Hakim, and ceremonial donning of his finest apparel. These, and other false motions were gone through with a deliberation calculated to use up the entire day. In the compound a wailing chant presently began, to the insistent beat of the kulingtangans; once started, the rising, falling clamor persisted until dark. From a slit-like window embrasure in the wall of the house—it had been a musket port once—Justin Lowry watched these performances for several hours.

By three o'clock he found it to be too much, and came stamping into my office. I was at my desk, moodily trying to check through a set of invoices; and Captain Norse, who had spent most of the day at the radio, was seated on the back of his neck in such an elongated position that he appeared to be suspended full length just off the floor. He was smoking dreamily, and if his head contained either a thought or a worry he let no evidence of it be seen.

"This is awful," Justin Lowry complained. "Those damned gongs are driving me out of my head."

Captain Norse reached into one of his pockets with a thumb and forefinger and produced a little waxed envelope full of cotton, such as is used by passengers on planes. He handed it to Lowry. "Stick some of that in your ears," he suggested, as Lowry turned it over in his hands.

Lowry's outraged look increased. He drew a deep breath to shout at Norse; but a new diapason of gong hammering

(Continued on page 58)

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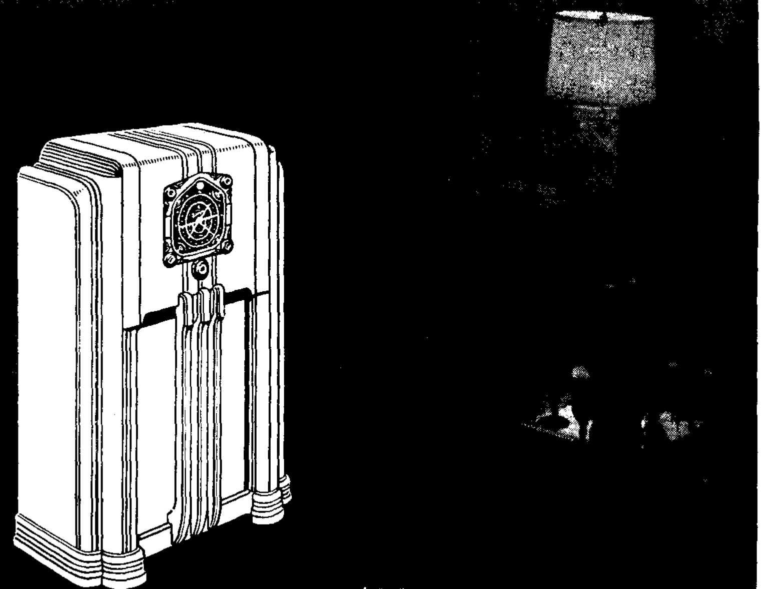

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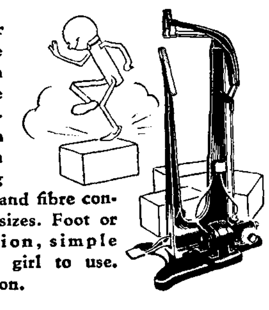

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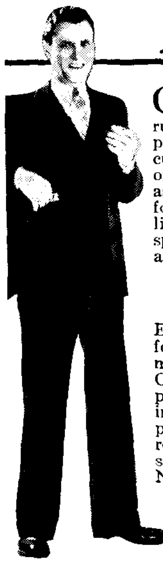

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(Continued from page 57)

from the compound made him think better of it. Obediently he rammed some large tufts of cotton into his ears.

"Why the devil can't they drum someplace else?"

"Nobody knows," said Norse suavely. "They think they have to drum here. So, they have to drum here."

"It's an almighty funny thing," Lowry began. He paused, listening incredulously. Abruptly, as if by signal, the kulingtangans had fallen still.

Lowry suspended his speech to take the cotton out of his ears. Instantly, as if by prearrangement, the gongs began again. Lowry started to put the cotton back into his ears—started to take it out again—the kulingtangans were working in short bursts. He ended by throwing all the cotton on the floor. He gave a little suppressed squeal of fury, and began to pace up and down.

"You'd think the fellow was going to get married, or hung," Lowry declaimed bitterly. "Is it the main event in a Moro's life to get himself worked up to the point of telling the truth for once?"

"Just about," Norse agreed equably.

"Well, I intend to ignore the whole thing," Lowry shouted at us. "I came in here, Barrett, to discuss a coconut! I mean, a type of coconut! Reasonable discussion is impossible in the middle of this infernal noise! Suffice it to say I consider that the state of affairs here is appalling! I have never seen such mismanagement! I have never heard *tell* of such mismanagement! By long odds this whole business is the damnedest thing I ever saw!"

He went stamping to the door and slammed his way out. Immediately the door opened again and Lowry's head and shoulders were thrust back into the room.

"I am annoyed," he said ponderously.

The door slammed again and this time he did not come back.

Captain Norse smiled sweetly at me. "He says he's annoyed."

"Well?"

"Tough luck."

"What's tough luck?"

"Where are you going to get a job, now that this one has blown up?"

"How the hell should I know?"

Norse smiled to himself with a characteristic inward amusement; and went back to dreaming into his cigarette smoke.

AT DUSK the clamor of the kulingtangans diminished to a murmur, and the Imam returned. This man was not tall, but in his vertical white robe he was so cadaverously lean that when standing alone, away from the white men, he was able to produce an effect of dignity and height. He had a spindly trailing mustache, so thinly scraggy that each twisted hair of it seemed to stand alone; and, in the little remaining light, his face, under his white turban, seemed darker than the darkest shadows in the room. His eyes had the curious combination of piercingness and ascetic apathy of the long-established fanatic.

At his direction two Moros he had brought with him rearranged the furniture in what seemed to me a pointless way; yet, when it was done, the room somehow took on an air of strangeness, as if the touch of this man had driven something essential out of it, and brought in something else that was ancient, hostile, and unknown.

When this was done, the Imam spoke to Norse, who now, by prearrangement, brought the others in. They came in silently, having been cautioned to be still—Mrs. Holderness, Marise Lowry, Tonai Merriam, Bates, Lon Llewellyn, and Justin Lowry himself. They arranged themselves awkwardly along the walls, confusing themselves with the furniture; and in this position managed to look self-conscious, uncomfortable and out of place.

The Imam now lighted a single candle of his own; and, at long last, Nural Hakim was now brought in. The prisoner was flanked first by two black-clad Moros, double-armed with dagger and barong; and secondarily by the two Filipino scouts, looking superstitious and unhappy, with only their heavy forty-fives retaining a look of authority.

Hakim himself was now dressed in a new way. He was wearing the extremely tight-fitting trousers of the Moro ceremonial costume, black, with a gold beading upon the ankles just above the bare feet. His skin-tight black jacket showed shoulders of a tremendous musculature, contrasting in the typically Moro way with the spindly wiriness of his outlined legs. The front of the jacket, which exposed his naked chest, was decorated with two long rows of twenty-dollar gold pieces. His heavy sash, crimson and yellow like his turban, now carried not a barong, but a true kris; its offset hilt caught the candlelight with a glimmer of intricately worked gold.

THE two flanking Moros now placed across Nural Hakim's shoulders a heavy white robe, and fell back. Their movements ostentatiously ignored the presence of the Filipinos, who were forced to stumble hurriedly out of the way, to avoid being walked on. The Imam produced a black book, in appearance very much like a Testament. I knew this to be the Koran, printed in Arabic—and I wondered how much of it he could really read. Holding this in his hands, he for a space of moments looked directly at Nural Hakim. The Moro stood perfectly quiet; I could perceive no least movement of face or body—not so much as the flicker of an eyelash. Nural Hakim might have been carved out of ironwood.

The Imam opened the book, and across its open pages asked Hakim a question in an unintelligible tongue. Hakim answered with a monosyllable; and the Imam began to read.

As the Imam's voice droned on in the quiet of that all but unlighted room, I was realizing that I was looking at a demonstration of something of which I knew little, and perhaps had never taken sufficiently into account. The man who stood before the Imam was of a race over which none but the Americans had ever held the upper hand. Once, centuries ago, far-wandering Mohammedan priests had persuaded this people out of paganism and into the religion of Mohammed. It was probably the first and last time the Moro peoples had ever been persuaded to anything, either by force or preachment. For four hundred years they had successfully resisted a persistent and almost continuous Spanish attempt to conquer them, maintaining a savage independence by matching kris against Toledo blade.

Improved Krag rifles and the quick-firing mountain batteries of the Americans had subdued them at last—in a way. Yet, in a sense, they remained unsubdued; rigidly fixed in their own interpretation of the Mohammedan faith, rigidly independent in thought and act.

By the dim, unsteady light of the single candle, in a room silent except for the low drone of the Imam's voice, the motionless figure of Nural Hakim seemed to express the immutable primitive in a new and disturbing way. The very quality of his motionless attention was representative of something hard, gritty and indestructible, which forever resisted white men, from the Sulu Archipelago to the Coral Sea. It was a strange thing that a little white-robed Imam, who himself could hardly grow a beard, should be able so completely to control such a man. Mohammed himself was reaching across the centuries, through the person of this small, cadaverous, fanatic priest, to make Nural Hakim tell the truth.

Nural Hakim's ceremonial costume served to emphasize the racial gulf. In this light the Moro's eyes seemed set unnaturally high in his head, and they were curiously surface-lighted, like the eyes of an animal; his eyebrows, shaved to the shape of formalized half moons, increased the unnatural effect. The face was primitive, hard and cruel. Yet, the intricate metal work upon the hilt of the kris was not the product of the purely primitive. Something there spoke of a curious type of culture, patient and enduring, with depth and a background of time.

As the Imam's voice droned on, I turned my eyes to look at the others. They presented a peculiar spectacle, ranged uncomfortably along the wall, looking so out of place that their positions were made to seem odd and forced. The face of each was dulled and yellowed by the inadequate light of the candle, and in these deadened faces the eyes glinted with a reflection of what light there was. I noted the stolidity of Bates, the blank curiosity of Charley Vaughn. Marise Lowry looked uneasily disapproving; and her father had the impassive resignation of a man who sees a lot of standing-up ahead of him, and doesn't like it. Mrs. Holderness looked excitable, like a tourist. Only Lon Llewellyn seemed entirely unimpressed. He was wearing a naïvely innocent look—a too-innocent look which I had known him to put on before when he was especially entertained by someone's elaborate act of folly.

Whichever of them I looked at, my eyes kept returning to Tonai Merriam's face. She was standing very still, and her face looked tired and pale; yet, somehow, she still looked more completely alive than anyone else in that room. There was more apparent vitality held in reserve in that girl than in the big square-muscled frame of Charley Vaughn, or in the implacable eyes of the Imam. Her head was tilted forward a little, and she watched Nural Hakim steadily, with eyes that were very dark.

I WAS weighing the possibility that the murderer was standing in this room. My personal belief was that he was not; yet I was forced to recognize that such a possibility remained. Under the hypnotic chanting of the Imam, a deep sense of discouragement was coming over me. Somehow or other, I believed, I would slice through the knot into which we had blundered. But what the curiously unwieldy ceremony of swearing-in was impressing upon me was that eight years in Asiatic waters had given me no command over my environment. The cultures, the languages and the racial habits of thought with which the white man must here ultimately contend remained unknown to me—involved in more complicated mystery than could possibly mask the death of any single man. For the first time I felt ready to concede that what many feared was perhaps true—that the white man was through in the Pacific, had been doomed in the Pacific from his first beginning.

Other than the establishment of my own veracity, I expected to gain nothing whatever from the testimony of Nural Hakim.

The voice of the Imam fell silent, and he closed his black book. He asked Nural Hakim a long, heavily worded question; and once more the Moro answered with a single monosyllable.

"Captain Norse," said the Imam without raising his voice, "come forward."

Norse obeyed, and stood a little to one side of Nural Hakim.

"Ask what questions you wish," the Imam directed. "This man will tell you the truth."

(To be continued next week)

Witch of the Alcazar

Continued from page 9

him in their arms up to a monstrous Thing, which stood there with arms outstretched, black and shaggy, taller than a bear from pointed hoofs to the crimson face, inhuman in its lineaments of hate and lustful grin and sprouting horns above the broad red forehead. This was the Ancient Evil, the Devil-Goat, Anti-Christ, the Unclean Thing.

They placed him sitting on the outstretched arms and laid his head back, gently, against the hairy breast.

"Shall we bind him?" he heard a whisper. "The datura wears off quickly from the young and strong."

"No need," came the reply. "We must hurry, the time is short, and the end will be soon."

Luis closed his eyes, half-fainting, and the music rose to a crescendo, followed by utter silence. Then a wild sound of movement and excited cries.

When he looked again, hope flooded him for a moment. This could not be true; it was a nightmare, not real, and soon he would wake to safety. Before him in a large hectagonal room moved a line of dancers like a gigantic snake, turning on itself and weaving in fantastic measures. There must have been twoscore of them, leaping high in the air with bestial cries, but always holding to the snake formation and keeping time to the beat of the drums. Were they human or animal? He could not tell. Or demons from the Pit, these goats and she-wolves and devils with tails and horns? The leader was a giant lynx, black as ebony, with two great pointed ears erect above its head. In a swirl of movement the head and tail of the serpent came together and joined hands, and instantly the whole company formed a circle, in a furious gallop to wild czardas music. Faster and faster they rushed until Luis saw nothing save a whirl of color. Then a clash of cymbals and the circle halted.

NO, it was not a dream. No dream could counterfeit the horrid animal reek that filled the room. Luis gasped convulsively as the cat-leader leaped out to the middle of the floor holding high a living toad and began a hideous parody of the words men had held most sacred for two thousand years, then tore the toad in pieces with steely claws and scattered the fragments in the air.

Horror-stricken by the blasphemy, Luis tried to cross himself, and though the gesture failed, his hand had moved six inches. He set his teeth and shut his eyes to hide the dreadful scene, but he could not close his ears to the words which froze his blood. Suddenly the cat smell was rank in his nostrils. Despite himself he must look. The Creature stood before him. Its mouth and chin were human but the eyes in the furry mask above were oblique and green as any cat's. Again he saw the gleam of claws as they struck and scored his breast on either side from shoulder down to waist.

The Creature gave a fearful yowl which the others echoed. Then it leaped back and began a high-pitched gabble in the unknown tongue. The pain spurred Luis' nerves; he clenched his fists and felt that his muscles would obey him. The effect of the drug was passing.

As the gabble ceased, a demon sprang out from the watching circle with a short curved knife. The cat seized it and crouched as if to spring, when with a thunderous crash the roof split open in a hail of flying stones and red-hot metal. A shell fragment flew buzzing over Luis' head and struck the grinning mouth above him with a shock that hurled the demon statue sideways. As it fell Luis leaped clear and stood swaying and shaking but master of his strength. All the lamps save one were extinguished, and the room was a shambles of shrieks and writhing bodies.

A group of survivors was battering at the door. It swung outward and they surged up the passage in a frenzied *sauve qui peut*, heedless of Luis at their heels. Across the courtyard they rushed, along the passage and out into the space below the fortress wall, like fiends spewed forth from hell.

Instantly men were among them, leaping down from the fortress wall, stabbing and shooting. *"Arriba España!"* they shouted. "For God and our Country."

"Arriba España!" cried Luis with the last rush of his ebbing strength. *"Arriba España*—friends—I bring news—"

They caught him as he fell, and he heard the sharp report of pistols and the crash of grenades. Then a word of command: "Back to the breach. They've had their lesson. Bring this one with us. Friend or prisoner, we'll know later."

He knew he was lifted, felt stones rolling as they climbed, then everything went black.

THIS story was told me by one of the American correspondents with Franco's army, who was the first foreigner to talk with the Alcazar survivors. He said he heard it from a young cadet who took part in the sortie which rescued Rodrigas.

"Did you write it?" I asked.

"Of course not; I didn't believe it," he replied.

"Do you always believe what you write?" I murmured.

He grinned. "You go to hell. . . . But this was too fantastic—even for our crowd."

I thought so too, although I happened to know that Michelet in his book on witches speaks of the *hennin*, or forage cap with two high peaks, as being the ritual headgear of the "priestess" at the "Sabbath." I also knew that the famous Toledo wizard, Illian, is said to have lived in a narrow alley at the foot of the Alcazar.

However, I thought no more about it until some weeks later in London when I saw an English doctor whom I had met in Barcelona with a Red Cross unit working for the Loyalists. He said that he had been captured in Toledo by the Rebels but fortunately one of their surgeons had recognized him, and that before being sent home he had helped to take care of the wounded from the Alcazar.

"They were gallant fellows," he said, "but there was some exaggeration about their sufferings. I saw few that were seriously undernourished and many of the wounds were contusions of no graver character than caused by falling stones. There was one case, though," he added, "which I must say puzzled me. It was a wound all right, but in four years' experience in France I never saw anything like it. He was a young man about twenty, I suppose one of the cadets, although I was too busy to ask him, and my Spanish isn't good. It was the most curious thing you ever saw. On each side of his chest, from the top right down to the waist, were five parallel cuts, not deep but in rather a messy state through lack of treatment. I suppose they were made with a sharpened rake or some such implement. You know some of those poor devils of militia had no proper arms, just blunderbusses or scythes and mattocks. Yes, it must have been a rake."

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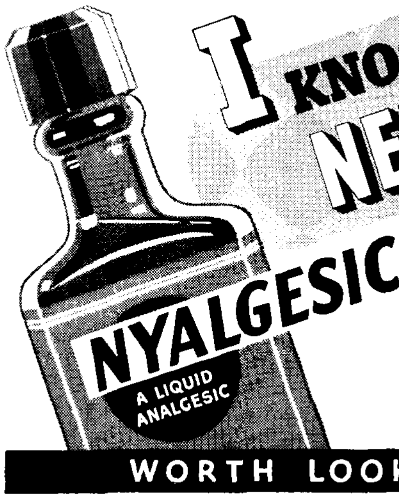

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For a Lady

Continued from page 19

pistol muzzle, which would assuredly have meant his death, but might also have meant Captain Morgan's. But the girl cried out softly and sprang between, panting out swift pleas. For him to be found meant death to him and disgrace to her.

He ground his teeth, all but sobbing in his rage. But he stood back. Captain Morgan swept off his plumed hat.

"But one thing more," he said blandly. "I enter the palace. If I'm slain as I enter, you both are undone. How do I get within, unseen?"

SILENTLY, the girl pointed. And Captain Morgan made her a low bow, stuck his pistol in his belt and vanished. Behind him, the soldiers seeped timorously into the garden. The starlight twinkled faintly upon their armor. The man and girl watched, white-faced. And their desperation grew until at last the girl whispered fiercely and drew him toward the exact door she had pointed out to Captain Morgan.

But Captain Morgan had gone on when they went in. He had entered, closed the door softly behind him and listened very keenly and very intently indeed.

He heard rustlings. Muted murmurs which were voices. Other muffled clankings as of arms. And a regular, recurrent, roaring noise which he had heard often enough on the Belle-Marie to identify. It was the roaring of someone being persuaded to tell something, before the persuasion had become really pressing.

"They ha' begun on him," said Captain Morgan shrewdly, "but 'tis no worse than thumbscrews as yet. They'll but tickle him for a long time, lest they weaken him for the flaying tomorrow. By the devil! I could not ha' timed my coming better!"

A candle burned in a tall sconce near by. Captain Morgan lifted it down and painstakingly set draperies alight here and there.

"Since this is her father's palace, I do the wench an injury," he observed, "but 'tis for John—" A howl of pure anguished fury made him prick up his ears. "Aye, 'tis time. The poor lad suffers."

Five minutes later he was down in the lower part of the palace.

Fifteen yards from where he lurked he saw flaring torches outside the official torture chamber. All about him he saw black, sweating masonry. His ears rang with John Carvel's howlings, which so far were mainly fury. He could even see John Carvel, bound in a chair of iron and with ingenious devices clamped to his finger tips.

There came a sudden uproar in the palace overhead. There were howls of consternation and of fear. The rushing of men and what seemed to be the clashing of weapons. The tumult grew, and grew greater. Those in the torture chamber stopped all movement to listen. Captain Morgan heard a gasp.

"The pirates! They'd rescue this man! They have attacked!"

And he grunted in satisfaction. He cocked an ear overhead. It was a satisfactory row. It sounded as if the entire crew of the Belle-Marie had come bellowing into the palace. For a tumult created merely by the spreading of a fire begun with a wax candle and a few pieces of furniture—and that in a building of massive masonry—it was better than he'd looked for.

Captain Morgan ran shouting toward the torture chamber along the dark, dank passage.

"The pirates!" he panted. "They attack in force! All armed men are needed above! Soldiers, come on!"

The commander of the guard about the torture chamber cried eager questions, to which Captain Morgan panted replies. Shouting, the officer led his guardsmen off at a run.

"Halloa, John Carvel," quoth Captain Morgan, smiling. "I'm Captain Morgan o' the Belle-Marie. D'ye want to sign on my crew or shall I leave you here for the Dons to work their will on?"

"By Gord!" said the squint-eyed man in the chair stupidly. "By Gord! You let me outa this chair, Cap'n, an' gi' me a cutlass an' maybe a brace o' pistols—"

Captain Morgan set pleasantly to work releasing him. It had taken several men to strap him in the iron chair, and loosing him was not easy. The tumult went on overhead, undiminished.

"'Tis sad to hear of an English lad flayed an' hung," he observed, "so I had word spread that you knew where Captain Mayhew had buried the loot he took from the Panama plate-ship. 'Twas so they'd take you out o' the fortress for a private questioning an' I could save you. But by the devil! There are enough o' Dons about us now!"

The man in the iron chair blinked.

"But I know naught o' the treasure, Cap'n," he said plaintively. "The Dons were askin' that! But Cap'n Mayhew was a most untrustful man, an' he buried the loot alone, wi' Spanish prisoners to dig for him, an' pistoled after. I know naught o't, Cap'n."

"Aye," said Captain Morgan soothingly. "But there's half a thousand Dons above our heads, an' we ha' to outwit them. Did you e'er vault a brook, lad, to keep thy feet dry?"

The last of the straps fell away. John Carvel rose, stretching his mighty frame. He shook blood from his crushed finger tips. Captain Morgan smiled.

"Hah!" said Captain Morgan in satisfaction. "A good man for a boarding party! Sling that guardsman's cloak about 'ee, take a sword an' pistols, an' we'll ha' us out of this!"

AS THEY climbed the stairs warily toward the uproar above, he added comfortably, "I'd a prisoner draw plans o' the palace for me. His throat'll be slit if I do not return, so I trust to it. Wi' a rush we'll make it. Sword handy, John? Pistols? Now!"

They emerged into a turmoil of running, bawling men and curling smoke.

"Haste, John!" he said softly in the big man's ear. "They'll know all in half a minute! Haste!"

He swung the blundering figure to the great stairs leading to the council chambers above. The two of them bounded upward. Soldiers, shaken but still alert, crossed pikes to bar their way.

"News!" cried Captain Morgan. "News for His Excellency! Way!"

He struck aside the pikes angrily with his hand and bounded on to the top of the stairway. A bejeweled officer imperiously held out his hand.

"Halt, señores!" he commanded. "In the name of His Excellency—"

Captain Morgan pistoled him and raced on before the scattered figures here could believe their eyes or ears.

"One door—two—three—four!" he cried almost gaily. "Now if that prisoner made a truthful plan—"

"*Capitan* Morgan!" It was a shout of triumphant hatred. The young man of the garden plunged at Captain Morgan with his sword drawn again—but no reason to withhold his stroke. "*Capitan* Morgan!"

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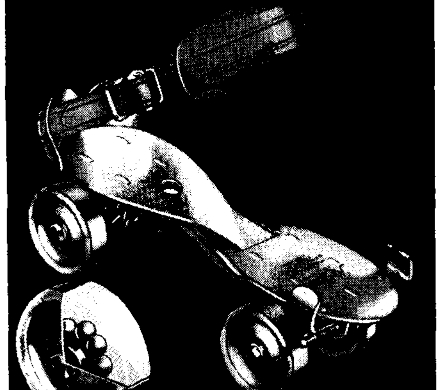

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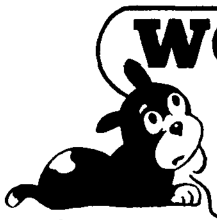

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Captain Morgan swung a chair savagely for him to fall over, darted into the fourth door, and slammed the door shut and had shot its monster wrought-iron bolt, a bare half-second before men flung their weight against it.

He faced about and drew his sword. There were just two men in the great, tapestry-hung room with windows opening upon the harbor of Vera Cruz. Tall men. Lean men. One, by his chain of office, would be the Governor of the Province of Vera Cruz. The other was a military officer of rank. They heard the batterings at the door and saw the two blood-stained freebooters. Without a word, they drew their own swords and rose alertly.

"Señores," said Captain Morgan blandly, as battle-axes began to hack at the door, "I am Captain Morgan o' the Belle-Marie. An' while I bear no malice—"

JOHN CARVEL let out a roar. Leaning against the wall he had spied two colossal shafts, from which depended silken, embroidered banners. They were excellent spears, save for their huge size. And John Carvel was not at his best with a slender Spanish rapier. He seized the first of the banners and flung it as a spear. No mere sword could be a defense against it. It spitted the Spanish officer; spitted him horribly. The other tall Spaniard—the Governor—without a word leaped fiercely to the attack.

Captain Morgan whipped out his sword, parried, parried again—and there was a loud thwacking noise and the Spaniard collapsed. John Carvel grunted, "I could not spear him, Cap'n, for fear o' spittin' you. So I hit him with this stick."

He indicated the eighteen-foot length of the second banner shaft.

"By the devil's blood!" raged Captain Morgan. "Lunkhead! Dolt! Idiot! 'Twas in my mind to favor a wench, an' you ha'—"

More axes hacked at the massive door.

"Look out yon windows," Captain Morgan rasped. "How far across the terrace? We should be over the terrace above the sea."

John Carvel lumbered to the windows. Captain Morgan hauled at the first banner shaft, still piercing the body of the officer. Then there was a cry. The tapestry was flung aside. Into the room leaped the young man of the garden. And the girl of the garden came swiftly behind him.

"On guard!" cried the young man.

"Now, by the devil!" cried Captain Morgan angrily.

He swung the shaft in a savage arc. It struck the body of Don Carlos Francisco de Gonzales. It numbed his sword arm and threw him momentarily off balance. And Captain Morgan leaped in with the ferocity of a tiger, and clubbed him into insensibility with two savage blows of his sword hilt.

An ax-point came through the thick wood of the door. A great crack began.

"Cap'n," said John Carvel plaintively, "there's a double line o' soldiers across the terrace to stop us."

"How far to the sea?" demanded Captain Morgan furiously.

But he was looking at the girl. She stared with stricken eyes at the young man. Then she saw her father upon the floor and cried out inarticulately.

"It's three fathom across the terrace, Cap'n," said John Carvel heavily.

"Good!" said Captain Morgan. He spoke abruptly to the girl: "Wench, how came you here? Do others come?"

"I—led him here—to kill you." The girl whispered it. "I—thought that if he killed you—alone—my father would listen—if I begged him to marry us—But both of them—"

"Nay," said Captain Morgan. "He is not dead. Neither o' them."

The girl dropped incredulously to her knees beside the young man. She uttered a cry of joy. She darted to her father.

"I'm feared the Dons ha' us, Cap'n," said John Carvel dolefully.

"Fool!" bellowed Captain Morgan. "Take this shaft an' make ready to do as I do. Pretend ye're vaultin' a brook to keep from wetting your feet!" He bent down and dragged the young man to the older one. He dumped him unceremoniously atop the Governor of the Province of Vera Cruz. "Wench," he said blandly, "when the door breaks in tell all that your sweetheart was struck down fighting over your father's body while I an' John Carvel fought to get at the Governor to slit his throat. He should gain great honor for his defense of thy father, an' mayhap consent to wed 'ee."

A great splinter broke out of the door to the council chamber. Captain Morgan seized one of the two great banner shafts and ran to the great windows. John Carvel lumbered after him.

"'Tis a likely wench," he protested plaintively, "an' 'twould spite the Spaniards sore if we but strangled her—"

Captain Morgan went speechless with wrath. He thrust out the pointed end of the long, eighteen-foot banner shaft. It touched solid ground. An uproar arose among the Spanish soldiers. They raced to the foot of the shaft to receive him in his descent upon their sword-points. John Carvel duplicated the Captain's maneuver.

And then, to the infinite disgust of the Spanish soldiers below, no less than to the disappointment of those who at that instant burst in through the door, Captain Morgan took a firm grasp of the banner shaft, made a mighty leap, and in consequence achieved a pole vault of twenty-two feet, which carried him over the heads of his enemies and overboard into the dark harbor water. John Carvel splashed after him less than half a second later.

And they went swimming together, out to where a boat from the Belle-Marie waited, while a storm of harquebus bullets splashed vainly into the waves.

ON BOARD the Belle-Marie, Captain Morgan watched in satisfaction as John Carvel downed a mighty flagon of wine. Many men of the Belle-Marie's crew stood behind him and listened to the recital of his adventures. He continued expansively, "An' then Cap'n Morgan, wi' a tale of my knowin' where Cap'n Mayhew buried the loot o' that Panama plate-ship, got me out o' that prison to the Governor's palace—"

"Hold, John," said Captain Morgan softly. "Where did Captain Mayhew bury that treasure?"

"Eh?" John Carvel blinked. "I know not, Cap'n. A mighty untrustful man. Cap'n Mayhew. Like I told the Dons, I don't—"

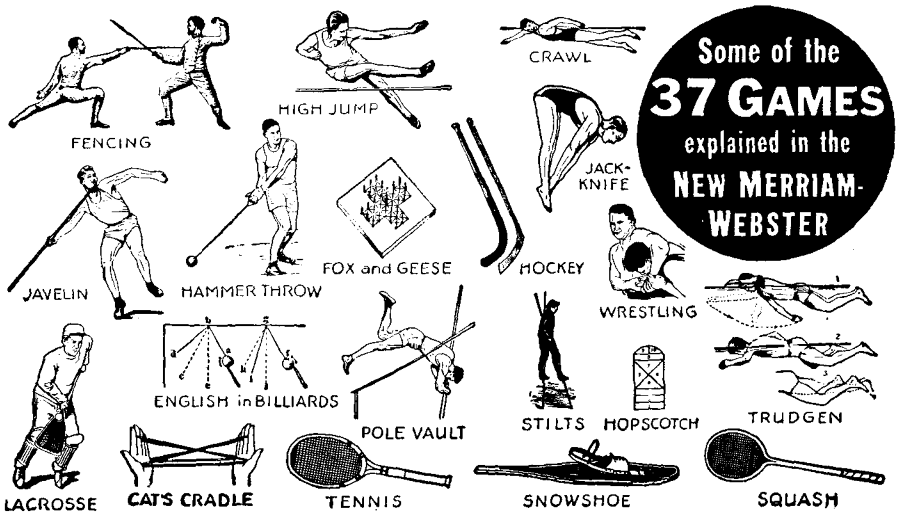
Captain Morgan crooked his finger. A man hitherto unseen stepped into the light of the ship's lanterns and leered at John Carvel. And John Carvel blinked, and swore heavily, and was silent. Captain Morgan negligently put a pistol on the table before him and cocked it.

"An old shipmate, John," he said blandly. "There are more o' Captain Mayhew's men on board. An' they say you helped bury the treasure from the Panama plate-ship an' know where 'twas done. Where was it, John?"

"I don't know, Cap'n!" protested John Carvel plaintively. "Like I told the Dons—"

Captain Morgan sighed.

"But you should tell your shipmates, John," he said reproachfully. "'Tis only fair! So we'll ha' to reason wi' you. Fetch the thumbscrews, Hal, an' bid the carpenter make ready something that will serve for stronger reasoning. Bind him fast, lads, now. . . ."



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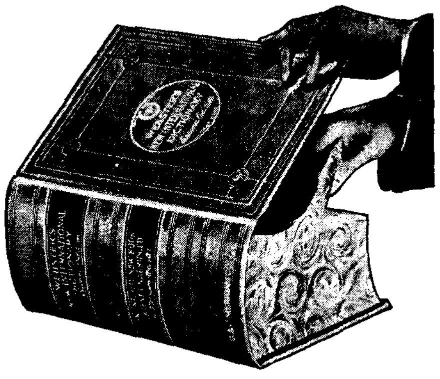

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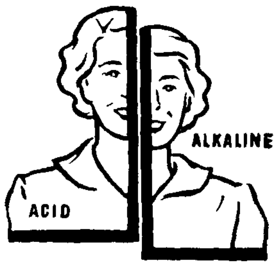

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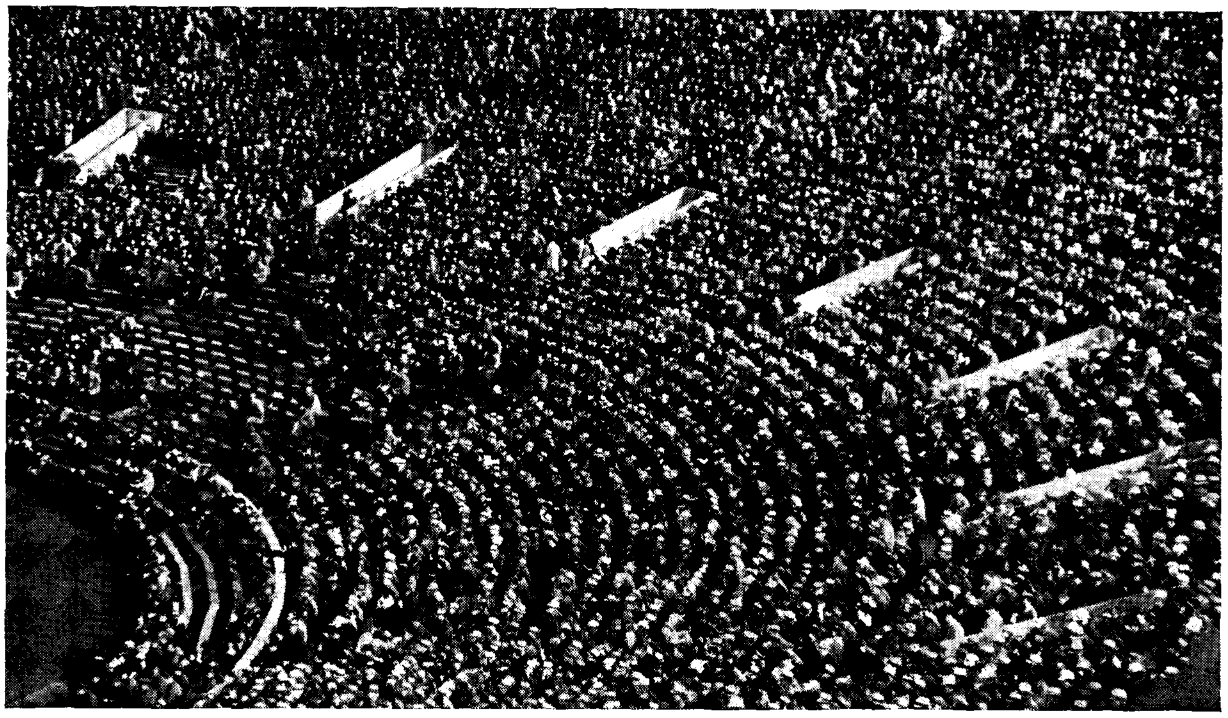

The present abuses of football, with its thousands of fans assembled every Saturday, are to be found in the grandstands, where drinking has become a serious evil

Save the Game!

THE spectacle of fifty thousand people, more or less, gathered around a gridiron is very pretty. The girls in their autumn colors with their pennants and posies are quite stirring, especially when the sun is shining and the nip of approaching colder days is in the air.

More of us than ever have enjoyed these diversions this fall. Football attracted more and larger crowds than the presidential campaign. In every section tens of thousands assembled every Saturday to see the shows put on by the stalwart young representatives of higher education in America.

Many representatives of organized football point out the very substantial financial benefits which accrue to the colleges from the popularity of this sport. Revenues derived from football sustain many worthy college enterprises. From the gate receipts colleges erect buildings devoted to the sciences and other branches of learning. The surpluses obtained from the larger games support other less spectacular sports.

Very practical arguments can be offered to prove the worth of football to the colleges. Many of these arguments are sound. Football is honestly good enough to be protected against abuse. Evidently it must be protected if serious trouble is to be avoided. President Harold Willis Dodds of Princeton struck boldly at one growing abuse when he appealed to spectators to refrain from drinking at the games.

All too obviously, a university president has little power to compel the observance of any standard of behavior at a football game. If a student is caught drinking he may, of course, be penalized and even expelled from college. Drunkenness by actual students, however, is not the serious evil against which the university leader lifted his voice.

The actual intemperance and disorder are the contributions of others. Alumni and others not alumni who by appearance, at any rate, have reached years of discretion are the conspicuous offenders. Nobody responsible for the training of young men can find much comfort in the loud talk and the ill-mannered behavior of these mature and elderly drunks at football games. If a careless consumption of alcohol in the grandstands is inevitable, the college authorities might well decide that the price paid for a popular football team is much too high.

The danger from these drinkers to other, sober persons in the motor traffic which flows from every well-attended game is great. Public authority has the opportunity at this point to intervene.

The effectual remedy, however, can come from the spectators themselves. Self-control is infinitely preferable to police compulsion, and an aroused public opinion is stronger than any ordinance or law.

Leading colleges, so far as they have power and discretion, have sought during recent years to eliminate the glaring abuses which had developed in the competitive struggle to produce winning football teams. While football ability is not a handicap to a boy seeking a scholarship, players are required in the better institutions to do creditable classwork or else they are dropped. The ancient practice of employing vigorous young numskulls to play football is very generally in disfavor.

Fortunately, intelligent boys have proved their fitness to win football games. The success of good students on the gridiron has strengthened the hands of the college authorities. The present abuses are to be found in the grandstands rather than on the players' benches or in the college offices. Eliminate the rowdyism, the intemperate drinking and the insensate demand for victory at any price and football will be safe. We can't expect the colleges to provide our autumn's entertainment unless we are willing to co-operate decently.

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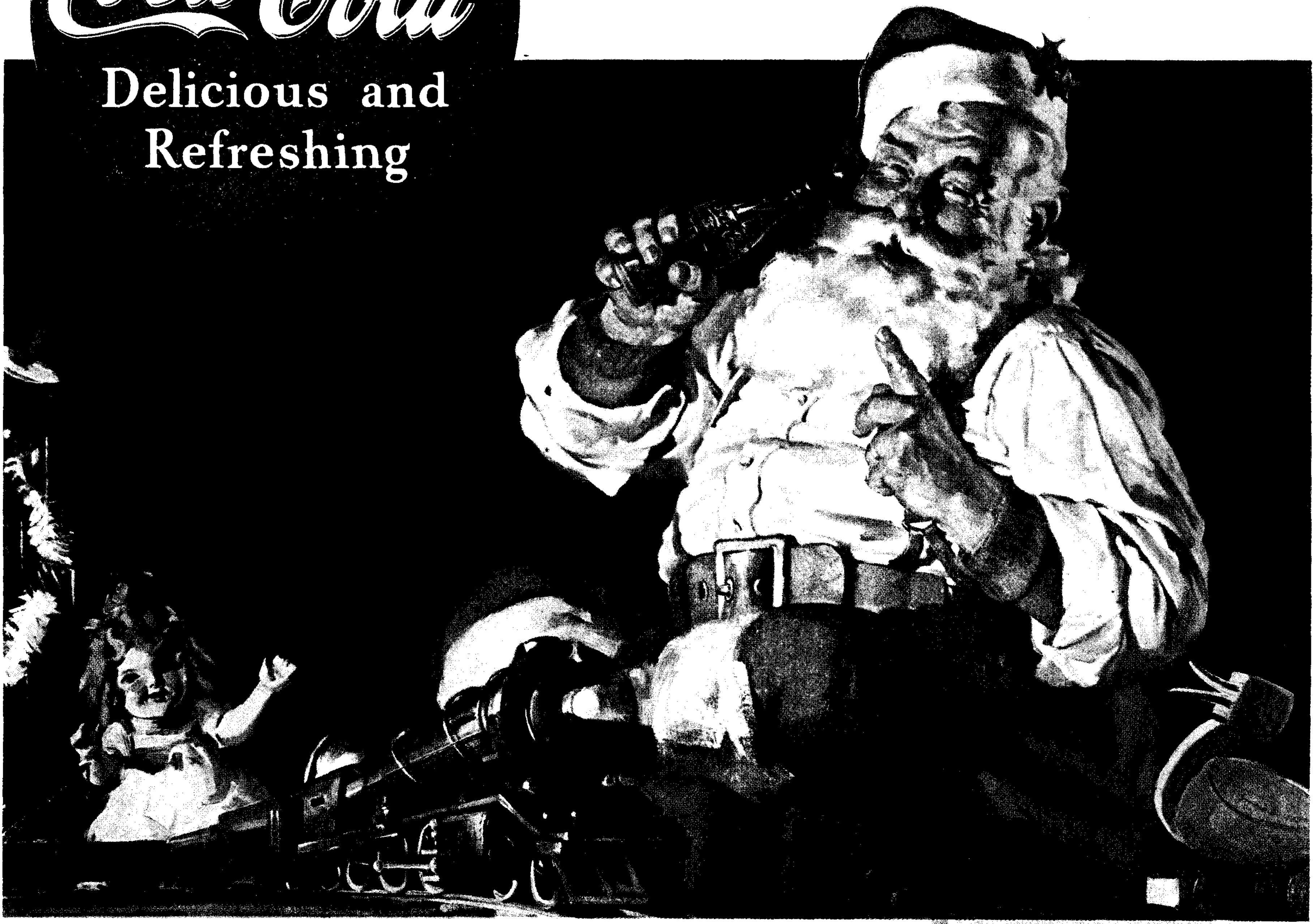

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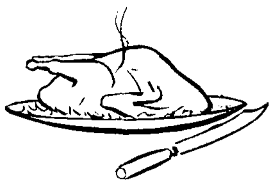

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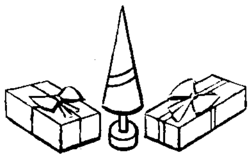

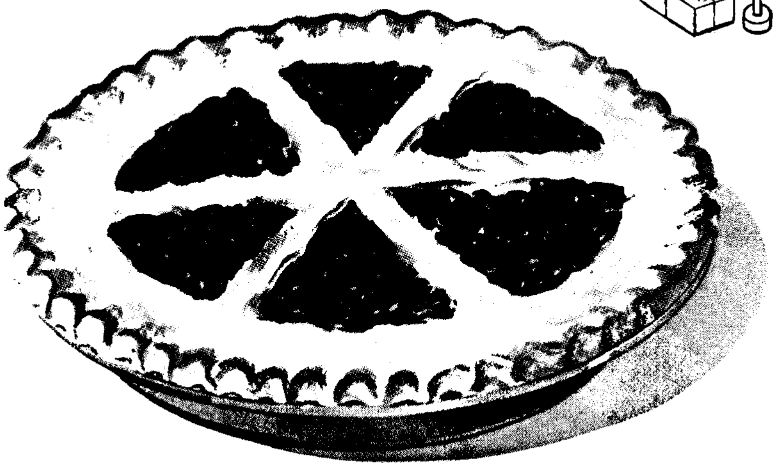

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